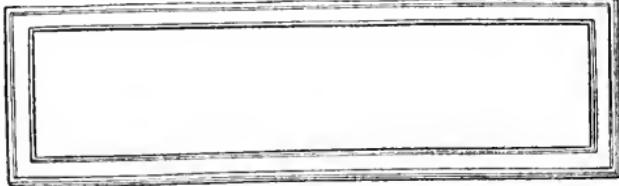


THREE MINUTE DECLAMATIONS FOR COLLEGE MEN.



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
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THREE MINUTE DECLAMATIONS

FOR

COLLEGE MEN

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

HARRY CASSELL DAVIS, A.M., PH.D., AND JOHN C. BRIDGMAN, A.B.

FOURTH EDITION, REVISED BY DR. DAVIS

WITH CLASSIFIED INDEX AND INDEX TO AUTHORS

"Persuasion sat upon his lips." — *Eupolis on Pericles*.

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PREFACE TO REVISED EDITION.

The issue of a revised edition affords the publishers an opportunity to express their grateful appreciation of the cordial reception accorded this book, by which it appears that the volume contains just what college students have been calling for but could not find,—live topics presented by live men, addresses full of new vitality for prize speaking, and other matter of an up-to-date quality.

It is therefore with a confidence born of the approval of many new acquaintances, that in a revised edition we submit to the judgment of a still larger audience this volume including in its *personnel*, among hundreds of others, the familiar names of Chauncey M. Depew, Abram S. Hewitt, Carl Schurz, William E. Gladstone, Edward J. Phelps, Benjamin Harrison, Grover Cleveland, General Horace Porter, Doctor Storrs, President Eliot (Harvard), George Parsons Lathrop, Bishop Potter, Sir Charles Russell, President Carter (Williams), T. DeWitt Talmage, Ex Pres. White (Cornell), Rev. Newman Smyth, Emilio Castelar, George William Curtis, Lowell, Blaine, Phillips Brooks, Beecher, Garfield, Disraeli, Bryant, Grady, Choate, Longfellow, Holmes, Tennyson, Byron, Whittier, Schiller, Shelley, Hood.

HARRY CASSELL DAVIS.

WILKESBARRE, PA., February, 1899.

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PREFACE.

THIS volume has been prepared with a view of bringing together pieces that are generally new, brief, and suitable for speaking.

While a number of the "old favorites" have been retained because of their acknowledged merit as models for declamation, the endeavor has been to impress upon the book a modern aspect.

Pieces should be brought within a three-minute limit. It is best to concentrate effort upon a few lines. They will be better learned, better spoken, and better listened to.

The opportunities of youth for committing to memory are golden. Therefore, the aim in such a book should be to put before the pupil a varied collection that will enrich the memory, form the taste, and afford after-service and delight.

An attempt has been made, so far as possible, to give the dates of the birth and death of authors, with an indication of their principal pursuits and places of residence. Fullness was of course more practicable in some cases than in others.

It is a great pleasure to acknowledge the kindness of those who have responded to requests for selections from their own speeches or writings, and also the

courtesy of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, Houghton, Mifflin & Company, D. Lothrop Company, Perry Mason & Company, Gebbie & Company, Dodd, Mead & Company, and the Century Company in allowing us to use certain matter from their publications.

To those friends whose aid and suggestion have been a constant encouragement and guide must be largely attributed whatever success may attend the work.

WILKESBARRÉ PA.. June 25, 1890.

BRIEF DECLAMATIONS.

THE TWO SPIES, ANDRÉ AND HALE.

By CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW, Lawyer, Orator, Railroad President. B. 1834, New York.

Extract from an oration delivered September 23, 1880, at the Centennial Celebration of the capture of Major André, at Tarrytown, N. Y.

ANDRÉ's story is the one overwhelming romance of the Revolution. American and English literature is full of eloquence and poetry in tribute to his memory and sympathy for his fate. After the lapse of a hundred years there is no abatement of absorbing interest. What had this young man done to merit immortality? The mission, whose tragic issue lifted him out of the oblivion of other minor British officers, in its inception was free from peril or daring, and its objects and purposes were utterly infamous. Had he succeeded by the desecration of the honorable uses of passes and flags of truce, his name would have been held in everlasting execration. In his failure, the infant Republic escaped the dagger with which he was feeling for its heart, and the crime was drowned in tears for his untimely end. His youth and beauty, his skill with pen and pencil, the brightness of his

life, the calm courage in the gloom of his death, his early love and disappointment, surrounded him with a halo of poetry and pity which have secured for him what he most sought and could never have won in battles and sieges—a fame and recognition which have outlived that of all the generals under whom he served.

Are kings only grateful, and do republics forget? Is fame a travesty, and the judgment of mankind a farce? America had a parallel case in Captain Nathan Hale. Of the same age as André, he graduated at Yale College with high honors, enlisted in the patriot cause at the beginning of the contest, and secured the love and confidence of all about him. When none else would go upon a most important and perilous mission he volunteered, and was captured by the British. While André received every kindness, courtesy, and attention, and was fed from Washington's table, Hale was thrust into a noisome dungeon in the sugar-house. While André was tried by a board of officers and had ample time and every facility for defense, Hale was summarily ordered to execution the next morning. While André's last wishes and behests were sacredly followed, the infamous Cunningham tore from Hale his cherished Bible and destroyed before his eyes his last letters to his mother and sister, and asked him what he had to say. "All I have to say," was his reply, "is, I regret I have but one life to lose for my country." His death was concealed for months, because Cunningham said he did not want the rebels to know they had a man who could die so bravely. And yet, while André

rests in that grandest of mausoleums, where the proudest of nations garners the remains and perpetuates the memories of its most eminent and honored children, the name and deeds of Nathan Hale have passed into oblivion, and only a simple tomb in a village church-yard marks his resting-place. The dying declarations of André and Hale express the animating spirit of their several armies, and teach why, with all her power, England could not conquer America. "I call upon you to witness that I die like a brave man," said André, and he spoke from British and Hessian surroundings, seeking only glory and pay. "I regret I have but one life to lose for my country," said Hale; and with him and his comrades self was forgotten in that absorbing, passionate patriotism which pledges fortune, honor, and life to the sacred cause.

STAVOREN.*

By HELEN STEVENS CONANT, Author. B. 1839, Massachusetts.

Stavoren is situated on the northern shore of the entrance to the Zuyder Zee. From the fourth to the thirteenth century it was a famous seaport. Then it began to decay, a huge sand-bar gradually forming in front of the harbor. At the present day only a few huts mark the site of the once magnificent city. The sand-bar is known as the "Lady's Bank," and peasants tell this legend of the wrong-doing of a proud and wicked queen.

* * * * *

UPON the shores of Zuyder Zee, where lands are
broad and low,
There stood a proud and stately town in centuries
long ago;

* From *Harper's Young People*,—Copyright 1888, Harper & Brothers.

Stavoren was its name, and there the burghers saw
with pride
The great ships as they came and went upon the
flowing tide—

Ships from the Indies far away, with freight of spice
and gold

For the burghers of Stavoren, the men of wealth untold.
But rich and proud above them all was a maid of high
degree,

Who owned a hundred mighty ships that sailed on
every sea.

A stately palace was her home, with floors inlaid with
gold,

And many wondrous stories of her treasure heaps
were told ;

No queen in greater splendor dwelt, and many jewels
rare

Upon her raiment glittered, and in her golden hair.

One day the captain of her fleet, a skipper gray and wise,
She called to her, and spake to him, with cruel glis-
tening eyes :

“ Go, weigh thy anchor, sail away ! This task I lay
on thee,

To seek and bring to port the best contained in land
or sea.”

* * * * *

The skipper spread his glistening sails, but sore per-
plexed was he

To know what was the best of all contained in land
or sea ;
But suddenly it came to him, as the ship ploughed
through the main,
That the noblest thing in all the earth was God's
own gift of grain.

And anchoring in a distant port, he found the people
there
Rejoicing with festivities about the harvest fair ;
So golden, rich, and goodly was never grain before.
He loaded with the precious freight, and homeward
sailed once more.

And when he reached Stavoren, and stood again on
shore,
He hastened to the palace to report his noble store.
But pale with rage his mistress grew. " How dar'st
thou, wretch," she said,
" To bring to me miserable grain, from which the
poor make bread ? "

Then to her trembling servants she gave this stern
command :
" Go, cast the grain into the sea ; and I myself will
stand,
To watch and see the work well done, down by the
water's side,
And joy to see the rubbish float upon the ebbing tide."

The news flew forth. From every side the poor came
crowding there

To beg this haughty maiden the precious grain to spare.

“Our suffering little ones,” they cried, “they die for lack of bread ;

For Christ’s sake, lady, hear us, that our children may be fed !”

She laughed a laugh of cruel scorn, as the grain fell in the sea,

When before her stood the skipper, and pale with wrath was he.

He raised his hand : “O woman, not a year shall pass before

Through this proud city thou shalt beg thy bread from door to door.”

A ring she from her finger drew and cast it in the sea.

“My riches shall endure,” she cried, “till that comes back to me.”

That very night a fisher laid the ring within her hand ;
That very night her ships were strewn in pieces on the strand.

And day by day quick messengers arrived from far and near

With news of sore disasters, which she grew pale to hear.

Her riches flew like drifting sand before the desert’s blast :

She stood a beggar in the street before a year had passed.

FINNIGIN TO FLANNIGIN.

By S. W. GILLIAN. Reprinted from "Life."

SUPERINTINDINT wuz Flannigin;
Boss av the siction was Finnigin;
Whiniver the kyars got offen the thrack
An' muddle up things t' th' devil an' back,
Finnigin writ it to Flannigin,
Afther the wrick wuz all on agin;
That is, this Finnigin
Repoorted to Flannigin.

Whin Finnigin furst writ to Flannigin,
He writed tin pages — did Finnigin.
An' he tould jist how the smash occurred;
Full minny a tajus, blunderin' wurrd
Did Finnigin write to Flannigin
Afther the cars had gone on agin.
That wuz how Finnigin
Repoorted to Flannigin.

Now Flannigin knowed more than Finnigin —
He'd more idjucation — had Flannigin;
An' it wore'm clane and complately out
To tell what Finnigin writ about
In his writin' to Muster Flannigin.
So he writed back to Finnigin;
"Don't do such a sin agin;
Make 'em brief, Finnigin!"

Whin Finnigin got this from Flannigin
He blushed rosy red — did Finnigin;

An' he said: "I'll gamble a whole month's pa-ay
 That it will be minny and minny a da-ay
 Befoore Sup'rintindint, that's Flannigin,
 Gits a whack at this very same sin agin,
 From Finnigin to Flannigin
 Repoorts won't be long agin."

Wan da-ay on the siction av Finnigin,
 On the road sup'rintinded by Flannigin,
 A rail give way on a bit av a curve
 An' some kyars wint off as they made the swerve,
 "There's nobody hurted," sez Finnigin,
 "But repoorts must be made to Flannigin."
 An' he winked at McGoorigin,
 As married a Finnigin.

He wuz thinkin' thin, wuz Finnigin,
 As minny a railroader's bin agin,
 An' the shmoky ol' lamp wuz burnin' bright
 In Finnigin's shanty all that night —
 Bilin' down his repoort wuz Finnigin!
 An' he writed this here: "Muster Flannigin:
 Off agin, on agin,
 Gone agin. — Finnigin."

THE STRANGER'S ALMS.

By HENRY ABBEY, Poet. B. 1842, New York.

An incident in the life of the great tenor, Mario. He belonged to an aristocratic Italian family and was admired not only for his exquisite voice but for his noble assistance to struggling artists.

IN Lyons, on the mart of that French town,
 Years since, a woman leading a fair child.

Craved a small alms of one, who, walking down
The thoroughfare, caught the child's glance and
smiled
To see, behind its eyes, a noble soul ;
He paused, but found he had no coin to dole.

His guardian angel warned him not to lose
This chance of pearl to do another good ;
So, as he waited, sorry to refuse
The asked-for penny, there aside he stood,
And with his hat held, as by limb the nest,
He covered his kind face and sung his best.

The sky was blue above, and all the lane
Of commerce, where the singer stood, was filled,
And many paused, and listening, paused again
To hear the voice that through and through them
thrilled.
I think the guardian angel helped along
The cry for pity, woven in a song.

* * * * *

'The hat of its stamped brood was emptied soon
Into the woman's lap, who drenched with tears
Her kiss upon the hand of help ; 'twas noon,
And noon in her glad heart drove forth her fears.
The singer, pleased, passed on and softly tho't
"Men will not know by whom this deed was
wrought."

But when at night he came upon the stage,
Cheer after cheer went up from that wide throng,

And flowers rained on him ; naught could assuage
The tumult of the welcome save the song
That he had sweetly sung, with covered face,
For the two beggars in the market-place.

THE CORONATION OF ANNE BOLEYN.

By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, Historian, Essayist, Biographer.
B. 1818, England.

Anne Boleyn, the beautiful attendant of Queen Catherine and afterwards the wife of Henry the Eighth, was beheaded three years after her coronation. This account is taken from the "History of England."

ON the morning of the 31st of May, the families of the London citizens were stirring early in all houses. From Temple Bar to the Tower, the streets were fresh strewed with gravel. Cornhill and Gracechurch Street had dressed their fronts in scarlet and crimson, in arras and tapestry, and the rich carpet-work from Persia and the East. Cheapside, to outshine her rivals, was draped even more splendidly in cloth of gold, and tissue and velvet.

The sheriffs were pacing up and down on their great Flemish horses hung with liveries, and all the windows were thronged with ladies crowding to see the procession pass. At length the Tower guns opened, the grim gates rolled back, and under the archway, in the bright May sunshine, the long column began slowly to defile.

It is no easy matter to picture to ourselves the blazing trail of splendor which in such a pageant must have drawn along the London streets.—those streets

which now we know so black and grimed, themselves then radiant with masses of color,—gold, and crimson, and violet. Yet there it was, and there the sun could shine upon it, and tens of thousands of eyes were gazing on the scene out of the crowded lattices.

* * * * *

Glorious as the spectacle was, perhaps, however, it passed unheeded. Those eyes were watching all for another object, which now drew near. In an open space behind the constable there was seen approaching “a white chariot,” drawn by two palfreys in white damask, which swept the ground, a golden canopy borne above it making music with silver bells; and in the chariot sat the observed of all observers, the beautiful occasion of all this glittering homage; fortune’s plaything of the hour, the Queen of England—queen at last—borne along upon the waves of this sea of glory, breathing the perfumed incense of greatness which she had risked her fair name, her delicacy, her honor, her self-respect, to win; and she had won it.

There she sat, dressed in white tissue robes, her fair hair flowing loose over her shoulders, and her temples circled with a light coronet of gold and diamonds—most beautiful—loveliest—most favored, perhaps, as she seemed at that hour, of all England’s daughters.

Fatal gift of greatness! so dangerous ever! so more than dangerous in those tremendous times when the fountains are broken loose of the great deeps of thought; and nations are in the throes of revolution,—when ancient order and law and tradition are splitting

in the social earthquake ; and as the opposing forces wrestle to and fro, those unhappy ones who stand out above the crowd become the symbols of the struggle, and fall the victims of its alternating fortunes.

* * * * *

Three short years have yet to pass, and again on a summer morning, Queen Anne Boleyn will leave the Tower of London,—not radiant then with beauty on a gay errand of coronation, but a poor, wandering ghost, on a sad, tragic errand, from which she will never more return, passing away out of earth where she may stay no longer, into a Presence where, nevertheless, we know that all is well, for all of us, and therefore for her.

CROMWELL ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

By SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Novelist, Statesman. B. 1805, England ; d. 1873.

Charles the First, King of England, was condemned to death by a special Court appointed by the Rump Parliament, and was beheaded on the 20th of January, 1649.

By what law fell King Charles? By all the laws
He left us! And I, Cromwell, here proclaim it.
Sirs, let us, with a calm and sober eye,
Look on the spectre of this ghastly deed.
Who spills man's blood, his shall by man be shed!
'Tis Heaven's first law; to that law we had come,—
None other left us. Who, then, caused the strife
That crimsoned Naseby's field, and Marston's moor?
It was the Stuart;—so the Stuart fell!

A victim, in the pit himself had digged !
He died not, Sirs, as hated Kings have died,
In secret and in shade,—no eye to trace
The one step from their prison to their pall ;
He died i' the eyes of Europe,—in the face
Of the broad Heaven ; amidst the sons of England,
Whom he had outraged ; by a solemn sentence,
Passed by a solemn Court. Does this seem guilt ?
You pity Charles ! 'tis well ; but pity more
The tens of thousand honest, humble men,
Who, by the tyranny of Charles compelled
To draw the sword, fell butchered in the field !
Good Lord ! when one man dies who wears a crown,
How the earth trembles,—how the nations gape,
Amazed and awed !—but when that one man's victims,
Poor worms, unclothed in purple, daily die,

* * * * *

Ye pitying souls

Drop not one tear from your indifferent eyes !

He would have stretched his will
O'er the unlimited empire of men's souls,
Fettered the Earth's pure air,—for freedom is
That air, to honest lips,—and here he lies,
In dust most eloquent, to after time
A never-silent oracle for Kings !
Was this the hand that strained within its grasp
So haught a sceptre ?—this the shape that wore
Majesty like a garment ? Spurn that clay,—
It can resent not ; speak of royal crimes,
And it can frown not ;—schemeless lies the brain
Whose thoughts were sources of such fearful deeds.

What things are we, O Lord, when, at thy will,
A worm like this could shake the mighty world !

A few years since, and in the port was moored
A bark to far Columbia's forests bound ;
And I was one of those indignant hearts
Panting for exile in the thirst for freedom.
Then, that pale clay (poor clay, that was a King !)
Forbade my parting, in the wanton pride
Of vain command, and with a fated sceptre
Waved back the shadow of the death to come.
Here stands that baffled and forbidden wanderer,
Loftiest amid the wrecks of ruined empire,
Beside the coffin of a headless King !
He thralled my fate,—I have prepared his doom ;—
He made me captive,—lo ! his narrow cell !
So hands unseen do fashion forth the earth
Of our frail schemes into our funeral urns ;
So, walking dream-like in Life's sleep, our steps
Move blindfold to the scaffold or the Throne !

THE INSPIRATION OF SACRIFICE.

By JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD, Statesman, President of the United States. B. 1831, Ohio; d. 1881, New Jersey.

The oration containing this extract was delivered at Arlington, Va., May 30, 1868 on the occasion of "Memorial Day" exercises.

I LOVE to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost. That the characters of men are molded and inspired by what their fathers have done—that treasured up in American souls, are all the unconscious influences of the great deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race,

from Agincourt to Bunker Hill. It was such an influence which led a young Greek, two thousand years ago, when he heard the news of Marathon, to exclaim, "The trophies of Miltiades will not let him sleep." Could these men be silent in 1861—these, whose ancestors had felt the inspiration of battle on every field where civilization had fought in the last thousand years? Read their answer in this green turf.

With such inspiration, failure was impossible. The struggle consecrated, in some degree, every man who bore a worthy part. I can never forget an incident, illustrative of this thought, which it was my fortune to witness near sunset of the second day at Chickamauga, when the beleaguered but unbroken left wing of our army had again and again repelled the assaults of more than double their number, and when each soldier felt that to his individual hands were committed the life of the army and the honor of his country. It was just after a division had fired its last cartridge, and had repelled a charge at the point of the bayonet, that the great-hearted commander took the hand of an humble soildier and thanked him for his steadfast courage. The soldier stood silent for a moment, and then said, "George H. Thomas has taken this hand in his. I'll knock down any mean man that offers to take it hereafter." This rough sentence was full of meaning. He felt that something had happened to his hand which consecrated it. Could a hand bear our banner in battle and not be forever consecrated to honor and virtue? But doubly consecrated were those who received into their own hearts the fatal shafts, aimed

at the life of their country. Fortunate men! your country lives because you died! Your fame is placed where the breath of calumny can never reach it; where the mistakes of a weary life can never dim its brightness! Coming generations will rise up to call you blessed!

ANCESTRAL IDEALS.

By HENRY JACKSON VAN DYKE, Clergyman, Author. B. 1852, New York; resides in New York City.

The speech from which this extract is taken was given at the annual dinner of The New England Society of Philadelphia, December 22, 1898, in response to the toast, "Ancestral Ideals—Yankee, Dutch, and Cavalier."

ON the whole, with few exceptions which have turned out disastrously until rectified, by giving freedom to the slave and opening citizens' rights to the Indian—on the whole, America has followed her ancestral ideal of republican government with marvelous fidelity, and still more marvelous success. Without militarism she has made her power felt around the globe. Without colonies she has outstripped all colonial empires in the growth of her export trade. Without conquering vessels or annexing tributaries she has expanded her population from three million to seventy-five million, and welcomed a score of races into her capacious bosom, not to subjugate them, but to transform them into Americans. Glory to the ideal of a new nation, "conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal!" Glory has come to it for a hundred years. Glory still waits for it. It is to-day the most potent and prosperous ideal in all the world. All

that this country needs is to be true to her own ideal, and so to lead mankind. But this last ideal which reaches forward into the long future — the ideal of national glory and grandeur — is it indeed ancestral? Did the fathers cherish it and dream of it?

There are those who tell us that their eyes were not opened to behold this vision. We are asked to believe that they were short-sighted in regard to the greatness of America; and therefore their counsels are inapplicable to the days of our prosperity. I do not believe it. The representative of Spain at Paris in 1783, Count Aranda, said: "This Federal Republic is born a pigmy. The day will come when it will be a giant, a Colossus, formidable even in these countries. Liberty of conscience, the facility for establishing a new population on immense lands, as well as the advantages of a new government, will draw thither farmers and artisans from all the nations." That was a vision of jealousy and fear. Do you believe that the eyes of our ancestors were too blind to behold that vision in joy and hope? Nay, they saw it, and they saw also how it was to be attained. Not on the old plan of the Roman empire, annexation without incorporation, but on the new plan of the American Republic, — liberation, population, education, assimilation. Turn back to the letter which Washington wrote to the Earl of Buchan.

"It is my sincere wish that united America shall have nothing to do with the political intrigues or the squabbles of European nations. To administer justice, and receive it from every power with whom they are connected, will I hope, be always found the most prominent

feature of the administration of this country, and I flatter myself that nothing short of imperious necessity can ever occasion a breach with any of them.

"Under such a system, if we are allowed to pursue it, the wealth of these United States, the agriculture and the mechanic arts and its population will increase with that degree of rapidity as to baffle all calculation, and must surpass any idea your Lordship can hitherto have entertained."

Turn back to those noble words of the Farewell Address in which the Father of Our Country said; "It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence." This is our ancestral ideal of national glory and grandeur. Not military conquest, but worldwide influence. Not colonies in both hemispheres, but friends, admirers, and imitators around the globe. Democracy can never be extended by force, as you would fling a net over a bird. But, give it a fair chance and it will grow as a tree grows, by sending down its roots into the heart of humanity and lifting its top toward the light, and spreading its arms wider and wider, until all the persecuted flocks of Heaven find refuge beneath its peaceful, protecting shade.

These, gentlemen, are the ancestral ideals that have been the strength and prosperity of Americans during the nineteenth century. Will they endure through the twentieth century? Pray God they may. But who can tell? Men often forget and sometimes change their

ideals. But this we know: If the ideal of just government, as based on the consent of the governed, is modified; if the ideal of national grandeur as consisting in enlightenment, rather than in conquest, is obscured, then our last hope will be in the survival of the third ideal—American manhood. Then, if ever, we shall need these ancestral societies, not to search out vain genealogies, but to remind us of the virtues of our fore-fathers. Then, if ever, we shall need men to imitate their integrity, their fearlessness, their unselfish devotion to the Commonwealth. And, while we have such men, I, for one, shall never despair of the salvation of the Republic.

“ Land that we love ! Thou future of the world !
Thou refuge of the noble heart oppressed !
Oh, never be thy shining image hurled
From its high place in the adoring breast
Of him who worships thee with jealous love !
Keep thou thy starry forehead as the dove
All white, and to the Eternal Dawn inclined.
Thou art not for thyself, but for mankind,
And to despair of thee were to despair
Of man, of man’s high destiny, of God.”

AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE.

By JOHN BRIGHT, Orator, Statesman. B. 1811, England; d. 1889, England.

OUR opponents have charged us with being the promoters of a dangerous excitement. They have the

effrontery to say that I am the friend of public disorder. I am one of the people. Surely, if there be one thing in a free country more clear than another, it is, that any one of the people may speak openly to the people. If I speak to the people of their rights, and indicate to them the way to secure them,—if I speak of their danger to the monopolists of power,—am I not a wise counsellor, both to the people and to their rulers?

Suppose I stood at the foot of Vesuvius, or Etna, and, seeing a hamlet or a homestead planted on its slope, I said to the dwellers in that hamlet, or in that homestead, “ You see that vapor which ascends from the summit of the mountain. That vapor may become a dense, black smoke, that will obscure the sky. You see the trickling of lava from the crevices in the side of the mountain. That trickling of lava may become a river of fire. You hear that muttering in the bowels of the mountain. That muttering may become a bellowing thunder, the voice of a violent convulsion, that may shake half a continent. You know that at your feet is the grave of great cities, for which there is no resurrection, as histories tell us that dynasties and aristocracies have passed away, and their names have been known no more forever.”

If I say this to the dwellers upon the slope of the mountain, and if there comes hereafter a catastrophe which makes the world to shudder, am I responsible for that catastrophe? I did not build the mountain, or fill it with explosive materials. I merely warned the men that were in danger. So, now, it is not I who

am stimulating men to the violent pursuit of their acknowledged constitutional rights.

The class which has hitherto ruled in this country has failed miserably. It revels in power and wealth, whilst at its feet, a terrible peril for its future, lies the multitude which it has neglected. If a class has failed, let us try the nation.

That is our faith, that is our purpose, that is our cry. Let us try the nation. This it is which has called together these countless numbers of the people to demand a change; and from these gatherings, sublime in their vastness and their resolution, I think I see, as it were, above the hill-tops of time, the glimmerings of the dawn of a better and nobler day for the country and for the people that I love so well.

KEENAN'S CHARGE.

(*Chancellorsville, May, 1863.*)

By GEORGE PARSONS LATIROP, Novelist, Poet. B. 1851,
Sandwich Islands; lives in New York.

Chancellorsville, a village in the "Wilderness" of Virginia, was the scene of a severe though indecisive battle of the Civil War. General T. J. Jackson, familiarly known as "Stonewall" Jackson, a famous general of the Confederate Army, was killed during the battle.

THE sun had set;
The leaves with dew were wet;
Down fell a bloody dusk
On the woods, that second of May,
Where Stonewall's corps, like a beast of prey,
Tore through, with angry tusk.

“ They've trapped us, boys ! ”

Rose from our flank a voice.

With a rush of steel and smoke
On came the Rebels straight,
Eager as love and wild as hate :

And our line reeled and broke ;

* * * * *

There's one hope, still,—

Those batteries parked on the hill !

“ Battery, wheel ! ” (mid the roar)

“ Pass pieces ; fix prolonge to fire
Retiring. Trot ! ” In the panic dire

A bugle rings “ Trot ”—and no more.

The horses plunged,

The cannon lurched and lunged,

To join the hopeless rout.

But suddenly rode a form

Calmly in front of the human storm,

With a stern, commanding shout :

“ Align those guns ! ”

(We knew it was Pleasonton's.)

The cannoneers bent to obey,

And worked with a will, at his word :

And the black guns moved as if *they* had heard.

But ah, the dread delay !

“ To wait is crime ;

O God, for ten minutes time ! ”

The general looked around.

There Keenan sat, like a stone,

With his three hundred horse alone—
Less shaken than the ground.

“ Major, your men ? ”—
“ Are soldiers, General.” “ Then,
Charge, Major ! Do your best :
Hold the enemy back, at all cost ;
Till my guns are placed ;—else the army is lost.
You die to save the rest ! ”

By the shrouded gleam of the western skies,
Brave Keenan looked in Pleasonton's eyes
For an instant,—clear, and cool, and still ;
Then, with a smile, he said : “ I will.”
“ Cavalry charge ! ” Not a man of them shrank.
Their sharp, full cheer, from rank on rank,
Rose joyously, with a willing breath,
Rose like a greeting hail to death.
Then forward they sprang, and spurred and clashed ;
Shouted the officers, crimson-sashed ;
Rode well the men, each brave as his fellow,
In their faded coats of the blue and yellow ;
And above in the air, with an instinct true,
Like a bird of war their pennon flew.

With a clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,
And blades that shine like sunlit reeds,
And strong brown faces bravely pale
For fear their proud attempts shall fail,
Three hundred Pennsylvanians close
On twice ten thousand gallant foes.

Line after line the troopers came
To the edge of the wood that was ringed with flame ;
Rode in and sabered and shot—and fell ;
Nor came one back his wounds to tell.
And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall
In the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his fall,
While the circle-stroke of his saber, swung
Round his head like a halo there, luminous hung.
Line after line, ay, whole platoons,
Struck dead in their saddles, of brave dragoons
By the maddened horses were onward borne
And into the vortex flung, trampled and torn ;
As Keenan fought with his men, side by side.

So they rode, till there were no more to ride.

But over them, lying there, shattered and mute,
What deep echo rolls ?—'Tis a death-salute
From the cannon in place ; for heroes, you braved
Your fate not in vain : the army was saved !

THE COYOTE.

By SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS (Mark Twain), Humorist, Author, Publisher. B. 1835, Missouri ; lives in Hartford, Connecticut.

THE coyote of the farther deserts is a long, slim, sick and sorry-looking skeleton with a gray wolf-skin stretched over it, a tolerably bushy tail that forever sags down with a despairing expression of forsakenness and misery, a furtive and evil eye, and a long, sharp face, with slightly lifted lip and exposed teeth.

He has a general slinking expression all over. The coyote is a living, breathing allegory of want. He is always hungry. He is always poor, out of luck, and friendless. The meanest creatures despise him, and even the fleas would desert him for a velocipede. He is so spiritless and cowardly that, even while his exposed teeth are pretending a threat, the rest of his face is apologizing for it.

When he sees you he lifts his lip and lets a flash of his teeth out, and then turns a little out of the course he was pursuing, depresses his head a bit, and strikes a long, soft-footed trot through the sage-brush, glancing over his shoulder from time to time, till he is about out of easy pistol-range, and then he stops and takes a deliberate survey of you.

But, if you start a swift-footed dog after him, you will enjoy it ever so much—especially if it is a dog that has a good opinion of himself, and has been brought up to think that he knows something about speed. The coyote will go swinging gently off on that deceitful trot of his, and every little while he will smile a fraudulent smile over his shoulder that will fill that dog entirely full of encouragement and worldly ambition.

All this time the dog is only a short twenty feet behind the coyote, and, to save the life of him, he can not understand why it is that he cannot get perceptibly closer, and he begins to get aggravated.

And next the dog notices that he is getting fagged, and that the coyote actually has to slacken speed a little, to keep from running away from him. And then

that town dog is mad in earnest, and he begins to strain, and weep, and swear, and paw the sand higher than ever, and reach for the coyote with concentrated and desperate energy.

This spurt finds him six feet behind the gliding enemy, and two miles from his friends. And then, in the instant that a wild new hope is lighting up his face, the coyote turns and smiles blandly upon him once more, and with a something about it which seems to say :

“ Well, I shall have to tear myself away from you, but—business is business, and it will not do for me to be fooling along this way all day.” And forthwith there is a rushing sound, and the sudden splitting of a long crack through the atmosphere ; and behold, that dog is solitary and alone in the midst of a vast solitude !

THE OLYMPIC CROWN.

By SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTTON, Novelist, Statesman. B. 1805, England ; d. 1873.

The Olympic Games, one of the four great national festivals of the Greeks, were held on the plain of Olympia, in Elis, every fourth year. The prize was a simple wreath of wild olive. This description is taken from “Athens : its Rise and Fall.”

WHAT chivalry did for the few, the Olympic contests effected for the many—they made a knighthood of a people.

If warmed for a moment from the gravity of the historic muse, we might conjure up the picture of this festival, we would invoke the imagination of the

reader to that sacred ground decorated with the profusest triumphs of Grecian art—all Greece assembled from her continent, her colonies, her isles—war suspended— the Spartan no longer grave, the Athenian forgetful of the forum.

See every eye turned from the combatants to one majestic figure—hear every lip murmuring a single name—glorious in greater fields. . . . Who is the spectacle of the day? Themistocles, the conqueror of Salamis, and the savior of Greece! Again—the huzzas of countless thousands following the chariot-wheels of the competitors—whose name is shouted forth, the victor without a rival?—it is Alcibiades, the destroyer of Athens! Turn to the temple of the Olympian god, pass the brazen gates, proceed through the columned aisles, what arrests the awe and wonder of the crowd? Seated on a throne of ebon and ivory, of gold and gems, the olive crown on his head—in his right hand the statue of Victory, in his left, wrought of all metals, the cloud-compelling sceptre, behold the colossal masterpiece of Phidias, the Homeric dream embodied—the majesty of the Olympian Jove! Enter the banquet-room of the conquerors—to whose verse, hymned in a solemn and mighty chorus, bends the listening Spartan?—it is the verse of the Dorian Pindar! In that motley and glittering space join the throng, earnest and breathless, gathered round that sunburnt traveler;—now drinking in the wild account of Babylonian gardens, or of temples whose awful deity no lip may name—now, with clinched

hands and glowing cheeks, tracking the march of Xerxes along exhausted rivers, and over bridges that spanned the sea—what moves, what hushes that mighty audience? It is Herodotus reading his history!

And the prize a wreath of wild olive! The olive-crown was nothing!—the shouts of assembled Greece—the showers of herbs and flowers—. . . . the odes of imperishable poets—the public register which transmitted to posterity his name—. . . . the return home through a breach in the walls—. . . . the first seat in all public spectacles; the fame, in short, extended to his native city—bequeathed to his children—confirmed by the universal voice wherever the Greek civilization spread;—this was the true olive-crown to the Olympic conqueror!

THE MISSION TEA PARTY.*

By EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON, Poet. B. 1845, Maine.

This incident was related to the author by Dr. William Butler, an American missionary in India during the Sepoy Rebellion in 1857. The event occurred when Havelock's Brigade had returned to Lucknow, to take up their line of march for the Afghan frontier.

THE war in the East had ended:
 Its terrors were past, they said;
 There was peace once more for the living,
 And peace for the valiant dead.
 Through the splendid squares of Lucknow
 The Highlanders marched again;

* From *Wide Awake*, D. Lothrop Company.

The heroes of fortress and jungle,
Brave Havelock's peerless men !

Ay ! open your gates, O Lucknow !

But measure, ye guards, your breath,
As ye think of those days, an hundred,
When Havelock marched with death.

They had freed the beleaguered city,
Fought step by step through the vale ;
And swept from the shore of the Ganges
Forever the Sepoy's trail.

* * * * *

Through the streets swept the colors of England,
Born proudly aloft on the air ;
While the "throne land of Rama" re-echoed
The Christian's thanksgiving and prayer.

And blithest of all were the pipers,
Their tartan plaids streaming in pride,
As they woke, on the banks of the Goomtee,
The airs of the Doon and Clyde.

Then the heart of one beautiful woman
Was stirred by an impulse sweet,
As she thought of the long, forced marches,
The weary and blood-stained feet ;

* * * * *

"Not for twice twelve months have they tasted
A simple cupful of tea !
I will serve it to-day for the heroes
Who periled their lives for me !

“ Bid them come to the courts of the Mission !”
 Gay awnings were hastily hung ;
 While on tripods of curious fashion
 The tea-kettles merrily swung ;
 Swung and sung songs of the homeland ;
 Familiar and sweet were the tunes,
 As if winds of the loch and the mountain
 Blew soft through the Indian noons.

She fastened the tartan of Scotland
 With the thistle-bloom over her breast ;
 And her own little winsome daughter
 In the bonny bright plaid she drest.
 * * * * *

This fair-faced, brave-hearted woman,
 A stranger from lands of the West,
 To the ancient palace and gardens
 Welcomed each war-worn guest.

And with Highland bonnets uplifted,
 There under the Hindoo palm,
 The soldiers of Havelock listened
 To the Hebrew’s glorious psalm :

“ Thou wentest before thy people,
 And kings of armies did flee !”
 Then merrily under the shadows
 They drank of the fragrant tea.
 * * * * *

And many a battle-scarred soldier
 Let fall from a glistening eye

Hot tears on the hand of his hostess
For whom he had thought to die.

And for her was the Highlander's blessing
Breathed low in that tenderer scene
When the pipers, proud in their places,
Played grandly—"God save the Queen!"

MERCY.

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Poet, Dramatist, Theater-manager,
Actor. B. 1564, England; d. 1616, at Stratford-upon-Avon.

From the "Merchant of Venice," Act IV., Scene 1; Portia's
reply to Shylock.

THE quality of mercy is not strained ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath ; it is twice blessed ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown ;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings :
But mercy is above the sceptred sway ;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute of God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore,
Jew, though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation ; we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

MORITURI SALUTAMUS.

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, Professor, Poet. B.
1807, Maine; d. 1882, Massachusetts.

Morituri Salutamus—*We who are to die salute you*, (the cry of the gladiators to the emperor before the conflict) was read at Bowdoin College, Maine, upon the fiftieth anniversary of the class of 1825, of which Longfellow was a member.

* * * * *

AND ye who fill the places we once filled,
And follow in the furrows that we tilled,
Young men, whose generous hearts are beating high,
We who are old, and are about to die,
Salute you ; hail you ; take your hands in ours,
And crown with our welcome as with flowers !
How beautiful is youth ! How bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams !
Book of Beginnings, Story without End,
Each maid a heroine, and each man, a friend !
Aladdin's Lamp, and Fortunatus' Purse,
That holds the treasures of the universe !
All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands ;
In its sublime audacity of faith,
“ Be thou removed ! ” it to the mountain saith,
And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud !
As ancient Priam at the Scaean gate,
Sat on the walls of Troy in regal state
With the old men, too old and weak to fight,
Chirping like grasshoppers in their delight
To see the embattled hosts, with spear and shield,

Of Trojans, and Achaians in the field ;
So from the snowy summits of our years
We see you in the plain, as each appears,
And question of you ; asking, who is he
That towers above the others ? Which may be
Atreides, Menelaus, Odysseus,
Ajax the great, or bold Idomeneus ?
Let him not boast who puts his armor on
As he who puts it off, the battle done.
Study yourselves ; and most of all note well
Wherein kind nature meant you to excel.
Not every blossom ripens into fruit ;
Minerva, the inventress of the flute,
Flung it aside when she her face surveyed
Distorted in a fountain as she played :
The unlucky Marsyas found it, and his fate
Was one to make the bravest hesitate.
Write on your doors the saying wise and old :
“ Be bold ! be bold ! ” and everywhere—“ Be Bold ! ”

* * * * *

PUBLIC OPINION.

By DANIEL WEBSTER, Jurist, Statesman, Orator. B. 1782,
New Hampshire ; lived in Massachusetts after 1804 and in
Washington, D. C. ; d. 1852, Massachusetts.

From an address delivered upon the subject of the Greek Revolution of 1820.

IT may be asked, perhaps . . . what can we do ? Are we to go to war ? Are we to interfere in the Greek cause, or any other European cause ? Are we to endanger our pacific relations ?—No, certainly not.

What, then, the question recurs, remains for *us*? If we will not endanger our own peace; if we will neither furnish armies nor navies to the cause which we think the just one, what is there within our power?

Sir, this reasoning mistakes the age. The time has been, indeed, when fleets, and armies, and subsidies were the principal reliances even in the best cause. But, happily for mankind, there has arrived a great change in this respect. Moral causes come into consideration in proportion as the progress of knowledge is advanced; and the *public opinion* of the civilized world is rapidly gaining an ascendency over mere brutal force. . . . It may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassable, unextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule which, like Milton's angels,

“ Vital in every part,
Cannot, but by annihilating, die.”

Until this be propitiated or satisfied, it is vain for power to talk either of triumphs or of repose. No matter what fields are desolated, what fortresses surrendered, what armies subdued, or what provinces overrun there is an enemy that still exists to check the glory of these triumphs. It follows the conqueror back to the very scene of his ovations, it calls upon him to take notice that Europe, though silent, is yet indignant; it shows him that the sceptre of his victory is a barren sceptre; that it shall confer

neither joy nor honor, but shall molder to dry ashes in his grasp. In the midst of his exultation it pierces his ear with the cry of injured justice, it denounces against him the indignation of an enlightened and civilized age; it turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing, and wounds him with the sting which belongs to the consciousness of having outraged the opinion of mankind.

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.*

By SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Novelist, Statesman. B. 1805, England; d. 1873.

Pompeii, an Italian city, situated on the Bay of Naples, at the base of Mount Vesuvius, was destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A. D. This description is taken from the famous novel, "The Last Days of Pompeii."

"Room there!—stand back!—give way! People of Pompeii, fix every eye upon Arbaces—there he sits! Room there, for the priest Calenus!" "It is the Priest Calenus," said the praetor gravely. "What hast thou to say?" "Arbaces of Egypt is the murderer of Apaecides, the priest of Isis; these eyes saw him deal the blow. It is from the dungeon into which he plunged me—it is from the darkness and horror of a death by famine—that the gods have raised me to proclaim his crime! Release the Athenian—he is innocent!" "A miracle! a miracle!" shouted the people; "Remove the Athenian"—"Arbaces to the lion!" And that shout echoed from hill to vale—from coast to sea—"Arbaces to the lion!" With that

* This narrative has been condensed to bring it within the time limit.

cry up sprang—on moved—thousands upon thousands ! They rushed from the heights, they poured down in the direction of the Egyptian. In vain did the aedile command—in vain did the praetor lift his voice and proclaim the law. The people had been already rendered savage by the exhibition of blood—they thirsted for more—their superstition was aided by their ferocity. Aroused—inflamed by the spectacle of their victims, they forgot the authority of their rulers. It was one of those dread popular convulsions common to crowds wholly ignorant, half free and servile ; and which the peculiar constitution of the Roman provinces so frequently exhibited. The power of the praetor was as a reed beneath the whirlwind ; still, at his word the guards had drawn themselves along the lower benches, on which the upper classes sat separate from the vulgar. They made but a feeble barrier—the waves of the human sea halted for a moment, to enable Arbaces to count the exact moment of his doom. In despair, and in a terror which beat down even pride, he glanced his eyes over the rolling and rushing crowd—when, right above them, through the wide chasm which had been left in the velaria, he beheld a strange and awful apparition—he beheld—and his craft restored his courage !

He stretched his hand on high ; over his lofty brows and royal features there came an expression of unutterable solemnity and command. “Behold !” he shouted with a voice of thunder, which stilled the voice of the crowd ; “behold how the gods protect

the guiltless ! The fires of the avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers ! " The eyes of the crowd followed the gesture of the Egyptian, and beheld, with ineffable dismay, a vast vapor shooting from the summit of Vesuvius. There was a deep, heart-sunken silence. The men stared at each other but were dumb. An instant more and the mountain cloud seemed to roll towards them, dark and rapid like a torrent.

Darker, larger, mightier spread the cloud above them ; at the same moment, it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone ! Over crushing vines,—over the desolate streets,—over the amphitheater itself,—far and wide,—with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea,—fell the awful shower ! A ghastly Night rushing upon the realm of Noon.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, Poet, Critic, Professor, Minister to England. B. 1819, Massachusetts.

Extract from the Ode recited at the Harvard Commemoration, July 21, 1865.

LIFE may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is Fate ;
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield,

This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stand self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

* * * * *

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote :
For him her Old-World molds aside he threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead ;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity !
They knew that outward grace is dust ;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Trusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind ;

Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.

* * * * *

Great captains with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes ;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame.
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

MARTIN LUTHER.

By CHARLES PORTERFIELD KRAUTH, Clergyman. Educator, Author. B. 1823, West Virginia; d. 1883, Pennsylvania.

Extract from a paper entitled, "Luther Pictured by Pencil and Pen."

THE greatness of some men only makes us feel that though they did well, others in their place might have done just as they did : Luther had that exceptional greatness, which convinces the world that he alone could have done the work. He was not a mere mountain-top, catching a little earlier the beams which, by their own course, would soon have found the valleys; but rather, by the divine ordination under which he rose, like the sun itself, without which the light on mountain and valley would have been but a starlight or moonlight. He was not a secondary orb, reflecting the light of another orb, as was Melanc-

thon, and even Calvin; still less the moon of a planet, as Bucer or Brentius; but the center of undulations which filled a system with glory. Yet, though he rose wondrously to a divine ideal, he did not cease to be a man of men. He won the trophies of power, and the garlands of affection. Potentates feared him, and little children played with him. He has monuments in marble and bronze, medals in silver and gold; but his noblest monument is the best love of the best hearts, and the highest, purest impression of his image has been left in the souls of regenerated nations. He was the best teacher of freedom and of loyalty. He made the righteous throne stronger, and the innocent cottage happier. He knew how to laugh, and how to weep; therefore millions laughed with him, and millions wept for him. He was tried by deep sorrow, and brilliant fortune; he begged the poor scholar's bread, and from the Emperor and estates of the realm received an embassy, with a prince at its head, to ask him to untie the knot which defied the power of the soldiers and the sagacity of the statesman.

* * * * *

He made a world rich forevermore, and stripping himself in perpetual charities, died in poverty. He knew how to command, for he had learned how to obey. Had he been less courageous, he would have attempted nothing; had he been less cautious, he would have ruined all: the torrent was resistless, but the banks were deep. He tore up the mightiest evils by the root, but shielded with his own life the tender-

est bud of good ; he combined the aggressiveness of a just radicalism with the moral resistance of a true conservatism. Faith inspired, he was faith inspiring. Great in act as he was great in thought, proving himself fire with fire. Inferior eyes grew great by his example, and put on the dauntless spirit of resolution. The world knows his faults. He could not hide what he was. His transparent candor gave his enemies the material for their misrepresentation ; but they cannot blame his infirmities without bearing witness to the nobleness which made him careless of appearances in a world of defamers.

* * * * *

Four potentates ruled the mind of Europe in the Reformation : the Emperor, Erasmus, the Pope, and Luther. The Pope wanes, Erasmus is little, the Emperor is nothing, but Luther abides as a power for all time. His image casts itself upon the current of the ages, as the mountain mirrors itself in the river that winds at its foot—the mighty fixing itself immutably upon the changing.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

By ABRAM STEVENS HEWITT, Merchant, Statesman. B. 1822.
New York.

From an address, of which two extracts are given, delivered May 24, 1883, at the opening of the New York and Brooklyn Bridge.

WHEN we turn to the graceful structure at whose portal we stand, and when the airy outline of its curves of beauty, pendant between massive towers

suggestive of art alone, is contrasted with the over-reaching vault of heaven above and the ever-moving flood of waters beneath, the work of omnipotent power, we are irresistibly moved to exclaim, What hath *man* wrought !

Man hath indeed wrought far more than strikes the eye in this daring undertaking. It is not the work of any one man or of any one age. It is the result of the study, of the experience, and of the knowledge of many men in many ages. It is not merely a creation ; it is a growth.

In no previous period of the world's history could this bridge have been built. Within the last hundred years the greater part of the knowledge necessary for its construction has been gained. This construction has employed every abstract conclusion and formula of mathematics, whether derived from the study of the earth or the heavens. The great discoveries of chemistry, the nature of gases, the properties of metals, the laws and processes of physics, from the strains and pressures of mighty masses to the delicate vibrations of molecules, are all recorded here.

It looks like a motionless mass of masonry and metal ; but, as a matter of fact, it is instinct with motion. It is an aggregation of unstable elements, changing with every change in temperature and every movement of the heavenly bodies, but the product is absolute stability. It stands before us to-day as the sum and epitome of human knowledge ; as the very heir of the ages ; as the latest glory of centuries of patient observation, profound study and accumulated

skill, gained, step by step, in the never-ending struggle of man to subdue the forces of nature to his control and use.

THE MINUTE-MEN OF '75.

By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, Author, Orator, Lecturer, Editor. B. 1824, Rhode Island ; lives in New York

On the day that the Continental Congress separated—October 26, 1774—the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts took a step decisive of war. “This was the organization of the militia, one-fourth of them being constituted minute-men, bound to take up arms at a minute's warning.”

CITIZENS of a great, free, and prosperous country, we come hither to honor the men, our fathers, who on this spot struck the first blow in the contest which made our country independent. Here, beneath the hills they trod, by the peaceful river on whose shores they dwelt, amidst the fields that they sowed and reaped, we come to tell their story, to try ourselves by their lofty standard, to know if we are their worthy children ; and, standing reverently where they stood and fought and died, to swear before God and each other, that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

* * * * *

The last living link with the Revolution has long been broken ; and we who stand here to-day have a sympathy with the men at the old North Bridge, which those who preceded us here at earlier celebrations could not know. With them war was a name and a tradition. When they assembled to celebrate

this day, they saw a little group of tottering forms, whose pride was that, before living memory, they had been minute-men of American Independence.

But with us, how changed ! War is no longer a tradition, half romantic and obscure. It has ravaged how many of our homes, it has wrung how many of the hearts before me ? North and South, we know the pang. We do not count around us a few feeble veterans of the contest, but we are girt with a cloud of witnesses. Behold them here to-day, sharing in these pious and peaceful rites, the honored citizens whose glory it is that they were minute-men of American liberty and union ! These men of to-day interpret to us, with resistless eloquence, the men and the times we commemorate. Now, if never before, we understand the Revolution. Now, we know the secrets of those old hearts and homes.

No royal governor sits in yon stately capitol ; no hostile fleet for many a year has vexed the waters of our coast ; nor is any army but our own ever likely to tread our soil. Not such are our enemies to-day. They do not come proudly stepping to the drum-beat, with bayonets flashing in the morning sun. But wherever party spirit shall strain the ancient guarantees of freedom, or bigotry and ignorance of caste shall strike at equal rights, or corruption shall poison the very springs of national life, there, minute-men of liberty, are your Lexington Green and Concord Bridge ! And, as you love your country and your kind, and would have your children rise up and call you blessed, spare not the enemy ! Over the hills,

out of the earth, down from the clouds, pour in resistless might ! Fire from every rock and tree, from door and window, from hearthstone and chamber ; hang upon his flank and rear from morn to sunset, and so through a land blazing with holy indignation, hurl the hordes of ignorance and corruption and injustice back, back in utter defeat and ruin

POOR LITTLE JOE.

By DAVID LAW PROUDFIT, Journalist, Poet. B. 1842, New Y-rk.

PROP yer eyes wide open, Joey,
Fur I've brought you sumpin great.
Apples? No, a heap site better!
Don't you take no int'rest? Wait.
Tears, my boy? Wot's them fur, Joey—
There—poor little Joe! don't cry!

I was skippen past a winder,
Where a bang-up lady sot,
All amongst a lot of bushes,—
Each one climbin' from a pot;
Every bush had flowers on it,—
Pretty? Mebbe not! O, no!
Wish you could 'a' seen 'em growin',
It was sich a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller,
Lyin' here so sick and weak,
Never knowin' any comfort;
And I puts on lots o' cheek.

“ Missus,” says I, “ if you please, mum
Could I ax you for a rose ?
For my little brother, missus,—
Never seed one, I suppose.”

Then I told her all about you,—
How I bring’d you up, poor Joe,
(Lackin’ women folks to do it) ;
Sich a’ imp you was, you know,—
Till you got that awful tumble,
Jist as I had broke yer in
(Hard work, too) to earn yer livin'
Blackin’ boots for honest tin.

How that tumble crippled of you,
So’s you couldn’t hyper much !
Joe, it hurted when I seen you
Fur the first time with your crutch.
“ But,” I says, “ he’s laid up now, mum,
‘Pears to weaken every day ” ;
Joe, she up and went to cuttin’,—
That’s the how of this bokay.

Say ! It seems to me, ole feller,
You is quite yerself to night ;
Kind of chirk ; it’s been a fort’nit
Sense yer eyes has been so bright.
Better ? Well ! I’m glad to hear it.
Yes, they’re mighty pretty, Joe—
Smellin’ of ‘em’s made you happy ?
Well, I thought it would, you know !

Never see the country, did you ?
Flowers growin' everywhere !
Sometime when you're better, Joey,
Mebbe I kin take you there.
Flowers in heaven ? 'M—I s'pose so :
Dunno much about it, though ;
Aint as fly as wot I might be
On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewhere,
That in heaven's golden gates
Things is everlastin' cheerful,
B'lieve that's wot the Bible states.
Likewise, there folks don't get hungry ;
So good people, when they dies,
Finds themselves well fix'd forever,—
Joe, my boy, wot ails your eyes ?

Thought they look'd a little sing'ler,
O no ! don't you have no fear ;
Heaven was made fur such as you is,
Joe, wot makes you look so queer ?
Here, wake up ! O, don't look that way !
Joe ! My boy ! Hold up your head !
Here's yer flowers,—you dropp'd 'em, Joey !—
O, my God ! can Joe be *dead* ?

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

By FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS, Poet. B. 1794, England; d. 1835, Ireland.

THE breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky their giant branches tossed,
And the heavy night hung dark the hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark on the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes, they, the true-hearted, came,—
Not with the roll of stirring drums, and the trumpet that sings of fame :
Not as the flying come, in silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom with their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang, and the stars heard and the sea !
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang to the anthems of the free !
The ocean-eagle soared from his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared ;—this was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair amidst that pilgrim band ;
Why had they come to wither there, away from their childhood's land ?
There was woman's fearless eye, lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high ; and the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ? Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?—They sought a faith's pure shrine !
Ay, call it holy ground, the soil where first they trod !
They have left unstained what there they found,— freedom to worship God !

GEOLOGY.

By JAMES DWIGHT DANA, Geologist, Naturalist, Professor. B 1813, New York ; lives in New Haven, Ct.
Extract from the "Concluding Remarks" of the "Manual of Geology."

GEOLOGY may seem to be audacious in its attempts to unveil the mysteries of creation. Yet what it reveals are only some of the methods by which the Creator has performed his will; and many deeper mysteries it leaves untouched.

It brings to view a perfect and harmonious system of life, but affords no explanation of the origin of life, or of any of nature's forces.

It may be said to have searched out the mode of

development of a world. Yet it can point to no physical cause of that prophecy of Man which runs through the whole history ; which was uttered by the winds and waves at their work over the sands, by the rocks in each movement of the earth's crust, and by every living thing in the long succession, until Man appeared to make the mysterious announcements intelligible. For the body of Man was not made more completely for the service of the soul, than the earth, in all its arrangements from beginning to end, for the spiritual being that was to occupy it. In Man, the bones are not merely the jointed frame-work of an animal, but a frame-work shaped throughout with reference to that erect structure which befits and can best serve Man's spiritual nature. The feet are not the clasping and climbing feet of a monkey ; they are so made as to give firmness to the tread and dignity to the bearing of the being made in God's image. The hands have that fashioning of the palm, fingers, and thumb, and that delicacy of the sense of touch, which adapt them not only to feed the mouth, but to contribute to the wants of the soul and obey its promptings. The arms are not for strength alone,—for they are weaker than in many a brute,—but to give greater power and expression to the thoughts that issue from within. The face, with its expressive features, is formed so as to respond not solely to the emotions of pleasure and pain, but to shades of sentiment and interacting sympathies the most varied, high as heaven and low as earth,—ay, lower, in debased human nature. And the whole being, body, limbs, and head, with eyes looking,

not toward the earth, but beyond an infinite horizon, 's a majestic expression of the divine feature in Man, and of the infinitude of his aspirations.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS.

By DANIEL WEBSTER, Jurist, Statesman, Orator. B. 1782, New Hampshire ; d. 1852, Massachusetts.

Part of the "Reply to Hayne," a two days' speech, delivered in the Senate of the United States, January 26-27, 1830. Robert Y. Hayne, a Senator from South Carolina, contended that a State had the right of nullifying any act of Congress which it should consider unconstitutional. Webster declared that the government was established by the people of the United States as a whole, and not by the States as separate members. Hayne had eulogized South Carolina for her part in the founding of the government.

I SHALL not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride, of her great name. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions—Americans all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is—behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history—the world knows it by heart. The past, at

least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure,—it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

THE MONSTER CANNON.*

By VICTOR MARIE HUGO, Poet, Novelist. B. 1802, France; d. 1885, France.

Chateaubriand called him “*L'enfant sublime*,” the sublime child, because of his precocious genius.—“Ninety-Three,” from which this extract is made, was published in 1874, and was translated by Helen B. Dole.

THEY heard a noise unlike anything usually heard. The cry and the noise came from inside the vessel.

* This incident has been condensed to bring it within the time limit.

One of the caronnades of the battery, a twenty-four pounder, had become detached.

This, perhaps, is the most formidable of ocean events. Nothing more terrible can happen to a war vessel, at sea and under full sail.

A cannon which breaks its moorings becomes abruptly some indescribable supernatural beast.

What is to be done? A tempest ceases, a cyclone passes, a wind goes down, a broken mast is replaced, a leak is stopped, a fire put out ; but what shall be done with this enormous brute of bronze?

All of a sudden, in that kind of unapproachable circuit wherein the escaped cannon bounded, a man appeared, with an iron bar in his hand. It was the author of the catastrophe, the chief gunner, guilty of negligence and the cause of the accident, the master of the caronade.

Then a wild exploit commenced ; a Titanic spectacle ; the combat of the gun with the gunner ; the battle of matter and intelligence ; the duel of the animate and the inanimate. On one side force, on the other a soul.

A soul ! a strange thing ! one would have thought the cannon had one also, but a soul of hate and rage. This sightless thing seemed to have eyes. The monster appeared to watch the man. There was cunning in this mass. It chose its moment. It was a kind of gigantic insect of iron, having the will of a demon. At times this colossal grasshopper would strike the low ceiling of the battery, then fall back on its four wheels like a tiger on its four claws,

and commence again to dart upon the man. He, supple, agile, adroit, writhed like an adder in guarding against all these lightning-like movements.

Such things cannot last long. The cannon seemed to say all at once : "Come ! there must be an end to this !" and it stopped.

The man had taken refuge at the foot of the ladder, a few steps from an old man who was present. The gunner held his handspike at rest. The cannon seemed to perceive him, and without taking the trouble to turn round, fell back on the man with the promptness of an axe-stroke. The man if driven against the side was lost. All the crew gave a cry.

But the old passenger, till then immovable, sprang forward, more rapidly than all those wild rapidities. He had seized a bale of false assignats, and, at the risk of being crushed, he had succeeded in throwing it between the wheels of the cannon.

The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble stops a bulk ; a branch of a tree diverts an avalanche. The cannon stumbled. The gunner in his turn, taking advantage of this terrible juncture, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind-wheels. The cannon stopped. The man, using his bar as a lever, made it rock. The heavy mass turned over, with the noise of a bell tumbling down, and the man, rushing headlong, attached the slip-knot of the gun-tackle to the bronze neck of the conquered monster.

It was finished. The man had vanquished. The ant had subdued the mastodon ; the pygmy had made a prisoner of the thunderbolt,

OUR COUNTRY.

By BENJAMIN HARRISON, Statesman, President of the United States B. 1833, Indiana.

Delivered at a banquet in New York City, April 30, 1889, during the Centennial Exercises commemorating the inauguration of George Washington as first President of the United States, in New York, April 30, 1789.

Washington delivered his inaugural address from the portico of Federal Hall, now the Sub-Treasury Building, at Wall and Broad streets.

I PREFER to substitute for the official title which is upon the programme, that familiar and fireside expression, "Our Country."

I congratulate you to-day, as one of the instructive and interesting features of this occasion, that these great thoroughfares, dedicated to trade, have closed their doors and covered the insignia of commerce with the Stars and Stripes ; that your great Exchanges have closed, and that into the very heart of Wall Street the flag has been carried. Upon the old historic spot, the men who give their time and energies to trade, have given these days to their country, to the cause of her glory, and to the aspiration for her honor and development.

I have great pleasure in believing that the love of country has been intensified in many hearts here ; not only of you who might be called, and some who have been called, to witness your love for the flag in battle-fields by sea and land, but in these homes, among these fair women who look down upon us to-night, and in the thoughts of those little children who mingled their piping cries with the hoarser acclamis as we moved along your streets to-day.

I believe that patriotism has been blown into a higher and holier flame in many hearts. These banners with which you have covered your walls ; these patriotic inscriptions must come down, and the ways of commerce and trade be resumed here again.

I will ask you to carry these banners that now hang on the wall into your homes, into the public schools of your city, into all your great institutions where children are gathered, and to drape them there, that the eyes of the young and of the old may look upon that flag as one of the familiar adornments of the American home.

Have we not learned that not stocks nor bonds nor stately houses nor lands nor the product of the mill is our country ? It is a spiritual thought that is in our minds. It is the flag and what it stands for.

It is its glorious history. It is the fireside and the home. It is the high thoughts that are in the heart, born of the inspiration which comes by the stories of their fathers, the martyrs to liberty ; it is the graveyards into which our careful country has gathered the unconscious dust of those who have died. Here, in these things, it is that thing we love and call our country rather than in anything that can be touched or handled.

To elevate the morals of our people ; to hold up the law as that sacred thing, which, like the ark of God of old, cannot be touched by irreverent hands, and frowns upon every attempt to displace its supremacy ; to unite our people in all that makes home pure and honorable, as well as to give our energies in the

direction of our material advancement ; these services we may render, and out of this great demonstration do we not all feel like reconsecrating ourselves to the love and service of our country ?

THE LEPER.

By NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS, Poet, Author. B. 1807
Maine, lived in New York ; d. 1867.

“ Room for the leper ! Room ! ” And as he came
The cry passed on,—“ Room for the leper ! Room ! ”

* * * * *

And aside they stood,
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood,—all
Who met him on his way,—and let him pass.
And onward through the open gate he came,
A leper, with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
A covering, stepping painfully and slow,
And with a difficult utterance, like one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
Crying, “ Unclean ! unclean ! ”

* * * * *

And he went forth alone ! Not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibres of the heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way,
Sick and heart-broken, and alone,—to die !
For God had cursed the leper !

It was noon,
 And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
 In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
 Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
 The loathsome water to his severed lips,
 Praying he might be so blest—to die !
 Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,
 He drew the covering closer on his lip,
 Crying, “ Unclean ! unclean ! ” and in the folds
 Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
 He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
 Nearer the Stranger came, and bending o'er
 The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name.
 “ Helon ! ”—The voice was like the master-tone,
 Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet ;
 And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
 And for a moment beat beneath the hot
 And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
 “ Helon ! arise ! ” And he forgot his curse,
 And rose and stood before him.

Love and awe

Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye,
 As he beheld the Stranger. He was not
 In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
 The symbol of a lofty lineage wore ;
 No followers at his back, nor in his hand
 Buckler, or sword, or spear ; yet in his mien
 Command sat throned serene, and if he smiled,
 A kingly condescension graced his lips ;

* * * * *

His eye was blue and *calm*, as is the sky
In the serenest noon ; his hair, unshorn,
Fell to his shoulders ; and his curling beard
The fullness of perfected manhood bore.
He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if his heart was moved ; and stooping down
He took a little water in his hand,
And laid it on his brow and said, “ Be clean ! ”
And lo ! the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant’s stole.
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus’ feet, and worshiped him.

CLEAR THE WAY.

By CHARLES MACKAY, Poet. B. 1814, Scotland; d. 1889

MEN of thought, be up and stirring
Night and day !
Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain,
Clear the way !
Men of action, aid and cheer them
As ye may.
There’s a fount about to stream,
There’s a light about to beam,
There’s a warmth about to glow,
There’s a flower about to blow,
There’s a midnight blackness changing
Into gray.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way !

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day,
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray ?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen ;
Aid it, hopes of honest men ;
Aid it, paper ; aid it, type —
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought and men of action.
Clear the way !

Lo, a cloud's about to vanish
From the day,
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay !
Lo, the right's about to conquer !
Clear the way !
With the Right shall many more
Enter, smiling, at the door.
With the giant Wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way !

RATISBON.

By ROBERT BROWNING, Poet. B. 1812, England; d. 1889,
Venice.

Ratisbon or Regensburg is an important city of Bavaria, situated on the Danube, and the birth place of the great astronomer Kepler.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :

A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day ;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused,—“ My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,”—
Out 'twixt the battery-smoke there flew
A rider, bound on bound,
Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy :
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came thro')
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

“ Well,” cried he, “ Emperor, by God’s grace
We’ve got you Ratisbon !
The marshal’s in the market-place,
And you’ll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart’s desire,
Perched him !” The chief’s eye flashed ; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The Chief’s eye flashed ; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle’s eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes :
“ You’re wounded !” “ Nay,” his soldier’s pride
Touched to the quick, he said :
“ I’m killed, sire !” And, his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

OLD FAITHS IN NEW LIGHT.

By SAMUEL PHILLIPS NEWMAN SMYTH, Clergyman. B. 1815,
Maine ; lives in New Haven, Connecticut.

The following is taken from the concluding chapter of his book,
“ Old Faiths in New Light.”

WE need never hesitate to bring old faiths into new light. Our spiritual life can suffer and grow pale only if we shut it out from the increasing light, and leave it to grow in the darkness. The clear shining of knowledge may dissipate a thousand fancies which we have mistaken for realities ; but it shall bring to faith health, and vigor, and renewed life. While

many run to and fro, and knowledge is increased, Christianity cannot be preserved as a cloistered virtue, or a scholastic art ; but out in the breezy world, under the open sky, rejoicing in the light, its strength shall not be abated, nor its eye grow dim. Reverently and humbly, but nothing doubting, the Christian apologist of to-day may follow wherever new paths of knowledge seem opening to our approach ; and though he goes down into the depths, or wanders through realms of strange shadows, and endless confusions, nevertheless, after he has traversed all the spheres into which thought can find entrance, if he remains true to the spirit sent for his guidance, his better self,—like Dante following Beatrice from world to world,—he shall find himself at last by the gates of Paradise, walking in a cloud of light, full of all melodious voices.

THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG.

By WILL. H. THOMPSON, Lawyer, Poet. B. 1848, Georgia ; lives in Seattle, Washington.

A CLOUD possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield.
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs,—
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods
And Chickamauga's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her son !

* * * * *

“Once more in Glory’s van with me !”
Virginia cried to Tennessee ;
“We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon these works to-day !”
(The reddest day in history.)

* * * * *

In vain the Tennesseean set
His breast against the bayonet !
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet !

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle-cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost !

The brave went down ! Without disgrace
They leaped to ruin’s red embrace.
They only heard Fame’s thunders wake,
And saw the dazzling sun-burst break
In smile’s on Glory’s bloody face !

They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand !

They smote and fell, who set the bars
 Against the progress of the stars,
 And stayed the march of Motherland !

They stood, who saw the future come
 On through the fight's delirium !
 They smote and stood, who held the hope
 Of nations on that slippery slope
 Amid the cheers of Christendom !

God lives ! He forged the iron will
 That clutched and held that trembling hill.
 God lives and reigns ! He built and lent
 The heights for Freedom's battlement
 Where floats her flag in triumph still !

Fold up the banners ! Smelt the guns !
 Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
 A mighty mother turns in tears
 The pages of her battle years,
 Lamenting all her fallen sons !

RICHELIEU AND FRANCE.

By SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Novelist, Statesman. B. 1805, England ; d. 1873.

Armand Jean Du Plessis, Cardinal, Duc de Richelieu, was born at Paris, France, 1585, and died in 1642. He became the Minister of State under Louis XIII., and virtual ruler of France.

My liege, your anger can recall your trust,
 Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,
 Rifle my coffers ; but my name,—my deeds,—

Are royal in a land beyond your scepter.
Pass sentence on me, if you will ;—from kings,
Lo, I appeal to time ! Be just, my liege.
I found your kingdom rent with heresies,
And bristling with rebellion ;—lawless nobles
And breadless serfs ; England fomenting discord ;
Austria, her clutch on your dominions ; Spain
Forging the prodigal gold of either Ind
To armèd thunderbolts. The arts lay dead ;
Trade rotted in your marts ; your armies mutinous,
Your treasury bankrupt. Would you now revoke
Your trust, so be it ! and I leave you sole,
Supremest monarch of the mightiest realm
From Ganges to the Icebergs. Look without,—
No foe not humbled ! Look within,—the arts
Quit, for our schools, their old Hesperides,
The golden Italy ! while throughout the veins
Of your vast empire flows in strengthening tides
Trade, the calm health of nations ! Sire, I know
That men have called me cruel :—
I am not ;—I am just ! I found France rent asunder :
The rich men despots and the poor banditti ;
Sloth in the mart and schism within the temple ;
Brawls festering to rebellion ; and weak laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.
I have re-created France ; and, from the ash
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass,
Civilization on her luminous wings,
Soars, phœnix-like to Jove ! What was my art ?
Genius, some say ;—some fortune ;—witchcraft, some.
Not so,—my art was justice !

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

By EDWARD JOHN PHELPS, Jurist, Minister to England. B.
1822, Vermont; lives in New Haven, Ct.

On the eve of his departure from England, January 24, 1889, a banquet was given by the Lord Mayor of London in honor of Minister Phelps, at which he delivered a farewell address of which the following is a part.

IT is rather a pleasant coincidence to me that almost the first hospitality that was offered to me after my arrival in England came from my friend the Lord Mayor. It seems to me a fortunate propriety that my last public words should be spoken under the same hospitable roof, the home of the chief magistrate of the City of London. Nor can I ever forget the cordial and generous reception that was then accorded, not to myself personally, for I was altogether a stranger, but to the representative of my country. It struck what has proved the keynote of all my relations here. It indicated to me at the outset how warm and hearty was the feeling of Englishmen toward America. And it gave me to understand, what I was not slow to accept and believe, that I was accredited not merely from one government to the other, but from the people of America to the people of England,—that the American minister was not expected to be merely a diplomatic functionary, shrouded in reticence and retirement, jealously watching over doubtful relations, and carefully guarding against anticipated dangers; but that he was to be the guest of his kinsmen—one of themselves—the messenger of the sympathy and good will, the mutual and warm regard and esteem,

that bind together two great nations of the same race, and make them one in all the fair humanities of life. I have been happy in feeling always that the English people had a claim upon the American Minister for all kind and friendly offices in his power, and upon his presence and voice on all occasions, when they could be thought to further any good work.

And so I have gone in and out among you these four years, and have come to know you well. I have taken part in many gratifying public functions ; I have been a guest at many homes. My heart has gone out with yours in the memorable jubilee of that Sovereign Lady whom all Englishmen love and all Americans honor. I have stood with you by some unforgotten graves ; I have shared in many joys ; and I have tried as well as I could through it all, in my small way, to promote constantly a better understanding, a fuller and more accurate knowledge, a more genuine sympathy between the people of the two countries.

“Farewell” is a word often lightly uttered, and readily forgotten. But when it marks the rounding off and completion of a chapter in life, the severance of ties many and cherished, and the parting with many friends at once—especially when it is spoken among the lengthening shadows of the western light—it sticks somewhat in the throat. It becomes, indeed, “the word that makes us linger.” But it does not prompt many other words. It is best expressed in few. What goes without saying is better than what is said. Not much can be added to the old English word “Goodbye.” You are not sending me away empty-

handed or alone. I go freighted and laden with happy memories — inexhaustible and unalloyed — of England, its warm hearted people and their measureless kindness. Spirits more than twain will cross with me. messengers of your good will. Happy the nation that can thus speed its parting guest! Fortunate the guest who has found his welcome almost an adoption, and whose farewell leaves half his heart behind.

THE PILGRIM ANCESTORS.

By DAVID C. ROBINSON. From an address before the New England Society in New York City, Dec. 21, 1892.

LAUGH at their whims and rigid tenets as we may, they have left us a heritage unequaled in the story of the world. Theirs was a mighty struggle for all that may ennoble man or make him better than his fathers were. The hopes and fears of all the ages centered in that shaky ship bound westward on an unknown and tempestuous sea. The spirit of the free was with that little bark, as each day gave its light; the God of the heroic and the true its pilot, when the night came down on the sea. A wild and stormy ride from shore to shore; a fierce and bitter strife with fire and flood, savage and element, their daily portion as they sail, and when they rested on the rocky shore they called at last their home. What wonder that they cradled there at once the offspring of their love and the freedom of their kind; what wonder that from their sturdy loins sprang forth a race of giants, fit warriors for the rights of generations yet to be; what wonder that sires and sons have laughed to scorn the

fear of tempest or of tyrant in service of their faith through all the years. Well sang their favorite bard of sons, as he might have sung of sires and their adopted shore : —

“ Wild are the waves which lash along the reefs along St. George’s bank,
Cold on the shore of Labrador, the fog lies white and dank.
Through storm and wave and blinding mist, stout are the hearts
that man
The fishing smacks of Marblehead, the sea boats of Cape Ann.
The cold north light and wintry sun glare on their icy forms,
Bent grimly over their straining lines, and wrestling with the
storms.”

A hardy race, worthy to set the pattern of civilization and liberty to the mighty people who affectionately called them “fathers” in blood, in liberty, love, and truth. All that nations can owe to founders; all that children can owe to parents; all that truth and self-denial can owe to their especial champions, is laid upon the altar of their memory. Peace to their sacred ashes, those Pilgrim Fathers of our life. Their sacrifices were many and their joys were few. Yet somewhere in the land where faith meets its reward; somewhere in the heaven of the good and the pure; somewhere within those temples of magnificent justice where is given alike reward for good and punishment for evil done on earth; somewhere beyond the reach of human toil or strife,—those Pilgrim ancestors shall be given meed well-fitted to their high deservings; and “till the sun grows cold and the stars are old, and the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold,” no man among their sons shall feel within his veins the bounding of their consecrating blood without thanks for every drop that links him to their heroic lives.

THE RETURN OF REGULUS.

By ELIJAH KELLOGG, Clergyman, Author. B. 1813, Portland, Me.

Marcus Atilius Regulus was a favorite hero of the Roman writers. Chosen a second time consul in 256 B.C., he led a force against Carthage, and although at first successful he was finally defeated and captured 255 B.C. After five years captivity he was sent to Rome with the Punic envoys. He urged the Senate not to grant terms of peace to Carthage, and returning to the latter city he was put to death by the enraged Carthaginians.

THE palaces and domes of Carthage were burning with the splendors of noon, and the blue waves of her harbor were rolling and gleaming in the gorgeous sunlight. An attentive ear could catch a low murmur, sounding from the center of the city, which seemed like the moaning of the wind before a tempest. And well it might. The whole people of Carthage, startled, astounded by the report that Regulus had returned, were pouring, a mighty tide, into the great square before the Senate House. There were mothers in that throng, whose captive sons were groaning in Roman fetters; maidens, whose lovers were dying in the distant dungeons of Rome; gray-haired men and matrons, whom Roman steel had made childless; and with wild voices, cursing and groaning, the vast throng gave vent to the rage, the hate, the anguish of long years.

Calm and unmoved as the marble walls around him, stood Regulus, the Roman! He stretched his arm over the surging crowd with a gesture as proudly imperious as though he stood at the head of his own gleaming cohorts. Before that silent command the

tumult ceased—the half-uttered execration died upon the lips—so intense was the silence that the clank of the captive's brazen manacles smote sharp on every ear, as he thus addressed them :

“ Ye doubtless thought, judging of Roman virtue by your own, that I would break my plighted faith, rather than by returning, and leaving your sons and brothers to rot in Roman dungeons, to meet your vengeance. . . . If the bright blood which feeds *my* heart were like the slimy ooze that stagnates in your veins, I should have remained at Rome, saved my life and broken my oath. If, then, you ask why I have come back, to let you work your will on this poor body which I esteem but as the rags that cover it,—enough reply for you, it is *because I am a Roman!*”

“ Venerable senators, with trembling voices and outstretched hands, besought me to return no more to Carthage. The voice of a beloved mother,—her withered hands beating her breast, her gray hairs streaming in the wind, tears flowing down her furrowed cheeks—praying me not to leave her in her lonely and helpless old age, is still sounding in my ears. Compared to anguish like this, the paltry torments *you* have in store is as the murmur of the meadow brook to the wild tumult of the mountain storm. Go! bring your threatened tortures! The woes I see impending over this fated city will be enough to sweeten death, though every nerve should tingle with its agony! I die—but mine shall be the triumph; yours the untold desolation.”

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALAKLAVA.

By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, Poet. B. 1809, England.

Balaklava is a small Greek fishing village with 700 inhabitants in the Crimea. During the "Crimean War" between France, England and Turkey on the one side and Russia on the other, it was the scene of the famous cavalry charge described below, 25th October, 1854. Who it was that "had blundered" will never be known. Lord Raglan, commander of the British Army, denied that he gave the order. Lord Lucan, the cavalry commander, said that he received the order from Capt. Nolan of Lord Raglan's staff. Capt. Nolan was killed in the charge.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade !
Charge for the guns !" he said.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred !

"Forward, the Light Brigade !"
Was there a man dismayed ?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered :
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,—
Into the valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,

Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered ;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well ;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the Six Hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered :
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered ;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came from the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell
All that was left of them,
Left of Six Hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made !
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made !
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble Six Hundred.

THE FIRST VIEW OF THE HEAVENS.

By ORMSBY MACKNIGHT MITCHEL, Astronomer, Author, Lawyer, Lecturer, and Major-General United States Army. B. 1809, Kentucky; d. 1862, South Carolina.

OFTEN have I swept backward, in imagination, six thousand years, and stood beside our great ancestor, as he gazed for the first time upon the going down of the sun. What strange sensations must have swept through his bewildered mind, as he watched the last departing ray of the sinking orb, unconscious whether he should ever behold its return.

Wrapt in a maze of thought, strange and startling, he suffers his eye to linger long about the point at which the sun has slowly faded from view. A mysterious darkness creeps over the face of Nature ; the beautiful scenes of earth are slowly fading, one by one, from his dimmed vision.

A gloom deeper than that which covers earth steals across the mind of earth's solitary inhabitant. He raises his inquiring gaze towards heaven ; and lo ! a silver crescent of light, clear and beautiful, hanging in the western sky, meets his astonished gaze. The young moon charms his untutored vision and leads

him upwards to her bright attendants, which are now stealing, one by one, from out the deep blue sky. The solitary gazer bows, wonders, and adores.

The hours glide by ; the silver moon is gone ; the stars are rising, slowly ascending the heights of heaven, and solemnly sweeping downward in the stillness of the night. A faint streak of rosy light is seen in the east ; it brightens ; the stars fade ; the planets are extinguished ; the eye is fixed in mute astonishment on the growing splendor, till the first rays of the returning sun dart their radiance on the young earth and its solitary inhabitant.

The curiosity excited on this first solemn night, the consciousness that in the heavens God had declared his glory, the eager desire to comprehend the mysteries that dwell in their bright orbs, have clung, through the long lapse of six thousand years, to the descendants of him who first watched and wondered. In this boundless field of investigation, human genius has won its most signal victories.

Generation after generation has rolled away, age after age has swept silently by ; but each has swelled by its contributions the stream of discovery. Mysterious movements have been unravelled ; mighty laws have been revealed ; ponderous orbs have been weighed ; one barrier after another has given way to the force of intellect ; until the mind, majestic in its strength, has mounted, step by step, up the rocky height of its self-built pyramid, from whose star-crowned summit it looks out upon the grandeur of the universe self-clothed with the prescience of a God.

THE DEATH-BED OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.

By GEORGE LIPPARD, Author, Novelist. B. 1822, Pennsylvania ; d. 1854, Pennsylvania.

"Benedict Arnold, a talented American military officer, whose early brilliant exploits are obscured by his attempt to betray his native country, was born in Connecticut, in 1741, and died in London, 1801."

FIFTY years ago, in a rude garret, near the loneliest suburbs of the city of London, lay a dying man. He was but half dressed, though his legs were concealed in long, military boots. An aged minister stood beside the rough couch. The form was that of a strong man grown old through care more than age. There was a face that you might look upon but once, and yet wear it in your memory forever.

But look ! those strong arms are clutching at the vacant air ; the death-sweat stands in drops on that bold brow—the man is dying. Throb—throb—throb—beats the death-watch in the shattered wall. "Would you die in the faith of the Christian ?" faltered the preacher, as he knelt there on the damp floor.

The white lips of the death-stricken man trembled but made no sound. Then, with the strong agony of death upon him, he rose into a sitting posture. For the first time he spoke. "Christian !" he echoed, in that deep tone which thrilled the preacher to the heart : "Will that faith give me back my honor ?"

Suddenly the dying man arose ; he tottered along the floor. With those white fingers, whose nails were blue with the death-chill, he threw open a valise. He

drew from thence a faded coat of blue, faced with silver, and the wreck of a battle-flag.

"Look ye, priest ! this faded coat is spotted with my blood !" he cried, as old memories seemed stirring at his heart. "This coat I wore when I first heard the news of Lexington ; this coat I wore when I planted the banner of the stars on Ticonderoga ! that bullet-hole was pierced in the fight of Quebec ; and now, I am a—let me whisper in your ear—traitor !" He hissed that single burning word into the minister's ear. "Now help me, priest ! help me to put on this coat of blue ; for you see there is no one here to wipe the cold drops from my brow ; no wife, no child ; I must meet death alone ; but I will meet him, as I have met him in battle, without a fear !"

The awe-stricken preacher started back from the look of the dying man, while throb—throb—throb—beats the death-watch in the shattered wall. "Hush ! silence along the lines there !" he muttered, in that wild, absent tone, as though speaking to the dead. "Silence along the lines ! not a word, not a word, on peril of your lives ! Hark you, Montgomery ! we will meet in the center of the town ! we will meet there in victory or die ! Hist ! silence, my men, not a whisper, as we move up those steep rocks ! Now on, my boys—now on ! Men of the wilderness, we will gain the town ! Now up with the banner of the stars, up with the flag of freedom, though the night is dark, and the snow falls ! Now ! now, one more blow and Quebec is ours !"

Who is this strange man lying there alone, in this

rude garret ; this man, who, in all his crimes, still treasured up that blue uniform, that faded flag ? Who is this being of horrible remorse ?

Let us look at that parchment and flag. The aged minister unrolls that faded flag ; it is a blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars. He unrolls that parchment ; it is a colonel's commission in the Continental army, addressed to BENEDICT ARNOLD. And there, in that rude hut, unknown, unwept, in all the bitterness of desolation, lies the corpse of the patriot and the traitor.

THE EVE OF WATERLOO.

By GEORGE GORDON NOEL, LORD BYRON, Poet. B. 1878,
England ; d. 1824, Greece.

The allied English and Prussian armies, commanded by the Duke of Wellington, defeated the French under the Emperor Napoleon I. in the decisive battle of Waterloo, June 18, 1815. The power of Napoleon was finally destroyed by this battle. Waterloo is a village of Belgium, near Brussels.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell ;
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising
knell !

Did ye not hear it ?- No ; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;

On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined :
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
Arm ! arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated : who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste ; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar,
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips,—“The foe ! They
come ! they come !”

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,

Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and
low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn, the marshalling in arms,—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array !
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent.

A EULOGY ON JOHN BRIGHT.

By WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, Statesman, Orator, Financier, Author. B. 1809, England.

On the death of John Bright in 1889, Mr. Gladstone delivered a eulogy upon him in the House of Commons. These two great men had been intimate friends until 1886, when Mr Bright vigorously opposed Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy for Ireland, and the friendship was broken.

It was a happy lot to unite so many attractive qualities. If I had to dwell upon them alone, I should present a dazzling picture to the world. It was a happier lot to teach moral lessons by simplicity, consistency, unfailing courage and constancy of life, thus

presenting a combination of qualities that carried us to a higher atmosphere. His sympathies were not strong only, but active; Whatever touched him as a man of the great Anglo-Saxon race, whatever touched him as a subject, obtained, unasked, his sincere, earnest and enthusiastic aid. All causes having his powerful advocacy made a distinct advance in the estimation of the world, and distinct progress toward triumphant success. Thus it has come about that he is entitled to a higher eulogy than is due to success. Of mere success, indeed, he was a conspicuous example. In intellect he might claim a most distinguished place. But his character lies deeper than intellect, deeper than eloquence, deeper than anything that can be described or that can be seen upon the surface. The supreme eulogy that is his due is that he elevated political life to the highest point—to a loftier standard than it had ever reached. He has bequeathed to his country a character that cannot only be made a subject for admiration and gratitude, but—and I do not exaggerate when I say it—that can become an object of reverential contemplation. In the encomiums that come from every quarter there is not a note of dissonance. I do not know of any statesman of my time who had the happiness of receiving, on removal from this passing world, the honor of approval at once so enthusiastic, so universal and so unbroken. Yet none could better dispense with the tributes of the moment, because the triumphs of his life were triumphs recorded in the advance of his country and of its people. His name

is indelibly written in the annals of Time and on the hearts of the great and overspreading race to which he belonged, whose wide extension he rejoiced to see, and whose power and prominence he believed to be full of promise and glory for the best interests of mankind.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Poet, Dramatist, Theater Manager, Actor. B. 1564, England; d. 1616, at Stratford-upon-Avon.

Thomas Wolsey was born in 1471, and became the Prime Minister of Henry VIII. in 1515, but incurred the royal displeasure by opposing the King's divorce from Queen Catherine and marriage to Anne Boleyn. In 1529 he was driven in disgrace from the Court, and died the following year in the monastery of Leicester. The following are Griffith's words to Queen Catherine, "Henry VIII.", Act IV., Scene II.

MEN'S evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now ?

This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashioned to much honor. From his cradle,
He was a scholar, and a ripe good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
But to those men that sought him, sweet as sumner.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely. Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heaped happiness upon him ;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little :
And to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.

THE HOME.

By HENRY WOODFEN GRADY, Orator, Journalist. B. 1851,
Georgia ; d. 1889, Georgia.

I WENT to Washington the other day, and I stood on the Capitol Hill, and my heart beat quick as I looked at the towering marble of my country's Capitol, and the mist gathered in my eyes as I thought of its tremendous significance, and the armies, and the Treasury, and the judges, and the President, and the Congress, and the Courts, and all that was gathered there. And I felt that the sun in all its course could not look down on a better sight than that majestic home of a republic that had taught the world its best lessons of liberty. . . . Two days afterward I went to visit a friend in the country, a modest man, with a quiet country home. It was just a simple, unpretentious house, set about with great big trees, encircled in meadow and field rich with the promise of harvest. The fragrance of the pink and the holly-

hock in the front yard was mingled with the aroma of the orchard and of the gardens, and resonant with the cluck of poultry and the hum of bees. Inside was quiet, cleanliness, thrift and comfort. There was the old clock that had welcomed in steady measure every new comer to the family, that had ticked the solemn requiem of the dead, and had kept company with the watcher at the bedside. There were the big restful beds and the old open fireplace, and the old family Bible, thumbed with the fingers of hands long since still, and wet with the tears of eyes long since closed, holding the simple annals of the family and the heart and the conscience of the home.

Outside, there stood my friend, master of his land and master of himself. There was his old father, an aged, trembling man, but happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to their home, the hands of the old man went down on the young man's shoulder, laying there the unspeakable blessing of the honored and grateful father, and ennobling it with the knighthood of the Fifth Commandment. . . . And I saw the night come down on that house, falling gently as from the wings of the unseen dove. And the old man, while a startled bird called from the forest, and the trees shrilled with the cricket's cry, and the stars were swarming in the sky, got the family around him, and, taking the old Bible from the table, called them to their knees, (the little baby hiding in the folds of its mother's dress,) while he closed the record of that simple day by calling down God's benediction on that family and that

home. And while I gazed the vision of that marble Capitol faded. Forgotten were its treasures and its majesty, and I said : " Oh, surely here in the homes of the people are lodged at last the strength and the responsibility of this Government, the hope and the promise of this Republic."

THE DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.

By ABRAHAM LINCOLN, Statesman, President of the United States. B. 1809, Kentucky; lived in Illinois and Washington, D. C.; d. Washington, D. C., 1865.

The battle of Gettysburg was fought July 1-3, 1863, between the Union and Confederate forces under General Meade and General Lee. It proved to be one of the most decisive battles of the Civil War. "At the dedication of the cemetery, in which the slain of this battle were buried, November 19, 1863, President Lincoln delivered this brief address." Gettysburg is a small town in the southern part of Pennsylvania.

FOUR score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon our continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot

hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far beyond our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us;—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, Poet. B. 1807, Massachusetts.

Lucknow, the Capital of Oude, in British India, was besieged during the Sepoy Rebellion by the rebels, and after a long and trying siege was relieved by General Havelock in 1857.

PIPES of the misty moorland,
 Voice of the glen and hill,
The drone of highland torrent,
 The song of lowland rill :
Not the braes of broom or heather,
 Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower nor border tower,
 Have heard your sweetest strain.

Dear to the lowland reaper
 And plaided mountaineer,
 To the cottage and the castle,
 The Scottish pipes are dear.
 Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
 O'er mountain, loch, and glade,
 But the sweetest of all music
 The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
 Louder yelled and nearer crept,
 Round and round the jungle serpent
 Near and nearer circles swept.
 “Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,
 Pray to-day!” the soldier said;
 “To-morrow death's between us
 And the wrong and shame we dread.”

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited,
 Till their hopes became despair,
 And the sobs of low bewailing
 Filled the pauses of their prayer.
 Then up spoke a Scottish maiden,
 With her ear upon the ground,
 “Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it?
 The pipes o' Havelock sound!”

Hushed the wounded man his groaning,
 Hushed the wife her little ones;
 Alone they heard the drum roll
 And the roar of Sepoy guns.

But to sounds of home and childhood,
The Highland ear was true;
“Dinna ye hear it? ‘tis the slogan!
Will ye no believe it noo?”

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch;
She knew the Campbell’s call.
“Hark! hear ye no MacGregor’s,
The grandest o’ them all?”

Oh, they listened dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last,
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee,
Rose and fell the piper’s blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving,
Mingled woman’s voice and man’s;
“God be praised! The march of Havelock
And the piping of the clans!”

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor’s clan call—
Stirring all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full blithesomely and tenderly
The pipes of rescue blew.

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
 Round red Dowla's golden shrine,
 Breathed the air to Briton's dearest,
 The air of "Auld Lang Syne."
 O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
 Rose that sweet and home-like strain,
 And the tartan clove the turban
 As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the lowland reaper
 And plaided mountaineer,
 To the cottage and the castle,
 The piper's song is dear.
 Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
 O'er mountain, glen and glade;
 But the sweetest of all music
 The pipes at Lucknow played.

PAIN IN A PLEASURE BOAT.

By THOMAS HOOD, Poet, Humorist. B. 1798, England ; d. 1845.

Boatman—Shove off there!—ship the rudder, Bill—
 cast off! she's under way!

Mrs. F.—She's under what?—I hope she's not! good
 gracious, what a spray!

Boatman—Run out the jib, and rig the boom! keep
 clear of those two brigs!

Mrs. F.—I hope they don't intend some joke by run-
 ning of their rigs!

Boatman—Bill, shift them bags of ballast aft—she's rather out of trim !

Mrs. F.—Great bags of stone ! they're pretty things to help a boat to swim !

Boatman—The wind is fresh—if she don't scud, it's not the breeze's fault !

Mrs. F.—Wind fresh, indeed ! I never felt the air so full of salt !

Boatman—That schooner, Bill, harn't left the roads, with oranges, and nuts !

Mrs. F.—If seas have roads, they're very rough—I never felt such ruts !

Boatman—It's neap, ye see, she's heavy lade, and couldn't pass the bar.

Mrs. F.—The bar ! what, roads with turnpikes too ? I wonder where they are !

Boatman—Ho ! Brig ahoy ! hard up ! hard up ! that lubber cannot steer !

Mrs. F.—Yes, yes—hard up upon a rock ! I know some danger's near !

Lord, there's a wave ! it's coming in ! and roaring like a bull !

Boatman—Nothing, Ma'am, but a little slop ! go large, Bill ! keep her full !

Mrs. F.—What, keep her full ! what daring work ! when full, she must go down !

Boatman—Why, Bill, it lulls ! ease off a bit—it's coming off the town !

Steady your helm ! we'll clear the Pint ! lay right for yonder pink !

Mrs. F.—Be steady—well, I hope they can ! but
they've got a pint of drink !

Boatman—Bill, give that sheet another haul—she'll
fetch it up this reach.

Mrs. F.—I'm getting rather pale, I know, and they
see it by that speech !

I wonder what it is, now, but—I never felt so
queer !

Boatman—Bill, mind your luff—why, Bill, I say, she's
yawing—keep her near !

Mrs. F.—Keep near ! we're going further off ; the
land's behind our backs.

Boatman—Be easy, Ma'am, it's all correct, that's only
'cause we tacks ;

We shall have to beat about a bit—Bill, keep her
out to sea.

Mrs. F.—Beat who about ? keep who at sea ?—how
black they look at me !

Boatman—It's veering round—I knew it would ! off
with her head ! stand by !

Mrs. F.—Off with her head ! whose ? where ? what
with ? an axe I seem to spy !

Boatman—She can't keep her own, you see ; we shall
have to pull her in !

Mrs. F.—They'll drown me, and take all I have ! my
life's not worth a pin !

Boatman—Look out, you know, be ready, Bill—just
when she takes the sand !

Mrs. F.—The sand—O Lord ! to stop my mouth !
how everything is planned !

Boatman—The handspike, Bill—quick, bear a hand !
now, Ma'am, just step ashore !

Mrs. F.—What ! aint I going to be killed—and wel-
tered in my gore ?

Well, Heaven be praised ! but I'll not go a-sailing
any more !

THE CENTENNIAL OF 1876.

By WILLIAM MAXWELL EVARTS, Statesman, Jurist, Senator
from New York. B. 1818, Massachusetts.

Extract from the "Centennial Oration" delivered at Phila-
delphia, July 4, 1876.

THE spirit of the nation is at the highest—its tri-
umph over the inborn, inbred perils of the Constitu-
tion has chased away all fears, justified all hopes, and
with universal joy we greet this day. We have not
proved unworthy of a great ancestry ; we had the
virtue to uphold what they so wisely, so firmly estab-
lished. With these proud possessions of the past,
with powers matured, with principles settled, with
habits formed, the nation passes as it were from pre-
paratory growth to responsible development of charac-
ter and the steady performance of duty. What labors
await it, what trials shall attend it, what triumphs for
human nature, what glory for itself, are prepared for
this people in the coming century, we may not assume
to foretell. "One generation passeth away and another
generation cometh, but the earth abideth forever,"
and we reverently hope that these our constituted
liberties shall be maintained to the unending line of

our posterity, and so long as the earth itself shall endure.

In the great procession of nations, in the great march of humanity, we hold our place. Peace is our duty, peace is our policy. In its arts, its labors, and its victories, then, we find scope for all our energies, rewards for all our ambitions, renown enough for all our love of fame. In the august presence of so many nations which, by their representatives, have done us the honor to be witnesses of our commemorative joy and gratulation, and in sight of the collective evidences of the greatness of their own civilization with which they grace our celebration, we may well confess how much we fall short, how much we have to make up, in the emulative competitions of the times. Yet even in this presence, and with a just deference to the age, the power, the greatness of the other nations of the earth, we do not fear to appeal to the opinion of mankind, whether, as we point to our land, our people, and our laws, the contemplation should not inspire us with a lover's enthusiasm for our country.

ARNOLD WINKELRIED.

By JAMES MONTGOMERY, Poet. B. 1771, England; d. 1854, England.

The battle of Sempach, fought July 9, 1386, between the Austrians and soldiers of the Confederate Swiss Cantons, was chiefly remarkable for the heroism and martyrdom of Arnold of Winkelried.

“MAKE way for liberty!” he cried—
Made way for liberty, and died.

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood ;
Impregnable their front appears,
All-horrent with projected spears.
Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their fatherland ;
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke ;
Marshalled once more at freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath ;
The fire of conflict burned within ;
The battle trembled to begin :
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for assault was nowhere found ;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed ;
That line 'twere suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet.
How could they rest within their graves,
To leave their homes the haunts of slaves ?
Would they not feel their children tread,
With clanking chains, above their head ?

It must not be : this day, this hour,
Annihilates the invader's power !
All Switzerland is in the field—
She will not fly, she cannot yield,
She must not fall ; her better fate

Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,
Yet every freeman was a host,
And felt as 'twere a secret known
That one should turn the scale alone,
While each unto himself was he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one, indeed ;
Behold him—Arnold Winkelried !
There sounds not to the trump of Fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked, he stood amid the throng,
In ruminatⁿ deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face,
And, by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm,
And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done—
The field was in a moment won !
“ Make way for liberty ! ” he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp ;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp,
“ Make way for liberty ! ” he cried ;
Their keen points crossed from side to side ;
He bowed amidst them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly—
“ Make way for liberty ! ” they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold’s heart.
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, seized them all ;
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free ;
Thus death made way for liberty.

A NATION’S HONOR.

By FREDERICK R. COUDERT, Lawyer, New York.

TO-DAY the United States and Great Britain are striving to crown the glories of this dying century with something better and greater than the world has seen. It is proposed to abolish homicide as a test of international right by submitting causes of dispute to the calm judgment of wise men, a solution so simple and so economical that it requires great ingenuity to assail it with plausible reasons. All concede that in theory the plan is admirable, and that in practice on a limited scale it has proved of priceless value ; that it is infinitely more likely to produce rational results than the only other alternative — viz., resort to war.

But, say the objectors, what if our national honor should become involved ?

A nation’s honor, I would venture to say, is never compromised by temperance or injured by forbearance. A nation’s honor is not served by rash coun-

sels, nor by violent impulses recklessly indulged in. It is indeed a frail and delicate possession if it cannot live in an atmosphere of peace : it is a dangerous one if it is tarnished by friendly discussion and a disposition to hearken to the voice of justice.

National honor may perhaps shine all the brighter when a great nation is slow to admit that her just dignity may be imperiled by the act of others. The honor of a nation is in her keeping, not in that of her neighbors ; it cannot be lost save by her own act. To preserve her honor should be her main object and purpose, but she should not readily believe those who tell her that by hard blows alone may its integrity be protected.

A nation's honor consists in fidelity to her engagements, in carrying out her contracts in spirit as in the letter, in paying her just debts, in respecting the rights of others, in promoting the welfare of her people, in the encouragement of truth, in teaching obedience to the law, in cultivating honorable peace with the world.

RAPHAEL'S ACCOUNT OF THE CREATION.

By JOHN MILTON, Poet. B. 1608, England ; d. 1674.

Milton wrote the great epic "Paradise Lost," of which this extract is a part, while totally blind.

HEAVEN opened wide

Her ever-during gates—harmonious sound—
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory, in his powerful Word
And spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heavenly ground they stood ; and, from the shore,

They viewed the vast, immeasurable abyss,
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turned by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains to assault
Heaven's height, and with the center mix the pole.

"Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace ?"
Said then the omnific Word ; "your discord end !"
Nor stayed, but, on the wings of cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into chaos, and the world unborn ;
For chaos heard his voice : him all his train
Followed in bright procession, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.

Then stayed the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepared
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things :
One foot he centered, and the other turned
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, " Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O world ! "

Thus God the heaven created, thus the earth,
Matter unformed and void ; darkness profound
Covered the abyss ; but on the watery calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid mass ;
. then founded, then conglobed
Like things to like, the rest to several place

Disparted, and between spun out the air ;
And earth, self-balanced, on her center hung.

TYRE, VENICE, AND ENGLAND.

By JOHN RUSKIN. B. 1819, London. "The most eloquent and original of all writers upon art."

The following extract is contained in "The Stones of Venice," published in 1851-1853.

SINCE the first dominion of men was asserted over the ocean, three thrones, of mark beyond all others, have been set upon its sands : the thrones of Tyre, Venice, and England. Of the First of these great powers only the memory remains ; of the Second, the ruin ; the Third, which inherits their greatness, if it forget their example, may be led through prouder eminence to less pitied destruction.

The exaltation, the sin, and the punishment of Tyre have been recorded for us, in perhaps the most touching words ever uttered by the Prophets of Israel against the cities of the stranger. But we read them as a lovely song ; and close our ears to the sternness of their warning ; for the very depth of the fall of Tyre has blinded us to its reality, and we forget, as we watch the bleaching of the rocks between the sunshine and the sea, that they were once "as in Eden, the garden of God."

Her successor, like her in perfection of beauty, though of less endurance of dominion, is still left for our beholding in the final period of her decline : a ghost upon the sands of the sea, so weak—so quiet,—

so bereft of all but her loveliness, that we might well doubt, as we watched her faint reflection in the mirage of the lagoon, which was the City, and which the Shadow.

Let us trace the lines of this image before it be forever lost ; let us record as far as we may, the warning which seems to be uttered by every one of the fast-gaining waves that beat like passing bells against the Stones of Venice. [From a reverent contemplation of the history of the fading city, England may find the props that give endurance to dominion, the ideals that clothe greatness in beauty.]

OUR FLAG AT APIA.

By ANNIE BRONSON KING, Author. Lives in Medina, Ohio.

ACROSS the peach-blown sky of spring
The storm-dark clouds are looming ;
With sullen voice the breakers ring,
The thunder loudly booming.

The huddled war ships ride apace,
Each at her anchor straining ;
Black, black is all of heaven's face ;
It lightens 'twixt the raining.

Like crumpled rose leaves the mist edge
The hidden reef enwreathing,
But cruel as hell the jagged ledge
Beneath those waters seething.

On, on they come, the poor dumb things,
The storm winds fiercely driving ;
At her dread work each breaker sings,
For conquest madly striving.

“ If we must die ”—the leader’s voice
Outswelled the roar of thunder—
“ It is our own and solemn choice
To die our dear flag under.

“ For as to-day the battle-field
Is where the seas are lying,
We claim a right we cannot yield,
To glory in our dying.”

He ceased ; upon the topmost mast
The Stars and Stripes were floating.
The sight is like a trumpet blast,
And other ships quick noting,
Up to the sky there sounds a cheer
That starts the echoes flying,
Back comes the answer, loud and clear,
From gallant hearts, though dying.

A moment’s space, the waves in brine
Baptize the flag low lying,
And from the breakers comes no sign
Of living or of dying.

* * * *

Oh flag, dear flag, once more thy name,
As always in thy story,
Has set a thousand hearts aflame
For thee and for thy glory.

A DEFENCE OF THE IRISH PARTY.

By CHARLES RUSSELL, Statesman, Orator. Lord Chief Justice of England. B. 1833, Ireland.

An extract from the opening speech in behalf of the defense before the Parnell Commission in April, 1889. This Commission was appointed under an Act of Parliament to investigate charges made against Mr. Parnell and the Irish Party by the *London Times*.

MY LORDS, we have endeavored to lay our case before you, to the best of our ability, in some methodical fashion. We have shown that there was a failure on the part of Parliament to meet the wants of the time by offering to the tenants of Ireland, in their distress, the means needed for temporary protection from the civil process of ejectment. We have shown your Lordships that the landlord class failed in the circumstances of the times to meet broadly, generously and patriotically the necessities that were pressing upon their unhappy countrymen.

There are two parties in Ireland. The first look for support, for influence, to the people of Ireland, while the other party look for support and influence, not to the people among whom they live and from whom they derive their maintenance, but to an influence external to Ireland.

It is difficult to realize how little influence the people in Ireland have in the management of even the smallest of their local affairs, and how constantly the alien race looms up before their eyes as the omnipresent, controlling power.

I would say this, my Lords, that the best guarantee

for peace and order and the prevention of the recurrence of crime, of the sad and painful crime which your Lordships have been inquiring into, is in the belief and in the hope, strong in Irish breasts to-day, that the time is coming when the state of things that has caused this must come to an end.

My Lords, for their work in bringing this consummation, devoutly to be wished, closer at hand, the Irish party stand before your Lordships' bar to-day. They can point to marvelous work in the last ten years. Within the beginning of those years it is no exaggeration to say that the Irish peasant farmer stood trembling, "with bated breath and whispering humbleness," in the presence of landlord, agent and bailiff ; for that man's fate was verily in the hollow of their hands. He had no spur to industry, and no security that he should reap what he had sown. Then secret organizations burrowed beneath the surface of society and constituted a great political and social factor in the land. To-day, the great mass of the people have been won to bending their energies and fixing their hopes upon constitutional means of redress.

My Lords, I hope this inquiry at its present stage and its future development will serve more even than a vindication of individuals, that it will remove painful misconceptions as to the character, the actions, the motives, the aims of the Irish people ; that it will remove grievous distrust, and hasten the day of true union and real reconciliation between the people of Ireland and the people of Great Britain ; and that

with the advent of that true union and reconciliation, there will be dispelled, and dispelled forever, the cloud, the weighty cloud, that has rested upon the history of a noble race and dimmed the glory of a mighty empire.

DAS LICHT DES AUGES.

By JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER, Poet. B
1759, Würtemberg; d. 1805.

From "William Tell," Act I., Scene IV.

O, EINE edle Himmelsgabe ist
Das Licht des Auges—Alle Wesen leben
Vom Lichte, jedes glückliche Geschöpf—
Die Pflanze selbst kehrt freudig sich zum Lichte.
Und er muss sitzen, fühlend, in der Nacht,
Im ewig Finstern—ihn erquickt nicht mehr
Der Matten warmes Grün, der Blumen Schmelz,
Die rothen Firnen kann er nicht mehr schauen—
Sterben ist nichts—doch leben und nicht sehen,
Das ist ein Unglück—Warum seht ihr mich
So jammernd an? Ich hab' zwei frische Augen,
Und kann dem blinden Vater keines geben,
Nicht einen Schimmer von dem Meer des Lichts,
Das glanzvoll, blendend, mir ins Auge dringt.

THE SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES OF OUR COUNTRY.

By CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT, Educator, President Harvard University. B. 1834, Massachusetts.

Delivered in response to a toast given to President Eliot at a banquet in New York City, April 30, 1889, to distinguished guests, at the Washington Centennial.

THAT brief phrase—the schools and colleges of the United States—is a formal and familiar one; but what imagination can grasp the infinitude of human affections, powers, and wills which it really comprises?

Imagine the eight million children actually in attendance at the elementary schools of the country brought before your view. They would fill this great house sixteen hundred times, and every time it would be packed with boundless loves and hopes. Each unit in that mass speaks of a glad birth, a brightened home, a mother's pondering heart, a father's careful joy. In all that multitude every little heart bounds and every eye shines at the name of Washington.

Next picture to yourselves the sixty thousand students in colleges and universities—selected youth of keen intelligence, wide reading, and high ambition. They are able to compare Washington with the greatest men of other times and countries, and to appreciate the unique quality of his renown. They can set him beside the heroes of romance and history—beside David, Alexander, Pericles, Cæsar, Charlemagne, John Hampden, William the Silent, Peter of Russia, and Frederick the Great, only to find him a nobler human type than any one of them, completer in his

nature, happier in his cause, and more fortunate in the great issues of his career. They recognize in him a simple, stainless, and robust character, which served with dazzling success the precious cause of human progress through liberty, and so stands, like the sunlit peak of the Matterhorn, unmatched in all the world.

And what shall I say on behalf of the three hundred and sixty thousand teachers of the United States? They deserve some mention to-day. None of them are rich or famous; most of them are poor, retiring, and unnoticed; but it is they who are building a perennial monument to Washington. It is they who give him a million-tongued fame. They make him live again in the young hearts of successive generations, and fix his image there as the American idea of a public servant.

It is through the schools and colleges and the national literature that the heroes of any people win lasting renown; and it is through these same agencies that a nation is molded into the likeness of its heroes. This local commemoration of one great event in the life of Washington and of the United States is well, but it is as nothing compared with the incessant memorial of him which the schools and colleges of the country maintain from generation to generation. What a reward is Washington's! What an influence is his, and will be! One mind and will transfused by sympathetic instruction into millions, one character a standard for millions, one life a pattern for all public men, teaching what greatness is and what the pathway to undying fame.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

By THOMAS BARINGTON MACAULAY, Statesman, Orator, Historian, Poet, Essayist. B. 1800, England ; d. 1859, London.

Henry IV., King of France and Navarre, the great leader of the Protestants of France, won the battle of Ivry in 1590, defeating the army of the Leaguers, under the Duke of Mayenne, general of the Cardinal Bourbon, who had been proclaimed king unrightfully instead of Henry.

Appenzel is the name of a Swiss Canton.

Count Egmont, of Flanders, led a body of troops sent by Philip II., of Spain, to aid the Leaguers.

Coligni, Admiral of France, a noted Protestant, was killed at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all
glories are !

And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of
Navarre !

Now let there be the merry sound of music and the
dance,

Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O
pleasant land of France !

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of
the waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning
daughters ;

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joys,
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy
walls annoy.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! a single field hath turned the chance
of war ;

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre !

O ! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn
of day,

We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array ;

With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish
spears !

There rode the blood of false Lorraine the curses of
our land !

And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in
his hand ;

And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's
empurpled flood

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his
blood ;

And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate
of war,

To fight for His own holy Name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King has come to marshal us, in all his armor
drest,

And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant
crest :

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern
and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing
to wing,

Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our
lord, the King ! "

"And if my standard-bearer fall,—as fall full well he
may,

For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,—

Press where you see my white plume shine, amid the
ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah ! the foes are moving ! Hark to the mingled
din

Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring
culverin !

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's
plain,

With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Al-
mayne.

Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of
France,

Charge for the golden lilies now, upon them with the
lance !

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears
in rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the
snow-white crest ;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a
guiding star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of
Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours ! Mayenne hath
turned his rein,

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter—the Flemish Count
is slain !

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a
Biscay gale ;

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and
cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and all along
our van

“Remember St. Bartholomew !” was passed from man
to man ;

But out spake gentle Henry, then,—“No Frenchman
is my foe ;

Down, down with every foreigner ! but let your
brethren go.”

O ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or
in war,

As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of
Navarre !

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ! Ho ! matrons of Lucerne !
Weep, weep and rend your hair for those who never
shall return !

Ho ! Philip, send for charity thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor
spearmen’s souls !

Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms
be bright !

Ho ! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward
to-night !

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath
raised the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of
the brave.

Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are !
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of
Navarre !

THE TYPICAL DUTCHMAN.

By HENRY JACKSON VAN DYKE, Clergyman, Author. B.
1852, Pennsylvania.

Taken from a speech delivered at a banquet of the "Holland Society," in New York City, January 10, 1890.

WHO is the typical Dutchman? Rembrandt, the splendid artist; Erasmus, the brilliant scholar; Coster, the inventor of printing; Leeuwenhook, the profound scientist; Grotius, the great lawyer; Barendz, the daring explorer; DeWitt, the skilful statesman; Van Tromp, the trump of admirals; William the Silent, heroic defender of liberty against a world of tyranny; William III., the emancipator of England, whose firm, peaceful hand, just two centuries ago, set the Anglo-Saxon race free to fulfil its mighty destiny—what hero, artist, philosopher, discoverer, lawgiver, admiral, general or monarch shall we choose from the long list of Holland's illustrious dead to stand as the typical Dutchman?

Nay, not one of these men, famous as they were, can fill the pedestal of honor. For though their glorious achievements have lent an undying lustre to the name of Holland, the qualities that really created her and made her great, lifted her in triumph from the sullen sea, massed her inhabitants like a living bulwark against oppression, filled her cities with the light of learning and her homes with the arts of peace, covered the ocean with her ships and the islands with her colonies—the qualities that made Holland great were the qualities of the common people. The ideal

character of the Dutch race is not an exceptional genius, but a plain, brave, straightforward, kind-hearted, liberty-loving, law-abiding citizen—a man with a healthy conscience, a good digestion and a cheerful determination to do his duty in the sphere of life to which God has called him.

THE NARROWNESS OF SPECIALTIES.

By SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Novelist, Statesman.
B. 1803, England ; d. 1873.

WE men are not fragments—we are wholes ; we are not types of single qualities—we are realities of mixed, various, countless combinations. Therefore I say to each man : As far as you can—partly for excellence in your special mental calling, principally for the completion of your end in existence—strive, while improving your one talent, to enrich your whole capital as a Man. It is in this way that you escape from the wretched narrow-mindedness which is the characteristic of every one who cultivates his specialty alone. Take any specialty ; dine with a distinguished member of Parliament—the other guests all members of Parliament except yourself—you go away shrugging your shoulders. All the talk has been that of men who seem to think that there is nothing in life worth talking about but the party squabbles and jealousies of the House of Commons. Go and dine next day with an eminent author—all the guests authors except yourself. As the wine circulates the talk narrows to the last publications, with, now and then, on

the part of the successful author present, a refining eulogium on some dead writer, in implied disparagement of some living rival. He wants to depreciate Dickens, and therefore he extols Fielding. If Fielding were alive and Dickens were dead, how he would extol Dickens ! Go the third day ; dine with a trader, all the other guests being gentlemen on the stock exchange. A new specialty is before you ; all the world seems circumscribed to scrip and the budget. In fine, whatever the calling, let men only cultivate that calling, and they are as narrow-minded as the Chinese, when they place on the map of the world the Celestial Empire with all its Tartaric villages in full detail, and out of that limit make dots and lines with the superscription, "Deserts unknown, inhabited by barbarians !"

THE APPLE-DUMPLINGS AND GEORGE THE THIRD.

By JOHN WOLCOTT ("PETER PINDAR"), Poet, Satirist. B. 1738, England ; d. 1819.

George the Third, b. 1738, became king of England in 1760, and died in 1820. His mind was not very strong, but he was conscientious and firm of purpose.

ONCE in the chase, this monarch drooping,
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Entered, through curiosity, a cot,
Where an old crone was hanging on the pot ;
The wrinkled, blear-eyed, good old granny,
In this same cot, illumed by many a cranny,
Had apple-dumplings ready for the pot ;

In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
 When, lo ! the monarch, in his usual way,
 Like lightning asked, " What's here ? what's here ?
 What ? what ? what ? what ?"
 Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
 His eyes with admiration did expand—
 And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple ;
 " 'Tis monstrous, monstrous, monstrous hard," he
 cried ;
 " What makes the thing so hard ?" The dame replied,
 Low courtesying, " Please your majesty, the apple."
 " Very astonishing, indeed ! strange thing !"
 (Turning the dumpling round,) rejoined the king,
 " 'Tis most extraordinary now, all this is—
 It beats the conjurer's capers all to pieces—
 Strange I should never of a dumpling dream ;
 But, Goody, tell me, where, where, where's the seam ?"
 " Sire, there's no seam," quoth she ; " I never knew
 That folks did apple-dumplings *sew* ! "
 " No !" cried the staring monarch, with a grin,
 " Then, where, where, pray, got the apple in ? "

ALFRED THE GREAT TO HIS MEN.

By JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, Dramatist, Actor. B. 1784,
 Ireland ; d. 1862, England.

My friends, this country must be free ! That land
 Is never lost that has a son to right her,—
 And here are troops of sons, and loyal ones !
 Strong in her children should a mother be ;
 Shall ours be helpless, that has sons like these ?

God save our native land, whoever pays—
The ransom that redeems her ! Now, what wait we ?—
For Alfred's word to move upon the foe ?
Upon him, then ! Now think ye on the things
You most do love ! Husbands and fathers, on
Your wives and children ; lovers, on your beloved ;
And all, upon your COUNTRY ! When you use
Your weapons, think on the beseeching eyes,
To whet them, could have lent you tears for water !
O, now be men, or never ! From your hearths
Thrust the unbidden feet, that from their nooks
Drove forth your aged sires—your wives and babes !
The couches, your fair-handed daughters used
To spread, let not the vaunting stranger press,
Weary from spoiling you ! Your roofs, that hear
The wanton riot of the intruding guest,
That mocks their masters,—clear them for the sake
Of the manhood to which all that's precious clings
Else perishes. The land that bore you—O !
Do honor to her ! Let her glory in
Your breeding ! Rescue her ! Revenge her,—or
Ne'er call her mother more ! Come on, my friends !
And, where you take your stand upon the field,
However you advance, resolve on this,—
That a foot you'll ne'er recede, while from the tongues
Of age, and womanhood, and infancy, the helplessness
whose safety in you lies
Invokes you to be strong ! Come on ! Come on !
I'll bring you to the foe ! And when you meet him,
Strike hard ! Strike home ! Strike while a dying blow
Is in an arm ! Strike till you're free, or fall !

THE CONTEST IN THE ARENA.

By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, Novelist. B. 1846, Lithuania. An extract from his novel, "Quo Vadis."

EVENING exhibitions, rare up to that period and given only exceptionally, became common in Nero's time, both in the circus and amphitheatre.

Though the people were sated already with blood-spilling, still, when the news went forth that the end of the games was approaching, and that the last of the Christians were to die at an evening spectacle, a countless audience assembled in the amphitheatre.

Uncertainty, waiting, and curiosity had mastered all spectators. Cæsar arrived earlier than usual; and at that very instant almost, the prefect of the city waved a red handkerchief, the hinges opposite Cæsar's podium creaked, and out of the dark gully came Ursus into the brightly-lighted arena. The giant blinked, dazed evidently by the glitter of the arena; then he pushed into the center, gazing around as if to see what he had to meet.

In Rome there was no lack of gladiators larger by far than the common measure of man, but Roman eyes had never seen the like of Ursus. Cassius, standing in Cæsar's podium, seemed puny compared with the Lygian. Senators, vestals, Cæsar, the Augustinians and the people gazed with the delight of experts at his mighty limbs as large as tree-trunks; at his breast as large as two shields joined together; and his arms of a Hercules. The murmur rose every instant. For those multitudes there could be no higher pleasure than to look at those muscles in play in the exertion of

a struggle. The murmur rose to shouts, and eager questions were put: "Where do the people live who can produce such a giant?" He stood there, in the middle of the amphitheatre, naked, more like a stone Colossus than a man, with a collected expression, and at the same time the sad look of a barbarian; and while surveying the empty arena, he gazed wonderingly, with his blue, childlike eyes, now at the spectators, now at Cæsar, now at the grating of the cunicula, whence, as he thought, his executioners would come.

At the moment when he stepped into the arena his simple heart was beating for the last time with the hope that perhaps a cross was waiting for him; but when he saw neither the cross nor the hole in which it might be put, he thought that he was unworthy of such favor, — that he would find death in another way, and surely from wild beasts. He was unarmed, and had determined to die as became a confessor of the "Lamb," peacefully and patiently. Meanwhile he wished to pray once more to the Saviour; so he knelt on the arena, joined his hands, and raised his eyes toward the stars which were glittering in the lofty opening of the amphitheatre.

That act displeased the crowds. They had had enough of those Christians who died like sheep. They understood that if the giant would not defend himself the spectacle would be a failure. Here and there hisses were heard. Some began to cry for scourgers, whose office it was to lash combatants unwilling to fight. But soon all had grown silent; for no one knew what was waiting for the giant, nor whether he would not be ready to struggle when he met death eye to eye.

In fact, they had not long to wait. Suddenly the shrill sound of brazen trumpets was heard, and at that signal a grating opposite Cæsar's podium was opened, and into the arena rushed, amid shouts of beast-keepers, an enormous German aurochs, bearing on his head the body of a woman.

This time the amphitheatre was silent. The Lygian, obedient and ready to die, when he saw his queen on the horns of the wild beast, sprang up, as if touched by living fire, and bending forward he ran at the raging animal.

From all breasts a sudden cry of amazement was heard, after which came deep silence.

The Lygian fell on the raging bull in a twinkle, and seized him by the horns. All breasts ceased to breathe. In the amphitheatre a fly might be heard on the wing. People could not believe their own eyes. Since Rome was Rome, no one had seen such a spectacle.

The Lygian held the wild beast by the horns. The man's feet sank in the sand to his ankles, his back was bent like a drawn bow, his head was hidden between his shoulders; on his arms the muscles came out so that the skin almost burst from their pressure; but he had stopped the bull in his tracks. And the man and the beast remained so still that the spectators thought themselves looking at a picture showing a deed of Hercules or Theseus, or a group hewn from stone. But in that apparent repose there was a tremendous exertion of two struggling forces. The bull sank his feet as well as did the man in the sand, and his dark, shaggy body was curved so that it seemed a gigantic

ball. Which of the two would fail first? which would fall first? — that was the question for those spectators enamored of such struggles; a question which at that moment meant more for them than their own fate, than all Rome and its lordship over the world.

The Lygian was in their eyes then a demigod worthy of honor and statues. Cæsar himself stood up as well as others. He and Tigellinus, hearing of the man's strength, had arranged this spectacle purposely, and said to each other with a jeer, "Let that slayer of Crotton kill the bull which we choose for him;" so they looked now with amazement at that picture, as if not believing that it could be real.

In the amphitheatre were men who had raised their arms and remained in that posture. Sweat covered the faces of others, as if they themselves were struggling with the beast. In the circus nothing was heard save the sound of flame in the lamps, and the crackle of bits of coal as they dropped from the torches. Their voices died on the lips of the spectators, but their hearts were beating in their breasts as if to split them. It seemed to all that the struggle was lasting for ages. But the man and the beast continued on in their monstrous exertion; one might have said that they were planted in the earth.

Meanwhile a dull roar resembling a groan was heard from the arena, after which a brief shout was wrested from every breast, and again there was silence. People thought themselves dreaming till the enormous head of the bull began to turn in the iron hands of the barbarian. The face, neck, and arms of the Lygian grew purple, his back bent still more. It was clear

that he was rallying the remnant of his superhuman strength, but that he could not last long.

Duller and duller, hoarser and hoarser, more and more painful grew the groan of the bull as it mingled with the whistling breath from the breast of the giant. The head of the beast turned more and more, and from his jaws crept forth a long, foaming tongue.

A moment more and to the ears of spectators sitting nearer came as it were the crack of breaking bones; then the beast rolled on the earth with his neck twisted in death.

The giant removed in a twinkle the ropes from the horns of the bull and, raising the maiden, began to breathe hurriedly. His face became pale, his hair stuck together from sweat, his shoulders and arms seemed flooded with water. For a moment he stood as if only half conscious; then he raised his eyes and looked at the spectators. The amphitheatre had gone wild.

The walls of the building were trembling from the roar of tens of thousands of people. Since the beginning of spectacles there was no memory of such excitement. Those who were sitting on the highest rows came down, crowding in the passages between benches to look more nearly at the strong man. Everywhere were heard cries for mercy, passionate and persistent, which soon turned into one unbroken thunder. That giant had become dear to those people enamored of physical strength; he was the first personage in Rome.

He understood that the multitude were striving to grant him his life, and restore him his freedom, but clearly his thought was not on himself alone. He

looked around a while ; then approached Cæsar's podium, and, holding the body of the maiden on his outstretched arms, raised his eyes with entreaty, as if to say,—

“Have mercy on her ! Save the maiden. I did that for her sake !”

The spectators understood perfectly what he wanted. At sight of the unconscious maiden, who near the enormous Lygian seemed a child, emotion seized the multitude of knights and senators. Her slender form, her fainting, the dreadful danger from which the giant had freed her, and, finally, her beauty and attachment, had moved every heart. Some thought the man a father begging mercy for his child. Pity burst forth suddenly, like a flame. They had had blood, death, and torture in sufficiency. Voices choked with tears began to entreat mercy for both.

Meanwhile Ursus, holding the girl in his arms, moved around the arena, and with his eyes and with motions begged her life for her.

At this the enthusiasm of the multitude passed everything seen in a circus before. The crowd stamped and howled. Voices calling for mercy grew simply terrible. People not only took the part of the athlete, but rose in defense of the soldier, the maiden, their love. Thousands of spectators turned to Cæsar with flashes of anger in their eyes, and with clinched fists.

But Cæsar halted and hesitated. His cruelty, his deformed imagination, and deformed desires found a kind of delight in such spectacles. And now the people wanted to rob him. Hence anger appeared on his bloated face. Self-love also would not let him

yield to the wish of the multitudes, and still he did not dare to oppose it, through his inborn cowardice.

So he gazed around to see if he could not find fingers turned down in sign of death. But Petronius held up his hand, and looked into Nero's face almost challengingly. Vestinius, superstitious but inclined to enthusiasm, a man who feared ghosts but not the living, gave a sign for mercy also. So did Scevinus, the senator; so did Nerva.

Then Nero turned to the place where command over the pretorians was held by the stern Subrius Flavius, hitherto devoted with whole soul to him, and saw something unusual. The face of the old tribune was stern, but covered with tears, and he was holding his hand up in sign of mercy.

Nero was alarmed. He looked once more at Subrius Flavius, at the soldiers; and seeing everywhere frowning brows, excited faces, and eyes fixed on him, he gave the sign for mercy.

Then a thunder of applause was heard from the highest seats to the lowest. The people were sure of the lives of the condemned, for from that moment they went under their protection, and even Cæsar would not have dared to pursue them any longer with his vengeance.

THE MONARCHY OF CÆSAR.

By THEODOR MOMMSEN, Jurist, Historian, Antiquary. B.
1817, Germany.

Extract from the "History of Rome," published between 1858
and 1862, and translated by William P. Dickson.

WE have reached the end of the Roman republic. We have seen it rule for five hundred years in Italy and in the countries of the Mediterranean; we have seen it brought to ruin in politics and morals, religion and literature, not through outward violence but through inward decay, and thereby making room for the new monarchy of Cæsar. There was in the world, as Cæsar found it, much of the noble heritage of past centuries and an infinite abundance of pomp and glory, but little spirit, still less taste, and least of all true delight in life. It was indeed an old world; and even the richly gifted patriotism of Cæsar could not make it young again. The dawn does not return till after the night has fully set in and run its course. But yet with him there came to the sorely harassed peoples on the Mediterranean a tolerable evening after the sultry noon.

* * * * *

Cæsar ruled as King of Rome for five years and a half, not half as long as Alexander; in the intervals of seven great campaigns, which allowed him to stay not more than fifteen months altogether in the capital of his empire, he regulated the destinies of the world for the present and the future, from the establishment of the boundary-line between civilization and

barbarism down to the removal of the rain-pools in the streets of the capital, and yet retained time and composure enough attentively to follow the prize-pieces in the theater and to confer the chaplet on the victor with improvised verses. The outlines were laid down and thereby the new state was defined for all coming time ; the boundless future alone could complete the structure. So far Cæsar might say that his object was attained ; and this was probably the meaning of the words which were sometimes heard to fall from him—that he had lived long enough. But precisely because the building was an endless one, the master as long as he lived restlessly added stone to stone, with always the same dexterity and always the same elasticity busy at his work, without ever overturning or altering, just as if there were for him merely a to-day and no to-morrow. Thus he worked and created as never any mortal did before or after him ; and as a worker and creator he still, after well-nigh two thousand years, lives in the memory of the nations—the first, and the unique, Imperator Cæsar.

WHAT'S HALLOWED GROUND?

By THOMAS CAMPBELL, Poet. B. 1777, England ; d. 1844.

WHAT's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod
'To bow the knee ?

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap :
In dews that heavens far distant weep,
 Their turf may bloom ;
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
 Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind,
Whose sword or voice has saved mankind,—
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
 Lifts thine on high ?
To live in hearts we leave behind,
 Is not to die !

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right ?—
He's dead alone that lacks her light !
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight,
 The sword he draws :—
What can alone ennoble fight ?—
 A noble cause !

* * * * *

What's hallowed ground ? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth !
Peace ! Independence ! Truth ! go forth
 Earth's compass round ;
And your high priesthood shall make earth
 All hallowed ground !

REPLY OF MR. PITT TO SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

By WILLIAM Pitt, Earl of Chatham, Statesman, Orator. B. 1708, England; d. 1778.

The struggle between Pitt and Walpole was remarkable for the youth and inexperience of the one and the age and long parliamentary experience of the other. The following speech was delivered March 6, 1741.

THE atrocious crime of being a young man, which, with such spirit and decency, the honorable gentleman has charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with hoping that I may be one of those whose follies cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience.

Whether youth can be imputed to a man as a reproach, I will not assume the province of determining; but, surely, age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement.

The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult.

But youth is not my only crime. I am accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarity of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty—like every other man—to use my own language : and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modeled by experience.

But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves ; nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment ;—age, which always brings one privilege—that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

The heat that offended him and them was the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope, nor fear, shall influence me to suppress.

THE "GRAND ADVANCE."*

By FRANK H. GASSAWAY, Poet. Lives in San Francisco, California.

WHEN War's wild clamor filled the land, when Porter
swept the sea,
When Grant held Vicksburg by the throat and Hal-
leck strove with Lee,

* From "Outing."

It chanced that Custer's cavaliers—the flower of all
our horse—
Held Hood's brigade at Carroll's Ford, where still it
strove to cross.
Two days the stubborn skirmish raged—the lines still
closer grew ;
And now the rebels gained an inch, and now the men
in blue,
Until at length the Northern swords hemmed in the
footmen gray,
And both sides girded for the shock that won or lost
the day.
'Twas scarce a lance's length between the torn and
slipp'ry banks
O'er which our neighing squadrons faced the hard
pressed Southern ranks.
And while Hood's sullen ambush crouched along the
river's marge,
Their pickets brought a prisoner in, captured in some
brief charge.
This was a stripling trumpeter, a mere lad—fitter far
To grace some loving mother's hearth than these grim
scenes of war.
But still, with proud, defiant mien, he bore his soldier's
crest,
And smiled above the shattered arm that hung upon
his breast.
For was not *he* Staff Trumpeter of Custer's famed
brigade ?
Did not through *him* the General speak, in camp, or
on parade ?

"Twas *his* to form the battle line. *His* was the clarion peal
That launched upon the frightened foe that surging sea of steel !
They led him to the outer posts within the tangled wood,
Beyond whose shade, on chafing steeds, his waiting comrades stood.
They placed his bugle in his hands (a musket level nigh),
" Now, Yankee, sound a loud ' Retreat,' " they whispered. " Sound—or die ! "
The lad looked up a little space—a lark's song sounded near,
As though to ask why men had brought their deeds of hatred here.
High in the blue the South wind swept a single cloud of foam,
A messenger, it seemed to him, to bear his last thought home ;
And casting t'ward the Northland far one sad, but steadfast, glance,
He raised the bugle to his lips and blew—the " Grand Advance ! "
A bullet cut the pean short—but, ere his senses fled,
He heard that avalanche of hoofs thunder above his head !
He saw his comrades' sabres sweep resistless o'er the plain,
And knew his trumpet's loyal note had sounded not in vain.

For—when they laid him in his rest (his bugle by his side),
His lips still smiled—for Victory had kissed them ere
he died !

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By PHILLIPS BROOKS, Clergyman. B. 1835, Massachusetts.

From an address delivered before the students of Phillips Exeter Academy. Edward Gibbon, the great historian, was born in England in 1737 and died in 1794.

ENGLISH literature is rich in autobiography. It has, indeed, no tale so deep and subtle as that which is told in the Confessions of St. Augustine. It has no such complete and unreserved unbosoming of a life as is given by the strange Italian, Benvenuto Cellini, who is the very prince of unconcealment. But there is hardly any self-told life in any language which is more attractive than the autobiography of Edward Gibbon, in which he recounts the story of his own career in the same stately, pure prose in which he narrates the Decline and Fall of Rome.

It must have needed a great faith in a man's self to write those sonorous pages. Two passages in them have passed into the history of man. One is that in which he described how, in Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as he sat musing amid the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started in his mind. The other is the passage in which the great historian records how, on the night of the 27th of June, 1787,

between the hours of eleven and twelve, he wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house at Lausanne, and how then, laying down his pen, he “took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commanded a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountain.” The story is all very solemn and exalted. It is full of the feeling that the beginning and ending of a great literary work is as great an achievement as the foundation and completion of an empire,—as worthy of record and of honor.

ODE TO THE PASSIONS.

By WILLIAM COLLINS, Poet. B. 1720, England ; d. 1756.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,—
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,—
Possessed beyond the muse’s painting ;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined ;
Till once ’tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound :
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed ; his eyes, on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings ;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,
Low, sullen sounds, his grief beguiled,—
A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,—
What was thy delightful measure ?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still, through all the song ;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden
hair.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

By WASHINGTON IRVING, Author. B. 1783, New York; d. 1859.

The principal parts of the existing Westminster Abbey were built by Henry III., 1220-1245; Richard III. and Henry VII. also built portions of it. "It is crowded with tombs and monuments of kings and great men, and it has become a national honor to be interred within its walls."

THE approach to the Abbey through gloomy monastic remains, prepares the mind for its solemn contemplation. The gray walls are discolored by damp, and crumbling with age: a coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inscriptions of the mural monuments, and obscured the death's heads, and other funeral emblems. The sharp touches of the chisel are gone from the rich tracery of the arches: the roses which adorned the key-stones have lost their leafy beauty: everything bears marks of the gradual dilapidations of time, which yet has something touching and pleasing in its very decay.

The sun was pouring down a yellow autumnal ray into the square of the cloisters; beaming upon a scanty plot of grass in the center, and lighting up an angle of the vaulted passage with a kind of dusty splendor.

From between the arcades, the eye glanced up to a bit of blue sky, or a passing cloud; and beheld the sun-gilt pinnacle of the Abbey towering into the azure heaven. The day was gradually wearing away. The distant tread of loiterers about the Abbey grew less and less frequent; the sweet-tongued bell was sum-

moning to evening prayers. A flight of stairs led up to the entrance of Henry the Seventh's chapel, through a deep and gloomy but magnificent arch. Great gates of brass, richly and delicately wrought, turn heavily upon their hinges, as if proudly reluctant to admit the feet of common mortals into its most gorgeous of sepulchres. On entering, the eye is astonished by the pomp of architecture and the elaborate beauty of sculptured detail. The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, encrusted with tracery and crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems,—by the cunning labor of the chisel,—to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft, as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb.

* * * * *

What, however, is this vast assemblage of sepulchres but a treasury of humiliation ! It is indeed the empire of Death ; his great shadowy palace ; where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes.

LAUGH, AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU.

ANONYMOUS.

LAUGH, and the world laughs with you ;
Weep, and you weep alone ;
For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth,

It has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer ;
Sigh ! it is lost on the air ;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you ;
Grieve, and they turn and go :
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.
Be glad and your friends are many ;
Be sad, and you lose them all ;
There are none to decline your nectar'd wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast and your halls are crowded ;
Fast, and the world goes by ;
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train :
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

ALP'S DECISION.

By GEORGE GORDON NOEL, Lord Byron, Poet. B. 1788
England; d. 1824, Greece.

Corinth, a Greek city, fell into the hands of the Venetians in 1699. Alp was a renegade Venetian who guided the Turkish army to the city in 1715.

The following from "The Siege of Corinth," describes the interview between Alp and the ghost of Francesca. Francesca, the daughter of Signor Minotti, the governor of the city and the promised bride of Alp, had died on the night of this interview.

THERE is a temple in ruin stands,
Fashion'd by long-forgotten hands ;
Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown.
Out upon Time ! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before !
Out upon Time ! who forever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve
O'er that which hath been, and o'er that which must
be.

What we have seen, our sons shall see ;
Remnants of things that have passed away,
Fragments of stone, rear'd by creatures of clay.

* * * * *

Alp sat him down at a pillar's base,
And pass'd his hand athwart his face ;
Like one in dreary musing mood,
Declining was his attitude.

* * * * *

There he sat all heavily,
As he heard the night-wind sigh.

Was it the wind, through some hollow stone,
Sent that soft and tender moan ?
He lifted his head, and he look'd o'er the sea,
But it was unrippled as glass may be ;
He look'd on the long grass—it waved not a blade ;
How was that gentle sound convey'd ?

* * * * *

And he felt not a breath come over his cheek ;
What did that sudden sound bespeak ?
He turn'd to the left—is he sure of sight ?
There sat a lady, youthful and bright !

He started up with more of fear
Than if an armed foe were near.
“ God of my fathers ! what is here ?
Who art thou, and wherefore sent
So near a hostile armament ? ”

* * * * *

He gazed, he saw ; he knew the face
Of beauty, and the form of grace ;
It was Francesca by his side,
The maid who might have been his bride !

* * * * *

“ If not for love of me be given
Thus much, then for the love of Heaven,—
Again I say—that turban tear
From off thy faithless brow, and swear
Thine injured country's sons to spare,
Or thou art lost ; and never shalt see—
Not earth—that's past—but heaven or me.

If this thou dost accord, albeit
A heavy doom 'tis thine to meet,
That doom shall half absolve thy sin,
And mercy's gate may receive thee within.
But pause one moment more, and take
The curse of Him thou didst forsake ;
And look once more to heaven, and see
Its love forever shut from thee.
There is a light cloud by the moon—
'Tis passing, and will pass full soon—
If, by the time its vapory sail
Hath ceased her shaded orb to veil,
Thy heart within thee is not changed,
Then God and man are both avenged ;
Dark will thy doom be, darker still
Thine immortality of ill."

Alp look'd to heaven, and saw on high
The sign she spake of in the sky ;
But his heart was swell'n, and turn'd aside,
By deep interminable pride.

* * * *

He sue for mercy ! He dismay'd
By wild words of a timid maid !
He, wrong'd by Venice, vow to save
Her sons, devoted to the grave !
No—though that cloud were thunder's worst,
And charged to crush him—let it burst !

He look'd upon it earnestly,
Without an accent of reply ;

He watch'd it passing ; it is flown :
Full on his eye the clear moon shone,
And thus he spake : " Whate'er my fate,
I am no changeling — 'tis too late :

* * * * *

What Venice made me I must be,
Her foe in all, save love to thee :
But thou art safe : oh, fly with me ! ”
He turn'd, but she is gone !
Nothing is there but the column stone.
Hath she sunk in the earth, or melted in air ?
He saw not — he knew not — but nothing is there.

A RIGHTEOUS WAR.

By W. S. WITHAM of Atlanta, Georgia.

An extract from an address before the Bankers' Convention at Denver, Colorado, October, 1898.

"THIS is an educational war. It is also a righteous war in that it obliterates the difference between brother and brother arising out of our Civil War. I come to you from a land marked by many tombs, and whose long-saddened memories are once more broken by the triumphs of her chivalrous sons, in proof of our oft-expressed loyalty to the stars and stripes."

"It is a war of reconciliation. Shall the poor man sneer at the rich, since he has seen the charge at El Caney, led by Roosevelt ? Shall class hate class after seeing Hamilton Fish, the son of a millionaire, fall at the battle of Seville, caught in the arms of a

penniless cowboy from Texas? Shall the white man feel contempt for the black man, since he saw that hero of the colored troops rush ahead of our faltering lines, mount the fort of San Juan, seize and break down the Spanish flag, then fall lifeless, pierced by no less than thirty-two Mauser bullets? Shall the Spaniard hate his American conqueror, who, after taking 25,000 of them prisoners, filled their empty stomachs with American food, gave them free passage home on safe, clean boats, singing, as they sailed, ‘God be with you till we meet again?’

“This, too, is a uniting war. Did you ever see such a Fourth of July as the last one? The blowing up of the Maine made a grave for many brave soldiers, but at the same time, it created the cemetery of sectionalism. The burning of Cervera’s fleet by our own revealed more than one conquered foe of America — for it left in full view of the world the ashes of sectional hate. There is no Mason and Dixon’s line to-day. Yes, it is a divine war, for we find ourselves doubly freed in our endeavor to secure freedom to our neighbor.”

DECISIVE INTEGRITY.

By WILLIAM WIRT, Lawyer, Author. B. 1772, Maryland; d. 1834, Washington, D. C.

THE man who is so conscious of the rectitude of his intentions as to be willing to open his bosom to the inspection of the world, is in possession of one of the strongest pillars of a decided character. The course

of such a man will be firm and steady, because he has nothing to fear from the world, and is sure of the approbation and support of heaven. The clear, unclouded brow, the open countenance, the brilliant eye which can look an honest man steadfastly, yet courteously, in the face, the healthfully beating heart, and the firm, elastic step, belong to him whose bosom is free from guile and who knows that all his motives and purposes are pure and right.

Let your first step in that discipline which is to give you decision of character, be the heroic determination to be honest men, and to preserve this character through every vicissitude of fortune, and in every relation which connects you with society. I do not use this phrase, "honest men," in the narrow sense, merely, of meeting your pecuniary engagements, and paying your debts ; for this the common pride of gentlemen will constrain you to do. I use it in its larger sense of discharging all your duties, both public and private, both open and secret, with the most scrupulous heaven-attesting integrity.

There is a morality on a larger scale, perfectly consistent with a just attention to your own affairs, which it would be the height of folly to neglect ; a generous expansion, a proud elevation, and conscious greatness of character, which is the best preparation for a decided course, in every situation into which you can be thrown ; and it is to this high and noble tone of character that I would have you to aspire. I would not have you to resemble those weak and meager streamlets, which lose their direction at every petty

impediment that presents itself, and stop, and turn back, and creep around, and search out every little channel through which they may wind their feeble and sickly course. Nor yet would I have you to resemble the headlong torrent that carries havoc in its mad career. But I would have you like the ocean, that noblest emblem of majestic decision, which, in the calmest hour, still heaves its resistless might of waters to the shore, filling the heavens, day and night, with the echoes of its sublime declaration of independence, and tossing and sporting on its bed, with an imperial consciousness of strength that laughs at opposition. It is this depth, and weight, and power, and purity of character that I would have you to resemble, and I would have you like the waves of the ocean, to become the purer by your own action.

MARATHON.

By SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Novelist, Statesman. B. 1803, England; d. 1873.

Marathon is a plain (twenty-two miles from Athens) six miles long, and from two to three miles broad. Here a great victory was gained by the Greeks under Miltiades over the Persian army, September 12, 490 B.C.

Extract from "Athens ; its Rise and Fall," written in 1837.

AIDED by a thousand men from Platæa, then on terms of intimate friendship with the Athenians, the little army marched from the city and advanced to the entrance of the plain of Marathon. Here they arrayed themselves in martial order near the temple of Hercules, to the east of the hills that guard the upper part of the valley.

We may behold them clad in bright armor, well proof and tempered, which covered breast and back—their helmets were wrought and crested, the cones mostly painted in glowing colors, and the plumage of feathers or horse-hair, rich and waving. Broad, sturdy, and richly ornamented were their bucklers—the pride and darling of their arms, the loss of which was the loss of honor—their spears were ponderous, thick, and long, and with their short broadsword, constituted their main weapons of offense. No Greek army marched to battle without vows and sacrifices and prayers ; and now, in the stillness of the pause, soothsayers examined the entrails of the victims ; they were propitious, and Callimachus solemnly vowed to Diana a victim for the slaughter of every foe. Loud broke the trumpets ; the standards, wrought with the sacred bird of Athens, were raised on high—it was the signal of battle—and the Athenians rushed with impetuous vehemence upon the Persian power.

Long, fierce, and stubborn was the battle. Evening came on ;—confused and disorderly, the Persians now only thought of flight ; the whole army retired to their ships, hard chased by the Grecian victors, who, amid the carnage, fired the fleet. The moon had passed her full ; the battle was over and the victory won.

Conspicuous above the level plain of Marathon, rises a long barrow fifteen feet in height, the supposed sepulchre of the Athenian heroes.

Still does a romantic legend, not unfamiliar with our traditions of the north, give a supernatural terror

to the spot. Nightly along the plain are yet heard by superstition the neighings of chargers and the rushing shadows of spectral war. And still, throughout the civilized world men of every clime, of every political persuasion, feel as Greeks at the name of Marathon. Later fields have presented the spectacle of an equal valor, and almost the same disparities of slaughter; but never, in the annals of earth, were united so closely in our applause admiration for the heroism of the victors, and sympathy for the holiness of their cause. It was the first great victory of OPINION! and its fruits were reaped, not by Athens only, but by all Greece, then, as by all time thereafter, in a mighty and imperishable harvest,—the invisible not less than the actual force of despotism was broken. One successful battle for liberty quickens and exalts that proud and emulous spirit from which are called forth the civilization and arts that liberty should produce, more rapidly than centuries of repose.

THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

By EDWARD EVERETT, Statesman, Orator, Author. B. 1794,
Massachusetts; d. 1865. Boston.

WE are summoned to new energy and zeal by the high nature of the experiment we are appointed in Providence to make, and the grandeur of the theatre on which it is to be performed. At a moment of deep and general agitation in the Old World, it pleased

heaven to open this last refuge of humanity. The attempt has begun, and is going on, far from foreign corruption, on the broadest scale, and under the most benignant prospects; and it certainly rests with us to solve the great problem in human society,—to settle, and that forever, the momentous question,—whether mankind can be trusted with a purely popular system of Government.

One might almost think, without extravagance, that the departed wise and good of all places and times, are looking down from their happy seats to witness what shall be done by us that they who lavished their treasures and their blood, of old,—who spake and wrote, who labored, fought and perished, in the one great cause of Freedom and Truth,—are now hanging from their orbs on high over the last solemn experiment of humanity. As I have wandered over the spots once the scene of their labors, and mused among the prostrate columns of their senate houses and forums, I have seemed almost to hear a voice from the tombs of departed ages, from the sepulchres of the Nations which died before the light. They exhort us, they adjure us, to be faithful to our trust. They implore us, by the long trials of struggling humanity; by the blessed memory of the departed; by the dear faith which has been plighted by pure hands to the holy cause of truth and man; by the awful secrets of the prison-house, where the sons of freedom have been immured; by the noble heads which have been brought to the block; by the wrecks of time, by the eloquent ruins of Nations, they conjure us not to

quench the light which is rising on the world. Greece cries to us by the convulsed lips of her poisoned, dying Demosthenes; and Rome pleads with us in the mute persuasion of her mangled Tully.

EQUESTRIAN COURTSCHIP.

By THOMAS HOOD, Poet, Humorist. B. 1798, England; &
1845.

IT was a young maiden went forth to ride,
And there was a wooer to pace by her side ;
His horse was so little, and hers so high,
He thought his angel was up in the sky.

His love was great, though his wit was small ;
He bade her ride easy—and that was all.
The very horses began to neigh,—
Because their betters had nought to say.

They rode by elm, and they rode by oak,
They rode by a church-yard, and then he spoke :
“ My pretty maiden, if you’ll agree
You shall always ramble through life with me.”

The damsel answered him never a word,
But kicked the gray mare, and away she spurred.
The wooer still followed behind the jade,
And enjoyed—like a wooer—the dust she made.

They rode through moss, and they rode through moor,
The gallant behind, and the lass before ;

At last they came to a miry place,
And there the sad wooer gave up the chase.

Quoth he, " If my nag were better to ride,
I'd follow her over the world so wide.
O, it is not my love that begins to fail,
But I've lost the last glimpse of the gray mare's tail ! "

THE SPARTANS AND THE PILGRIMS.

By RUFUS CHOATE, Orator, Lawyer. B. 1799, Massachusetts ;
d. 1859, Nova Scotia.

The battle of Thermopylæ was fought in July, 480 B.C. The
" Pilgrim Fathers " landed at Plymouth Rock, Plymouth Bay,
thirty-seven miles southeast of Boston, Dec. 22, 1620.

IF one were called upon to select the most glittering of the instances of military heroism to which the admiration of the world has been most constantly attracted, he would make choice, I imagine, of the instance of that desperate valor, in which, in obedience to the laws, Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans cast themselves headlong, at the passes of Greece, on the myriads of their Persian invaders.

Judge if, that night, as they watched the dawn of the last morning their eyes could ever see ; as they heard with every passing hour the stilly hum of the invading host ; as they remembered their unprofaned home, city of heroes and mother of heroes, judge if, watching there, the sentiment of heroism did not grow to the nature of madness ; and when morning came and passed, and they had dressed their long hair for battle,

and when the countless invading throng was seen at last to move, was it not with rapture that they cast themselves, with the fierce gladness of mountain torrents, headlong upon that brief revelry of glory ?

And yet, do you not think that whoso could, by adequate description, bring before you that winter of the Pilgrims,—its brief sunshine ; the nights of storm, slow waning ; its damp and icy breath, its destitutions, its utter insulation and loneliness, its death-beds and burials, its memories, its apprehensions, its hopes ; do you not think that he who could describe them calmly waiting in that defile, lonelier and darker than Thermopylæ, would sketch a scene of more difficult and rarer heroism ?

I deem it a great thing for a nation, in all the periods of its fortunes, to be able to look back to a race of founders, and a principle of institution in which it might rationally admire the realized idea of true heroism. That felicity, that pride, that help, is ours. Those heroic men and women should not look down on a dwindle prosperity. That broad foundation, sunk below frost or earthquake, should bear up something more permanent than an encampment of tents, pitched at random, and struck when the trumpet of march sounds at next daybreak. It should bear up, as by a natural growth, a structure in which generations may come, one after another, to the great gift of the social life.

THE FINDING OF THE LYRE.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, Poet, Critic, Professor, Minister
to England. B. 1819, Massachusetts.

THERE lay upon the ocean's shore
What once a tortoise served to cover.
A year and more, with rush and roar,
The surf had rolled it over,
Had played with it, had flung it by,
As wind and weather might decide it,
Then tossed it high where sand-drifts dry
Cheap burial might provide it.

It rested there to bleach or tan,
The rains had soaked, the suns had burned it ;
With many a ban the fisherman
Had stumbled o'er and spurn'd it ;
And there the fisher-girl would stay,
Conjecturing with her brother
How in their play the poor estray
Might serve some use or other.

So there it lay, through wet and dry,
As empty as the last new sonnet,
Till by and by came Mercury,
And, having mused upon it,
“Why, here,” cried he, “the thing of things
In shape, material, and dimension !
Give it but strings, and, lo, it sings,
A wonderful invention !”

So said, so done ; the chords he strained,
And, as his fingers o'er them hovered,
The shell disdained a soul had gained,
The lyre had been discovered.

O empty world that round us lies,
Dead shell, of soul and thought forsaken,
Brought we but eyes like Mercury's,
In thee what songs should waken !

THE REIGN OF NAPOLEON.

By ALPHONSE LAMARTINE, Poet, Statesman, Historian. B.
1792, France; d. 1869.

From the "History of the Restoration," translated by W. H.
Dean.

THE reign of Napoleon may be defined as the *old world* reconstructed by a new man. He plastered over with glory the threadbare centuries. He was the first among soldiers but not among statesmen. He was open to the past, but blind to the future. If this judgment be found too harsh, a mere glance will serve to convince one of its justice. Men are judged not by their fortune, but by their work. He had in his hand the greatest force Providence ever placed in the hand of a mortal to create a civilization or a nationality. What has he left? Nothing but a conquered country and an immortal name. The world demanded a renovator. He made himself its conqueror. France was looking forward to the genius of reform, and he gave her despotism, discipline and a uniform for each institution. Impiety covered all

the official pomp of his creed. Instead of seeking religion in liberty he was eight centuries out of the way in parodying the rôle of Charlemagne, without having either the strong faith or the heroic sincerity of this Constantine of Gaul and Germany. To the need of equality of rights, he replied with the creation of a military nobility ; to the needs of free thought, with the censure and monopoly of the press. Intelligence languished. Letters became degraded, the arts became servile and ideas died. Victory alone could restrain the explosion of the independence of the people and the human spirit. The day when victory should cease to gild this yoke of the universe, it would appear what it was : the glory of one, the humiliation of all ; a reproach to the dignity of the people, a call to the insurrection of the continent.

THE BOYS.

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Poet, Author, Professor. B.
1809, Massachusetts.

A poem read in 1859 at the thirtieth reunion of the Class of '29
of Harvard University.

HAS there any old fellow got mixed with the boys ?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite !
Old Time is a liar ! We're twenty to-night !

We're twenty ! We're twenty ! Who says we are more ?

He's tipsy,—young jackanapes !—show him the door !

"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! *white*, if we
please;

Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can
freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,—
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been
told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old;
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call
"Judge";—
It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all fudge.

* * * * *

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the Royal Society thought it was *true*!
So they chose him right in,—a good joke it was too!

* * * * *

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith,
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing?—You think he's all
fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of
all!

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen ;

And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men ?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drop smiling away ?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray !
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May !
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, The Boys.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

By ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP, Statesman. B. 1809, Massachusetts.

The corner-stone of the Washington monument at Washington, D.C., was laid July 4, 1848, and the following is a portion of the address delivered on that occasion by Mr. Winthrop, then Speaker of the House of Representatives. The monument was completed in 1885.

LET us seize this occasion to renew to each other our vows of allegiance and devotion to the American Union, and let us recognize in our common title to the name and fame of Washington, and in our veneration for his example and advice, the all-sufficient centripetal power which shall hold the thick-clustering stars of our confederacy in one glorious constellation forever. Let the column we are about to construct be at once a pledge and an emblem of perpetual union. Let the foundations be laid, let the superstructure be built up and cemented, let each stone be laid and riveted, in a spirit of national brotherhood. And may the earliest rays of the rising sun, till that sun shall

set to rise no more, draw forth from it daily, as from the fabled statue of antiquity, a strain of national harmony which strikes a responsive chord in every heart throughout the Republic.

Proceed, then, with the work for which you have assembled. Lay the corner-stone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole American people to the illustrious Father of his Country. Build it to the skies,—you cannot out-reach the loftiness of his principles. Found it upon the massive and eternal rock,—you cannot make it more enduring than his fame. Construct it of the peerless Parian marble, you cannot make it purer than his life. Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and modern art,—you cannot make it more proportionate than his character.

But let not your homage to his memory end here. Think not to transfer to a tablet or a column the tribute which is due from yourselves. Just honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example. He has built his own monument. We, and those who come after us in successive generations, are its appointed, its privileged guardians.

The widespread Republic is the true monument to Washington. Maintain its independence ; uphold its constitution ; preserve its union ; defend its liberty. Let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality and freedom to all within its boundaries, and shedding light and hope and joy upon the pathway of human liberty.

throughout the world, and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may fitly test our veneration for him ; this, this alone can adequately illustrate his services to mankind. Nor does he need even this. The Republic may perish, the wide arch of our ranged Union may fall, star by star its glories may expire, stone by stone its column and its capital may crumble, all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten, but, as long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongues shall anywhere plead for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues prolong the fame of George Washington.

WOUNDED.

By JOHN WHITAKER WATSON, Poet. B. 1824, New York.

STEADY, boys, steady !
Keep your arms ready,
God only knows whom we may meet here.
Don't let me be taken ;
I'd rather awaken,
To-morrow, in—no matter where,
Than lie in that foul prison-hole over there.

Step slowly !
Speak lowly !
These rocks may have life.
Lay me down in this hollow ;
We are out of the strife.

By heavens ! the foeman may track me in blood,
 For this hole in my breast is outpouring a flood.
 No ! no surgeon for me ; he can give me no aid ;
 The surgeon I want is pick-axe and spade.
 What, Morris, a tear ? Why, shame on you, man !
 I thought you a hero ; but since you began
 To whimper and cry like a girl in her teens,
 By George ! I don't know what the devil it means !

Well ! well ! I am rough ; 'tis a very rough school,
 This life of a trooper,—but yet I'm no fool !
 I know a brave man, and a friend from a foe ;
 And, boys, that you love me I certainly know ;
 But wasn't it grand
 When they came down the hill over sloughing and
 sand !
 But we stood—did we not ?—like immovable rock,
 Unheeding their balls and repelling their shock.
 Did you mind the loud cry
 When, as turning to fly,
 Our men sprang upon them, determined to die ?
 O, wasn't it grand !

God help the poor wretches that fell in that fight ;
 No time was there given for prayer or for flight ;
 They fell by the score, in the crash, hand in hand,
 And they mingled their blood with the sloughing and
 sand.

Huzza !

Great heavens ! this bullet-hole gapes like a grave ;
 A curse on the aim of the traitorous knave !

Is there never a one of you knows how to pray,
Or speak for a man as his life ebbs away?

Pray!

Pray!

Our Father! our Father! why don't ye proceed?
Can't you see I am dying? Great God, how I bleed!

Ebbing away!

Ebbing away!

The light of the day

Is turning so gray.

Pray!

Pray!

Our Father in Heaven—boys, tell me the rest,
While I stanch the hot blood from this hole in my
breast.

There's something about a forgiveness of sin.

Put that in! put that in!—and then

I'll follow your words and say an amen.

Here, Morris, old fellow, get hold of my hand;
And, Wilson, my comrade—O, wasn't it grand
When they came down the hill like a thunder-charged
cloud!

Where's Wilson, my comrade?—Here, stoop down
your head;

Can't you say a short prayer for the dying and dead?

“Christ God, who died for sinners all

Hear thou this suppliant wanderer's cry;

Let not e'en this poor sparrow fall

Unheeded by thy gracious eye.

Throw wide thy gates to let him in,
And take him, pleading, to thine arms ;
Forgive, O Lord, his life-long sin,
And quiet all his fierce alarms."

God bless you, my comrade, for singing that hymn ;
It is light to my path when my eye has grown dim.
I am dying—bend down till I touch you once more—
Don't forget me, old fellow,—God prosper this war !
Confusion to enemies !—keep hold of my hand—
And float our dear flag o'er a prosperous land !

AMERICAN RIGHTS.

By JOSEPH WARREN, Patriot. B. 1741, Massachusetts; killed at the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775.

PARDON me, my fellow-citizens, I know you want not zeal or fortitude. You will maintain your rights, or perish in the generous struggle. However difficult the combat, you never will decline it when freedom is the prize. An independence of Great Britain is not our aim. No, our wish is, that Britain and the colonies may, like the oak and ivy, grow and increase in strength together. But whilst the infatuated plan of making one part of the empire slaves to the other is persisted in, the interests and safety of Britain, as well as of the colonies, require that the wise measures, recommended by the honorable the Continental Congress, be steadily pursued ; whereby the unnatural contest between a parent honored and a

child beloved, may probably be brought to such an issue, as that the peace and happiness of both may be on an established basis. But if these pacific measures are ineffectual, and it appears that the only way to safety is through fields of blood, I know you will not turn your faces from your foes, but will, undauntedly, press forward, until tyranny is trodden under foot, and you have fixed your adored goddess Liberty, fast by a Brunswick's side, on the American throne.

You, then, who have nobly espoused your country's cause, who generously have sacrificed wealth and ease; who have despised the pomp and show of tinseled greatness ; refused the summons to the festive board; been deaf to the alluring calls of luxury and mirth; who have forsaken the downy pillow to keep your vigils by the midnight lamp for the salvation of your invaded country, that you might break the fowler's snare, and disappoint the vulture of his prey ;—you, then, will reap that harvest of renown which you so justly have deserved. Your country shall pay her grateful tribute of applause. Even the children of your most inveterate enemies, ashamed to tell from whom they sprang, while they, in secret, curse their stupid, cruel parents, shall join the general voice of gratitude of those who broke the fetters which their fathers forged.

Having redeemed your country, and secured the blessing to future generations, who, fired by your example, shall emulate your virtues, and learn from you the heavenly art of making millions happy ; with heartfelt joy, with transports all your own, you cry,

"The glorious work is done!" then drop the mantle
to some Elisha, and take your seats with kindred
spirits in your native skies!

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF 1787.

By CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW, Lawyer, Orator, Railroad
President. B. 1834, New York.

The Constitutional Convention of 1787 was held in Philadelphia in May. Representatives from all the States except Rhode Island were present, with Washington as president. As a result of their deliberations the Federal Constitution was adopted in September, setting aside the Articles of Confederation, which had not given adequate power to the General Government.

This oration was delivered April 30, 1889, from the steps of the Sub-Treasury Building, New York City, on the occasion of the Washington Centennial Celebration.

THE deliberations of great councils have vitally affected, at different periods, the history of the world and the fate of empires; but this Congress builded, upon popular sovereignty, institutions broad enough to embrace the continent and elastic enough to fit all conditions of race and traditions. The experience of a hundred years has demonstrated for us the perfection of the work, for defense against foreign foes and for self-preservation against domestic insurrection, for limitless expansion in population and material development, and for steady growth in intellectual freedom and force. Its continuing influence upon the welfare and destiny of the human race can only be measured by the capacity of man to cultivate and enjoy the boundless opportunities of liberty and law.

. . . . The statesmen who composed this great Senate were equal to their trust. . . .

There were no examples to follow, and the experience of its members led part of them to lean toward absolute centralization as the only refuge from the anarchy of the Confederation, while the rest clung to the sovereignty of the States for fear that the concentration of power would end in the absorption of liberty. The large States did not want to surrender the advantage of their position, and the smaller States saw the danger to their existence. The leagues of the Greek cities had ended in loss of freedom, tyranny, conquest, and destruction. Roman conquest and assimilation had strewn the shores of time with the wrecks of empires and plunged civilization into the perils and horrors of the dark ages. The government of Cromwell was the isolated power of the mightiest man of his age, without popular authority to fill his place or the hereditary principle to protect his successor. The past furnished no light for our State builders, the present was full of doubt and despair. The future, the experiment of self-government, the perpetuity and development of freedom, almost the destiny of mankind, was in their hands.

At this crisis the courage and confidence needed to originate a system weakened. The temporizing spirit of compromise seized the convention with the alluring proposition of not proceeding faster than the people could be educated to follow. The cry: "Let us not waste our labor upon conclusions which will not be adopted, but amend and adjourn," was assuming

startling unanimity. But the supreme force and majestic sense of Washington brought the assemblage to the lofty plane of its duty and opportunity. He said: "It is too probable that no plan we propose will be adopted. Perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained. If to please the people we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterward defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the event is in the hands of God." "I am the State," said Louis XIV., but his line ended in the grave of absolutism. "Forty centuries look down upon you," was Napoleon's address to his army in the shadow of the pyramids, but his soldiers saw only the dream of Eastern empire vanish in blood. Statesmen and Parliamentary leaders have sunk into oblivion or led their party to defeat by surrendering their convictions to the passing passions of the hour, but Washington in this immortal speech struck the keynote of representative obligation, and propounded the fundamental principle of the purity and perpetuity of constitutional government.

THE BURGHERS OF CALAIS.

By EMILY A. BRADDOCK.

Calais, a city of France, was besieged and taken by Edward III., king of England, in 1347.

PHILIPPA of Hainault, the Good, Philippa, England's
Queen,
Rear high her statue—let it by all the world be seen!

A figure—not in armor clad, sword-girt, on prancing
steed,
From Nevil's Cross the routed Scots waving across
the Tweed—
Nay, nay, but kneeling, with loose hair, clasped hands
upraised to pray,
And tear-dimmed eyes, as when she saved the burgh-
ers of Calais.

“ Now, by my troth,” had Edward sworn, “ Calais
shall yield to me !
If England France shall keep in ward 'tis meet she
hold the key.”
But vain was menace, vain was siege to make its
castle bow—
Twelve weary months dragged on to mock the proud
king's empty vow ;
Till Famine skulked within at last and won for him
the day,
And England's lion glared above the lilies of Calais.

“ Bring forth, curst Town,” the conqueror cried, “ six
of thy burghers best,
For such vile headstrongness to be an offering for the
rest !
Bare-legg'd, with ropes about their necks, so lead
them forth to me,
The keys within their hands, nor look their coming
back to see ! ”
The haughty summons thundering burst, no place it
gave delay,

And there was loud lament and there was weeping in Calais.

Then up spoke Eustace de St. Pierre — all honor to his name !

“I give myself, for one to save the town from woe and shame.”

“And I !” “and I !” right after him cried noble others, five ;

“What matter if there perish six to keep the rest alive ?”

In truth it was a sorry sight — in truth a sorry day,
When from the gates went forth to death those burghers of Calais.

“ Strike off their heads !” stern Edward order gave,
full fierce and loud.

Helpless and mute before his feet the dauntless six were bowed.

’Twas then Philippa knelt : “ My lord, oh ! if you will not free

These men for mercy’s own sweet sake, do it for love of me !”

“ Alas ! that you have asked, my queen, since ne’er I say you nay !”

And to her tender hands he gave the burghers of Calais.

Right royally she feasted them, right bravely them she drest,

For ropes gave chains of gold to wear, as fitted noble guest ;

Gifts from her treasury she brought, her minstrels for
them sang,
And all the camp with shouts of joy as for a victory
rang ;
And when she sped them, cheered and bless'd, upon
their homeward way,
They deemed an angel gave them back again unto
Calais.

Philippa of Hainault, the Good, Philippa, England's
Queen —

Rear high her statue — let it by all the world be seen !
A figure — not in armor clad, sword-girt, on prancing
steed,
From Nevil's Cross the routed Scots waving across
the Tweed —
Nay, nay, but kneeling with loose hair, clasped hands
upraised to pray,
And tear-dimmed eyes, as when she saved the burgh-
ers of Calais.

THE BOOK AND THE BUILDING.

By RICHARD SALTER STORRS, Clergyman. B. 1821, Massachusetts ; lives in Brooklyn, New York.

The cathedral of Cologne, one of the noblest specimens of Gothic architecture in Europe, was begun 1270-75 and completed in 1880.

ON the bank of the Rhine, on the site of the ancient Roman camp, afterward an imperial colony, which is associated in history with Tiberius and Germanicus, with Agrippina, mother of Nero, and with the early

fame of Trajan, has been recently completed a magnificent work of religion and of art, of which more than six centuries have witnessed the progress. After delays immensely protracted, after such changes in society and government, in letters, arts, and in prevalent forms of religious faith, that the age which saw its solemn foundation has come to seem almost mythical to us, by contributions in which people have vied with princes, and in which separated countries and communions have gladly united, the cathedral of Cologne has been carried to its superb consummation, and the last finial has been set upon the spires which at length fulfill the architect's design.

Attendant pomps of imperial pageantry were naturally assembled on such an occasion ; but they can have added no real impressiveness to the structure itself, with its solid strength matching its lofty and lovely proportions, the vast columns of the nave lifting upon plume-like pillars, the majestic choir of stone and glass, with its soft brilliance and exquisite tracery, beautiful as a poet's dream, the soaring open-work of the spires absorbing and moulding hills of rock in their supreme and ethereal grace. It seems impossible not to apply to it the words which Gibbon applied to St. Peter's : "the most glorious structure that ever has been applied to the use of religion."

* * * * *

It is a work at first sight insignificant in comparison with this, which we have met to commemorate this evening : the translation of the Scriptures into the common English tongue, begun by John Wycliffe

five centuries ago, and brought to completeness in these recent days by the hands of English and American scholars. It may seem that the vision of the majestic cathedral is too stately and splendid to be set in front of a story so simple, and in parts so familiar, as that which we are to recall. But I think it will appear that the work which we celebrate is the nobler of the two ; that from all the costly and skillful labors, now completed on the banks of the Rhine, we arise to this : even as there, one advances to the altar, supreme in its significance, through the decorated doorways, along the vast nave, and under the rhythmic and haughty arches. To us, at least, the voice of God becomes articulate through the book ; while the building only shows us the magnificent achievement of human genius, patience, and wealth, bringing to Him their unsurpassed tribute.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

By CARL SCHURZ, Statesman, Journalist, Director Hamburg-American Steamship Co., New York. B. 1829, Prussia.

LET your imagination carry you back to the year 1776. You stand in the hall of the old Colonial Court House, of Philadelphia. Through the open door you see the Continental Congress assembled ; the moment for a great decision is drawing near.

The first little impulses to the general upheaval of the popular spirit, the Tea Tax, the Stamp Act, drop into insignificance ; they are almost forgotten ; the

revolutionary spirit has risen far above them. It puts the claim to independence upon the broad basis of eternal rights, as self-evident as the sun, as broad as the world, as common as the air of heaven.

The struggle of the colonies against the usurping government of Great Britain, has risen to the proud dimensions of a struggle of man for liberty and equality. Not only the supremacy of old England is to be shaken off, but a new organization of society is to be built up, on the basis of liberty and equality. That is the Declaration of Independence ! That is the American Revolution !

It is a common thing that men of a coarse cast of mind so lose themselves in the mean pursuit of selfish ends, as to become insensible to the grand and sublime. Measuring every character, and every event in history, by the low standard of their own individualities, incapable of grasping broad and generous ideas, they will belittle every great thing they cannot deny, and drag down every struggle of principle to the sordid arena of aspiring selfishness.

Eighteen hundred years ago there were men who saw in incipient Christianity nothing but a mere wrangle between Jewish theologians, gotten up by a carpenter's boy, and carried on by a few crazy fisherman. Three hundred years ago there were men who saw in the great reformatory movement of the sixteenth century, not the emancipation of the individual conscience, but a mere fuss raised by a German monk, who wanted to get married. Two hundred years ago there were men who saw in Hampden's

refusal to pay the ship's money, not a bold vindication of constitutional liberty, but the crazy antics of a man who was mean enough to quarrel about a few shillings.

And now, there are men who see in the Declaration of Independence and the American Revolution, not the reorganization of human society upon a basis of liberty and equality, but a dodge of some English colonists who were unwilling to pay their taxes.

It is in vain for demagogism to raise its short arms against the truth of history. The Declaration of Independence stands there. No candid man ever read it without seeing and feeling that every word of it was dictated by deep and earnest thought, and that every sentence of it bears the stamp of philosophic generality.

It is the summing up of the results of the philosophical development of the age; the practical embodiment of the progressive ideas, which far from being confined to the narrow limits of the English colonies, pervaded the very atmosphere of all civilized countries.

THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

By STEPHEN GROVER CLEVELAND, Statesman, President of the United States. B. 1837, New Jersey.

This speech was delivered on the evening of April 30, 1889, at a banquet given to distinguished guests in New York City during the Washington Centennial Celebration.

WHEREVER human government has been administered in tyranny, in despotism, or in oppression, there

has been found among the governed, yearning for a freer condition and the assertion of man's nobility. These are but the faltering steps of human nature in the direction of the freedom which is its birthright ; and they presage the struggle of men to become a free people and thus reach the plane of their highest and best aspirations. In this relation and in their cry for freedom, it may be truly said, the voice of the people is the voice of God.

The influence of these reflections is upon me as I speak of those who, after darkness and doubt and struggle, burst forth in the bright light of independence and liberty, and became "one people"—free, determined, and confident—challenging the wonder of the universe, proclaiming the dignity of man, invoking the aid and favor of Almighty God.

One hundred years have past. We have announced and approved to the world our mission and made our destiny secure.

I will not tamely recite our achievements. They are written on every page of our history, and the monuments of our growth and advancement are all about us.

But the value of these things is measured by the fullness with which our people have preserved their patriotism, their integrity, and their devotion to free institutions. If engrossed in material advancement or diverted by the turmoil of business activity they have not held fast to that love of country and that simple faith in virtue and enlightenment, which constituted the hope and trust of our fathers, all that we have built rests upon foundations infirm and weak.

Meeting this test, we point to the scattered graves of many thousands of our people who have bravely died in defense of our national safety and perpetuity, mutely bearing testimony to their love of country, and to an invincible living host standing ready to enforce our national rights and protect our land. Our churches, our schools and universities, and our benevolent institutions, which beautify every town and hamlet and look out from every hillside, testify to the value our people place upon religious teaching, upon advanced education, and upon deeds of charity.

Surely such a people can be safely trusted with their free government ; and there need be no fear that they have lost the qualities which fit them to be its custodians. If they should wander, they will return to duty in good time. If they should be misled, they will discover the true landmarks none too late for safety, and if they should even be corrupted they will speedily be found seeking with peace-offerings their country's holy altar.

THE HAND.

By THOMAS DE WITT TALMAGE, Clergyman, Lecturer. B
1832, New Jersey ; lives in Brooklyn, New York.

THE anatomist, gazing upon the conformation of the human body, exclaims, " Fearfully and wonderfully made ! " No embroidery so elaborate, no gauze so delicate, no color so exquisite, no mechanism so graceful, no handiwork so divine. So quietly and mysteriously does the human body perform its func-

tions, that it was not until five thousand years after the creation of the race that the circulation of the blood was discovered ; and though anatomists of all countries and ages have been so long exploring this castle of life, they have only begun to understand it.

* * * * *

The hand. Wondrous instrument ! With it we give friendly recognition, and grasp the sword, and climb the rock, and write, and carve, and build. It constructed the pyramids and reared the Parthenon. It made the harp, and then struck out of it all the world's minstrelsy. It reins in the swift engine ; it holds the steamer to its path in the sea, it feels the pulse of the sick child with its delicate touch, and makes the nations quake with its stupendous achievements. What power brought down the forests, and made the marshes blossom, and burdened the earth with all cities that thunder on with enterprise and power ? Four fingers and a thumb. Mighty hand ! In all its bones, and muscles, and joints, I learn that God is good.

SIR WALTER'S HONOR.

By MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON, Poet. B. 1838, Virginia.

In 1618 Sir Walter Raleigh was tried and convicted of a conspiracy to place Arabella Stuart on the throne of England in place of King James I. He was reprieved by the king, but was afterwards beheaded on account of his failure to point out a promised gold mine in South America. His death was also demanded to appease the anger of Spain, whose settlements in South America had been attacked by Raleigh in this expedition.

With drooping sail and shattered mast,
Sir Walter's galleons lay

Beyond the bar, but soon they cast
Anchor in Plymouth Bay.

He leaped to shore with bated breath,
For there, right full in view,
Stood his fair wife, Elizabeth,
And his fair son, Carew.
* * * * *

And while he soothed her pale alarms,
With words all passion-sweet,
He heard a troop of men-at-arms
Come clattering down the street.
* * * * *

Sir Lewis quickly drew his blade,
As from his steed he sprang,
And on his kinsman's shoulder laid
Its weight, with sudden clang.

He gave no greet ; but on the ear
His words did sharply ring—
“Sir Walter, I arrest thee here,
By mandate of the King !”
* * * * *

“‘What hath he done ?’ Why, treason’s taint
Hung o’er his head of old ;
And he hath failed, though thrice he sailed,
To find the mine of gold.
* * * * *

’Twas midnight ; but in Plymouth yet
Went on the wassail-bout,
The early moon was just a-set,
And all the stars were out.

When at Sir Walter's prison bars
 A muffled tap was heard ;
 And as his ear was bent to hear,
 He caught the whispered word :—
 * * * * *

“ Quick, father ! catch thy doublet up,
 Without a moment's stay :
 Before they drain their latest cup,
 We must be far away.
 * * * * *

My mother at the water's brink,
 Waits, all her fears awake ;
 And if escape should fail—I think—
 I think her heart will break ! ”

Too much ! His bravery shrank to meet
 The weight of such a blow ;
 And springing instant to his feet,
 He answered—“ I will go ! ”
 * * * * *

Across the star-lit stream they steal,
 Without one uttered word,
 The waters gurgling at the keel
 Was all the sound they heard.
 * * * * *

“ Put back the boat ! Nay, Sweet, no moan !
 Thy love is so divine,
 That thou wouldest rather die than own
 A craven heart were mine !

My purse, good oarsman ! Pull thy best,
 And we may make the shore

Before the latest trencher-guest
Hath left the Warder's door.

Hist ! not one other pleading word :

* * * * *

But thou, my boy, Carew,
Shalt pledge thy vow, even here, and now,
That—faithful, tried and true—

Thou'l choose, whatever stress may rise,
Whilst thou hast life and breath
Before temptation—sacrifice !
Before dishonor—death ! ”

The boatman turned, he dared not bide,
Nor say Sir Walter nay ;
And with his oars against the tide
He labored up the bay.

And when beside the water-stair,
With grief no words can tell,
They braced themselves at length to bear
The wrench of the farewell—

The boy, with proud, yet tear-dimmed eyes.
Kept murmuring, under breath :
—“ Before temptation—sacrifice !
Before dishonor—death ! ”

AMERICAN BATTLE FLAGS.

CARL SCHURZ, Statesman, Journalist, Director Hamburg-American Steamship Co., New York. B. 1820, Prussia.

"On December 2, 1872, Mr. Sumner moved in the Senate that the names of the victories in our civil war should not be inscribed on our regimental flags." For this he was censured by the Legislature of Massachusetts, December 18, 1872. This resolution of censure was rescinded during the last month of his life.

FROM Europe Mr. Sumner returned late in the fall of 1872, much strengthened, but far from being well. At the opening of the session he reintroduced two measures, which, as he thought, should complete the record of his political life. One was his civil-rights bill, which had failed in the last Congress; and the other, a resolution providing that the names of the battles won over fellow-citizens in the war of the Rebellion should be removed from the regimental colors of the army, and from the army register.

* * * * *

This resolution called forth a new storm against him. It was denounced as an insult to the heroic soldiers of the Union, and a degradation of their victories and well-earned laurels.

Charles Sumner insult the soldiers who had spilled their blood in a war for human rights! Charles Sumner degrade victories, and deprecate laurels, won for the cause of universal freedom!—how strange an imputation!

Let the dead man have a hearing. This was his thought: No civilized nation, from the republics of

antiquity down to our days, ever thought it wise or patriotic to preserve in conspicuous and durable form the mementos of victories won over fellow-citizens in civil war. Why not? Because every citizen should feel himself with all others as the child of a common country, and not as a defeated foe. All civilized governments of our days have instinctively followed the same dictate of wisdom and patriotism.

The Irishman, when fighting for old England at Waterloo, was not to behold on the red cross floating above him the name of the Boyne. The Scotch Highlander, when standing in the trenches of Sebastopol, was not by the colors of his regiment to be reminded of Culloden. No French soldier at Austerlitz or Solferino had to read upon the tricolor any reminiscence of the Vendée.

* * * * *

No German regiment from Saxony or Hanover charging under the iron hail of Gravelot, was made to remember, by words written on a Prussian standard, that the black eagle had conquered them at Königgrätz.

* * * * *

Should the son of South Carolina, when at some future day defending the Republic against some foreign foe, be reminded, by an inscription on the colors floating over him, that under this flag the gun was fired that killed his father at Gettysburg?

Let the battle-flags of the brave volunteers, which they brought home from the war with the glorious record of their victories, be preserved intact as a

proud ornament of our state houses and armories, but let the colors of the army, under which the sons of all the States are to meet and mingle in common patriotism, speak of nothing but Union,—not a Union of conquerors and conquered, but a Union which is the mother of all, equally tender to all, knowing of nothing but equality, peace, and love among her children.

Do you want conspicuous mementos of your victories? They are written upon the dusky brow of every freeman who was once a slave; they are written on the gate-posts of a restored Union; and the most glorious of all will be written on the faces of a contented people, re-united in common national pride.

THE CHARIOT RACE.

By SOPHOCLES, a famous Greek Dramatist. B. 495 B.C.; d. 405 B.C.

From the "Electra," a tragedy, translated by Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

THEY took their stand where the appointed judges
Had cast their lots and ranged the rival cars.
Rang out the brazen trump! Away they bound!
Cheer the hot steeds and shake the slackened reins;
As with a body, the large space is filled
With the huge clangor of the rattling cars;
High whirl aloft the dust-clouds; blent together
Each presses each, and the lash rings, and loud
Snort the wild steeds, and from their fiery breath,

Along their manes, and down the circling wheels,
Scatter the flaking foam.

Orestes still,
Aye, as he swept around the perilous pillar
Last in the course, wheeled in the rushing axle,
The left rein curbed—that on the outer hand
Flung loose. So on erect the chariots rolled !
Sudden the Aenian's fierce and headlong steeds
Broke from the bit, and, as the seventh time now
The course was circled, on the Libyan car
Dashed their wild fronts : then order changed to ruin :
Car dashed on car : the wide Crissæan plain
Was, sea-like, strewn with wrecks : the Athenian saw,
Slackened his speed, and, wheeling round the marge,
Unscathed and skillful, in the midmost space,
Left the wild tumult of that tossing storm.
Behind, Orestes, hitherto the last,
Had kept back his coursers for the close ;
Now one sole rival left—on, on he flew,
And the sharp sound of the impelling scourge
Rang in the keen ears of the flying steeds.
He nears—he reaches—they are side by side ;
Now one—now th' other—by a length the victor.
The courses all are past—the wheels erect—
All safe—when, as the hurrying coursers round
The fatal pillar dashed, the wretched boy
Slackened the *left* rein. On the column's edge
Crashed the frail axle—headlong from the car,
Caught and all mesh'd within the reins, he fell ;
And, masterless, the mad steeds raged along !

Loud from that mighty multitude arose
A shriek—a shout ! But yesterday such deeds—
To-day such doom ! Now whirled upon the earth ;
Now his limbs dashed aloft, they dragged him—those
Wild horses—till, all gory, from the wheels
Released—and no man, not his nearest friends,
Could in that mangled corpse have traced Orestes.
They laid the body on the funeral pyre,
And while we speak, the Phocian strangers bear,
In a small, brazen, melancholy urn,
That handful of cold ashes, to which all
The grandeur of the beautiful have shrunk.
Within they bore him—in his father's land
To find that heritage—a tomb.

THE REVOLUTIONARY ALARM.

By GEORGE BANCROFT, Historian, Diplomatist. B. 1800, Massachusetts ; d. 1890.

From the "History of the United States."

DARKNESS closed upon the country and upon the town, but it was no night for sleep. Heralds on swift relays of horses transmitted the war message from hand to hand, till village repeated it to village, the sea to the backwoods, the plains to the highlands, and it was never suffered to droop till it had been borne North and South and East and West, throughout the land. It spread over the bays that receive the Saco and the Penobscot ; its loud reveille broke the rest of the trappers of New Hampshire, and, ringing like bugle notes from peak to peak, overleapt the Green Moun-

tains, swept onward to Montreal, and descended the ocean river till the responses were echoed from the cliffs at Quebec. The hills along the Hudson told to one another the tale. As the summons hurried to the South, it was one day at New York, in one more at Philadelphia, the next it lighted a watch-fire at Baltimore, then it waked an answer at Annapolis. Crossing the Potomac near Mt. Vernon, it was sent forward, without a halt, to Williamsburg. It traversed the Dismal Swamp to Nansemond, along the route of the first emigrants to North Carolina. It moved onward and still onward, through boundless groves of evergreen, to Newbern and to Wilmington.

"For God's sake forward it by night and day," wrote Cornelius Harnett, by the express which sped for Brunswick. Patriots of South Carolina caught up its tones at the border and despatched it to Charleston, and, through pines and palmettos and moss-clad live-oaks, farther to the South, till it resounded among the New England settlements beyond the Savannah. The Blue Ridge took up the voice and made it heard from one end to the other of the valley of Virginia. The Alleghanies, as they listened, opened their barriers that the "loud call" might pass through to the hardy riflemen on the Holston, the Watauga and the French Broad. Ever renewing its strength, powerful enough even to create a commonwealth, it breathed its inspiring word to the first settlers of Kentucky, so that hunters who made their halt in the valley of the Elkhorn commemorated the nineteenth day of April, 1776, by naming their encampment "Lexington."

With one impulse the Colonies sprung to arms ; with one spirit they pledged themselves to each other, "to be ready for the extreme event." With one heart the continent cried "Liberty or death ! "

THE SACREDNESS OF WORK.

By THOMAS CARLYLE, Historian, Philosopher, Essayist. B.
1795, Scotland ; d. 1881, England.

ALL true work is sacred ; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow ; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart ; which includes all Kepler's calculations, Newton's meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted heroism, martyrdoms—up to that "Agony of bloody sweat," which all men have called divine ! Oh brother, if this is not "worship," then, I say, the more pity for worship ; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered *under God's sky* !

Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil ? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother ; see thy fellow-workmen there, in God's Eternity ; surviving there, they alone surviving ; sacred Band of the Immortals, celestial Body-guard of the Empire of Mind. Even in the weak human memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods ; they alone surviving ; peopling the immeasured solitudes of Time ! To thee Heaven, though severe, is not unkind ; Heaven is kind—as a noble mother ; as that Spartan

mother, saying, while she gave her son his shield, "With it, my son, or upon it!" Thou, too, shalt return home, in honor to thy far-distant home, in honor; doubt it not—if in the battle thou keep thy shield.

FLODDEN FIELD.

By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Novelist, Poet. B. 1771, Scotland; d. 1832.

The battle of Flodden Field was fought in 1513 between the English, led by the Earl of Surrey, and the Scots under King James IV. After a desperate resistance, the Scots were defeated and the King and the flower of their nobility perished on the field.

"Scottish history presents no instance in which the national valor burned with a purer flame than in this." "Scarce a Scottish family of eminence," says Scott, "but had an ancestor killed at Flodden."

NOR martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne,
King James did rushing come.—

* * * * *

They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust,
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air:
Oh, life and death were in the shout,

Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.

* * * * *

Wide raged the battle on the plain ;
Spears shook, and falchions flash'd amain ;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;
Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.

* * * * *

But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volley hail'd,
In headlong charge their horse assail'd ;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep,

That fought around their King.

But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knight like whirlwinds go.
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,

Unbroken was the ring ;

The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,

The instant that he fell.

No thought was theirs of dastard flight ;
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight.

As fearlessly and well ;

Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded King.
Then skillful Surrey's sage commands

Led back from strife his shattered bands,
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foeman know ;
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low.
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swol'n and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless splash.
While many a broken band,
Disorder'd, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land :
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong :
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear.
And broken was her shield !

DEATH OF GARFIELD.

By JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE, Statesman, Author. B. 1830,
Pennsylvania.

President Garfield was shot and mortally wounded, July 2, 1881, at Washington, D.C., when just about to leave the city for an extended pleasure trip in New England. Early in September he was removed to Long Branch, New Jersey, where he died September 19, 1881.

The following is part of a memorial oration delivered in the halls of Congress, February 26, 1882.

SURELY, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him ; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully before him ; the next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interests, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death, and he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which stunned and dazed he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage he looked into his open grave. What blight

and ruin met his anguished eyes whose lips may tell. What brilliant broken plans ! What baffled high ambitions ! What sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendships ! What bitter rending of sweet household ties ! Behind him, a proud expectant nation ; a great host of sustaining friends ; a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full rich honors of her early toil and tears ; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his ; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's days of frolic ; the fair young daughter ; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care ; and in his heart the eager rejoicing power to meet all demands. Before him, desolation and darkness, and his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound and universal sympathy. Though masterful in his mortal weakness, enshrined in the prayers of a world, all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him in his suffering. He trod the winepress alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale

sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live, or die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. . . . Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

LORD CHATHAM AGAINST THE AMERICAN WAR.

By WILLIAM PITT, Earl of Chatham, Statesman, Orator. B. 1708. England ; d. 1778.

"Pitt entered Parliament at twenty-seven, and was the most eloquent and powerful opponent of the measures for subjugating America, from 1775 until 1778." He was promoted to the House of Lords, with the title Earl of Chatham, in 1766.

I CANNOT, my lords, I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation ; the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelope it ; and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation ? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them ? Measures, my

lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt !

* * * * *

The people, whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, have their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy—and ministers do not and dare not interpose with dignity or effect.

The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honors the British troops than I do ; I know their virtues and their valor ; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities ; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America.

You may swell every expense, and accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot ; your attempts will be forever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely ; for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your adversaries to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop remained in my country I never would lay down my arms ; no, never, never, never !

RIENZI TO THE ROMANS.

By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, Author. B. 1786, England ;
1. 1855.

The following is taken from the play of "Rienzi," (Cola di Rienzi, a Roman tribune, was born at Rome in 1313, and died in 1354,) and is founded upon a speech made by Rienzi in 1347, when he proposed, after the assassination of his brother by a Roman noble, a set of laws for the better government and protection of the common people at Rome.

I COME not here to talk. You know too well
The story of our thrall-dom. We are slaves !
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves ! He sets, and his last beams
Fall on a slave ; not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
To crimson glory and undying fame,—
But base, ignoble slaves ; slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages ;
Strong in some hundred spearmen ; only great
In that strange spell,—a name !

Each hour dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor,—there he stands,—
Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini ! because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian ! Be we men,

And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
 The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
 I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye,
 I had a brother once—a gracious boy,
 Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
 Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
 Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
 To the beloved disciple.

How I loved

That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
 Brother at once and son! He left my side,
 A summer bloom on his fair cheek; a smile
 Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour
 That pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
 The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
 For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves:

* * * * *

Yet this is Rome

That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
 Of beauty ruled the world! And we are Romans.
 Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
 Was greater than a king!

And once again,—

Hear me, ye walls that echoed to the tread
 Of either Brutus! Once again, I swear
 The eternal city shall be free.

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

By JOHN RUSKIN, Art Critic, Author. B. 1819, London.

Extract from "Modern Painters." During the seventeen years elapsing between the inception in 1842 and the completion of the work in 1860, Ruskin was industriously studying art at home, and for a long period in Venice.

THE death of Moses himself is more easily to be conceived, and had in it touching circumstances, as far as regards the influence of the external scene. For forty years Moses had not been alone. The care and burden of all the people, the weight of their woe, and guilt, and death, had been upon him continually. The multitude had been laid upon him as if he had conceived them ; their tears had been his meat night and day, until he had felt as if God had withdrawn his favor from him, and he had prayed that he might be slain, and not see his wretchedness. And now, at last, the command came, "Get thee up into the mountain." The weary hands that had been so long stayed up against the enemies of Israel, might lean again upon the shepherd's staff, and fold themselves for the shepherd's prayer—for the shepherd's slumber. Not strange to his feet, though forty years unknown, the roughness of the bare mountain-path, as he climbed from ledge to ledge of Abarim ; not strange to his aged eyes the scattered clusters of the mountain herbage, and the broken shadows of the cliffs, indented far across the silence of uninhabited ravines. It was not to imbitter the last hours of his life that God restored to him, for a day, the beloved solitudes he had lost ; and breathed the peace of the perpetual hills around

hlm, and cast the world in which he had labored and sinned far beneath his feet, in that mist of dying blue ;—all sin, all wandering soon to be forgotten for ever ; the Dead Sea laid waveless beneath him ; and beyond it, the fair hills of Judah, and the soft plains and banks of Jordan, purple in the evening light as the blood of redemption, and fading in their distant fullness into mysteries of promise and of love. There, with his unbated strength, his undimmed glance, lying down upon the utmost rocks, with angels waiting near to contend for the spoils of his spirit, he put off his earthly armor.

THE NOBLEST PUBLIC VIRTUE.

By HENRY CLAY, Statesman. B. 1777, Virginia ; removed to Kentucky in 1797 ; d. 1852.

One of the "Great Triumvirate" of American orators. Webster and Calhoun were the others.

THERE is a sort of courage, which, I frankly confess it, I do not possess,—a boldness to which I dare not aspire, a valor which I cannot covet. I cannot lay myself down in the way of the welfare and happiness of my country. That, I cannot,—I have not the courage to do. I cannot interpose the power with which I may be invested—a power conferred, not for my personal benefit, nor for my aggrandizement, but for my country's good—to check her onward march to greatness and glory. I have not courage enough. I am too cowardly for that. I would not, I dare not, in the exercise of such a threat, lie down, and place

my body across the path that leads my country to prosperity and happiness. This is a sort of courage widely different from that which a man may display in his private conduct and personal relations. Personal or private courage is totally distinct from that higher and nobler courage which prompts the patriot to offer himself a voluntary sacrifice to his country's good.

Apprehensions of the imputation of the want of firmness sometimes impel us to perform rash and inconsiderate acts. It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of the *want* of courage. But pride, vanity, egotism, so unamiable and offensive in private life, are vices which partake of the character of crimes, in the conduct of public affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions cannot see beyond the little, petty, contemptible circle of his own personal interests. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country, and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness, himself ! The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism which, soaring toward Heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transporting thought of the good and the glory of one's country, are never felt in his impenetrable bosom.

That patriotism which, catching its inspirations from the immortal God, and, leaving at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, groveling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of death itself,—that is public virtue ; that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues !

THE POND.

By DOCTOR JOHN BYROM, Poet. B. 1691, England; d. 1763

ONCE on a time, a certain man was found,
 That had a pond of water in his ground ;
 A fine large pond of water fresh and clear,
 Enough to serve his turn for many a year.
 Yet so it was—a strange, unhappy dread
 Of wanting water seized the fellow's head :
 When he was dry, he was afraid to drink
 Too much at once, for fear his pond should sink.

* * * * *

Upon his pond continually intent,
 In cares and pains his anxious life he spent ;
 Consuming all his time and strength away,
 To make his pond rise higher every day :
 He worked and slaved, and—Oh ! how slow it fills !
 Poured in by pailfuls, and took out by gills.

* * * * *

If some poor neighbor craved to slake his thirst,
 What ! rob my pond ! I'll see the rogue hanged
 first.

A burning shame, these vermin of the poor
 Should creep unpunished thus about my door !

* * * * *

Then all the birds that fly along the air
 Light at my pond, and come in for a share ;
 Item, at every puff of wind that blows,
 Away at once the surface of it goes ;
 The rest in exhalation to the sun—
 One month's fair weather—and I am undone."

This life he led for many a year together,
Grew old and gray in watching of the weather;
Meagre as Death itself, till this same Death
Stopped, as the saying is, his vital breath;
For as the old man was carrying to his field
A heavier burden than he well could wield,
He missed his footing, or somehow he fumbled
In tumbling of it in—but in he tumbled;
Mighty desirous to get out again,
He screamed and scrambled, but 'twas all in vain;
The place was grown so very deep and wide,
Nor bottom of it could he feel, nor side;
And so—i' the middle of his pond—he died.

* * * * *

The choicest ills, the greatest torments, sure
Are those, which numbers *labor* to endure.
“What! for a pond?” Why, call it an estate:
You change the name, but realize the fate.

THE VICTORIES OF PEACE.

BY CHARLES SUMNER, Statesman, Orator. B. 1811, Massachusetts; d. 1874, Washington, D. C.

This brief extract is selected from the oration, “The True Grandeur of Nations,” delivered on the Fourth of July, 1845, in Tremont Temple, Boston.

THE true greatness of a nation cannot be in triumphs of the intellect alone. Literature and art may widen the sphere of its influence; they may adorn it; but they are in their nature but accessories. The true grandeur of humanity is in its moral elevation,

sustained, enlightened, and decorated by the intellect of man.

* * * * *

But war crushes with bloody heel all justice, all happiness, all that is godlike in man. True, it cannot be disguised that there are passages in its dreary annals cheered by deeds of generosity and sacrifice. But the virtues which shed their charm over its horrors are all borrowed of Peace; they are emanations of the spirit of love, which is so strong in the heart of man that it survives the rudest assaults. The flowers of gentleness, of kindness, of fidelity, of humanity, which flourish in unregarded luxuriance in the rich meadows of Peace, receive unwonted admiration when we discern them in war,—like violets shedding their perfume on the perilous edge of the precipice, beyond the smiling borders of civilization. God be praised for all the examples of magnanimous virtue which he has vouchsafed to mankind! God be praised that Sidney, on the field of battle, gave with dying hand the cup of cold water to the dying soldier! That single act of self-forgetful sacrifice has consecrated the fenny field of Zutphen far, far beyond its battle; it has consecrated thy name, gallant Sidney, beyond any feat of thy sword, beyond any triumph of thy pen! But there are hands outstretched elsewhere than on fields of blood for so little as a cup of cold water. The world is full of opportunities for deeds of kindness. Let me not be told, then, of the virtues of war.

As the hunter traces the wild beast, when pursued

to his lair by the drops of blood on the earth, so we follow man, faint, weary, staggering with wounds, through the Black Forest of the past, which he has reddened with his gore. Oh, let it not be in the future ages as in those which we now contemplate. Let the grandeur of man be discerned in the blessings which he has secured, in the good he has accomplished, in the triumphs of benevolence and justice, in the establishment of perpetual peace !

IRISH ALIENS AND ENGLISH VICTORIES.

By RICHARD LALOR SHEIL, Orator, Patriot. B. 1794, Ireland ; d. 1851, Italy.

THERE is one man, of great abilities,—not a member of this House, but whose talents and whose boldness have placed him in the topmost place in his party,—who, disdaining all imposture, and thinking it the best course to appeal directly to the religious and national antipathies of the people of this country, distinctly and audaciously tells the Irish people that they are not entitled to the same privileges as Englishmen ; and pronounces them to be aliens in race, to be aliens in country, to be aliens in religion ! Aliens ! was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords,—and did he not start up and exclaim, “ Hold ! I have seen the aliens do their duty ! ” I cannot help thinking that, when he heard his Roman Catholic countrymen (for we are his countrymen) designated by a phrase as offensive as the abundant

vocabulary of his eloquent confederate could supply,—I cannot help thinking that he ought to have recollected the many fields of fight in which we have been contributors to his renown. “The battles, sieges, fortunes, that he has passed,” ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable,—from Assaye to Waterloo,—the Irish soldiers with whom your armies are filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valor climbed the steeps and filled the moats at Badajos? Tell me,—for you were there—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me, Sir Henry Hardinge, from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast;—tell me,—for you must needs remember,—on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, while death fell in showers, when the artillery of France was leveled with a precision of the most deadly science,—when her legions, incited by the voice and inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset,—tell me if, for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the “aliens” blenched? And when, at length, the moment for the last and decisive

movement had arrived, and the valor which had so long been wisely checked was, at last, let loose,—when, with words familiar but immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault,—tell me if Catholic Ireland with less heroic valor than the natives of this your own glorious country precipitated herself upon the foe ? The blood of England, Scotland, and of Ireland, flowed in the same stream, and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together ;—in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited ; the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust ; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate ; and shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out ?

WARREN'S ADDRESS.

By JOHN PIERPONT, Poet, Clergyman. B. 1785, Connecticut ; d. 1866.

STAND ! the ground's your own, my braves !
Will ye give it up to slaves ?
Will ye look for greener graves ?
 Hope ye mercy still ?
What's the mercy despots feel ?
Hear it in that battle-peal !
Read it on yon bristling steel !
 Ask it,—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire ?
 Will ye to your homes retire ?
 Look behind you !—they're afire !

And, before you, see
 Who have done it ! From the vale
 On they come !—and will ye quail ?
 Leaden rain and iron hail
 Let their welcome be !

In the God of battles trust !
 Die we may,—and die we must ;
 But, O, where can dust to dust
 Be consigned so well,
 As where heaven its dews shall shed
 On the martyred patriot's bed,
 And the rocks shall raise their head,
 Of his deeds to tell.

WHEN DE CO'N PONE'S HOT.

By PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR, Poet. B. 1872.

DEV is times in life when Nature
 Seems to slip a cog an' go,
 Jes a-rattlin' down creation,
 Lak an ocean's overflow;
 When de worl' jes stahts a-spinnin'
 Lak a picaninny's top,
 An' yo' cup o' joy is brimmin'
 Twell it seems about to slop.
 An' you feel jes' lak a racah
 Dat is trainin' fu' to trot —

When yo' mammy ses de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

When you set down at de table,
Kin' o' weary lak an' sad,
An' you'se jes' a little tiahed,
An' perhaps a little mad,
How yo' gloom tu'ns into gladness,
How yo' joy drives out de doubt,
When de oven do' is opened
An' de smell comes po'in' out.

Why, de 'lectric light o' Heaven
Seems to settle on de spot —
When yo' mammy ses de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

When de cabbage pot is steamin'
An' de bacon's good an' fat,
When de chittlin's is a sputter'n'
So's to show you whah dey's at,
Take away yo's sody biscuit,
Take away yo' cake an' pie,
Fu' de glory time is comin',
An' it's 'proaching very nigh ;
An' you want to jump an' hollah,
Do' you know you'd bettah not —
When yo' mammy ses de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

I have heerd o' lots o' sermons,
An' I've heerd o' lots o' prayers,
An' I've listened to some singin'
Dat has tuk me up de stairs
Of de Glory-Lan' an' set me
Jes' below de Mahster's th'one,

An' have lef' my hawt a-singin'
In a happy aftah tone,
But dem wu'ds so sweetly murmured
Seem to tech de softes' spot,
When my mammy ses de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

THE ROYALTY OF VIRTUE.

By HENRY CODMAN POTTER, Clergyman, Author. B. 1835,
New York.

From an address delivered in St. Paul's Church, New York City,
April 30, 1889, at special services commemorative of Washington's attendance upon Divine Service in that church one hundred years before, on the morning of his inauguration as first President of the United States.

A GENERATION which vaunts its descent from the founders of the Republic seems largely to be in danger of forgetting their pre-eminent distinction. They were few in numbers, they were poor in worldly possessions—the sum of the fortune of the richest of them would afford a fine theme for the scorn of the plutocrat of to-day; but they had an invincible confidence in the truth of those principles in which the foundations of the Republic had been laid, and they had an unselfish purpose to maintain them. There is an element of infinite sadness in the effort which we are making to-day. Ransacking the annals of our fathers, as we have been doing for the last few months, a busy and well meaning assiduity would fain reproduce the scene, the scenery, the situation, of a hundred years ago! Vain and impotent endeavor!

It is as though out of the lineaments of living men

we would fain reproduce another Washington. We may disinter the vanished draperies, we may revive the stately minuet, we may rehabilitate the old scenes, but the march of a century cannot be halted or reversed, and the enormous change in the situation can neither be disguised nor ignored.

As we turn the pages backward, and come upon the story of that 30th of April in the year of our Lord 1789, there is a certain stateliness in the air, a certain ceremoniousness in the manners, which we have banished long ago.

We have exchanged the Washingtonian dignity for the Jeffersonian simplicity, which was, in truth, only another name for the Jacksonian vulgarity. And what have we gotten in exchange for it? In the elder States and dynasties they had the trappings of royalty; and the pomp and splendor of the King's person to fill men's hearts with loyalty. Well, we have dispensed with the old titular dignities. Let us take care that we do not part with that tremendous force for which they stood! If there be not titular royalty, all the more need is there for personal royalty. If there be no nobility of descent, all the more indispensable is it that there should be nobility of ascent—a character in them that bear rule, so fine and high and pure, that as men come within the circle of its influence, they involuntarily pay homage to that which is the one pre-eminent distinction, the Royalty of Virtue.

And it was that, men and brethren, which, as we turn to-day and look at him who, as on this morning

just an hundred years ago, became the servant of the Republic in becoming the Chief Ruler of its people, we must needs own, conferred upon him his divine right to rule. The traits which in him shone pre-eminent as our own Irving has described them, were firmness, sagacity, an immovable justice, a courage that never faltered, and most of all a truth that disdained all artifice. These are characteristics in her leaders of which the nation was never in more dire need than now.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

By FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, Poet. B. 1790, Connecticut ; d. 1867.

Marco Bozzaris, a Greek patriot, was born 1788, at Suli. He fell in an attack upon the van of a Turkish army, 4000 strong, while leading his devoted Suliotes, 350 in number, August, 1823.

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.

In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror ;

In dreams, his song of triumph heard ;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring ;
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king :
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden-bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,

True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.

There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Platæa's day :

And now there breathed that haunted air,
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke ;
That bright dream was his last :
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
“To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek !”
He woke—to die mid flame and smoke,
And shout and groan, and saber-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud ;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band :
“ Strike !—till the last armed foe expires ;
Strike !—for your altars and your fires ;
Strike !—for the green graves of your sires ;
God—and your native land ! ”

They fought—like brave men, long and well ;
They piled the ground with Moslem slain ;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud—“ hurrah,”
And the red field was won :

Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Bozzaris ! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh ;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICA.

By DANIEL WEBSTER, Jurist, Statesman, Orator. B. 1782,
New Hampshire; d. 1852, Massachusetts.

Extract from an oration delivered at Plymouth, Mass., Dec. 22,
1820, on the two-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the
Pilgrims.

THE hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occasion will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity, they exist only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here, a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their

descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country during the lapse of a century. We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate and partake of the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New England's advancement. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas. We would leave for the consideration of those who shall then occupy our places, some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation ; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and ardent desire to promote everything which may enlarge the understandings, and improve the hearts of men. And when, from the long distance of a hundred years, they shall look back upon us, they shall know, at least, that we possessed affections, which, running backward and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutation, ere yet they have arrived on the shores of being.

Advance, then, ye future generations ! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence, where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our human duration. We bid you wel-

come to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government, and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science, and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting truth.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

ANONYMOUS.

SHE stood at the bar of justice,
A creature wan and wild,
In form too small for a woman,
In features too old for a child,
For a look so worn and pathetic
Was stamped on her pale young face,
It seemed long years of suffering
Must have left that silent trace.

“ Your name ? ” said the judge, as he eyed her
With kindly look yet keen,
“ Is Mary McGuire, if you please, sir.”
“ And your age ? ”—“ I am turned fifteen.”
“ Well, Mary,” and then from a paper
He slowly and gravely read,

“ You are charged here—I’m sorry to say it—
With stealing three loaves of bread.”

“ You look not like an offender,
And I hope that you can show
The charge to be false. Now, tell me,
Are you guilty of this, or no ?”
A passionate burst of weeping
Was at first her sole reply,
But she dried her eyes in a moment,
And looked in the judge’s eye.

“ I will tell you just how it was, sir :
My father and mother are dead,
And my little brother and sisters
Were hungry, and asked me for bread.
At first I earned it for them
By working hard all day,
But somehow times were bad, sir,
And the work all fell away.

“ I could get no more employment ;
The weather was bitter cold,
The young ones cried and shivered—
(Little Johnny’s but four years old) :—
So what was I to do, sir ?
I am guilty, but do not condemn :
I took—oh, was it stealing ?—
The bread to give to them.”

Every man in the court-room—
Gray beard and thoughtless youth—

Knew, as he looked upon her,
That the prisoner spake the truth ;
Out from their pockets came kerchiefs,
Out from their eyes sprang tears,
And out from old faded wallets
Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study—
The strangest you ever saw,
As he cleared his throat and murmured
Something about—the law.
For one so learned in such matters,
So wise in dealing with men,
He seemed, on a simple question,
Surely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered,
When at last these words they heard :
“ The sentence of this young prisoner
Is, for the present, deferred.”
And no one blamed him or wondered,
When he went to her and smiled,
And tenderly led from the court-room
Himself the “ guilty ” child.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

By WENDELL PHILLIPS, Orator. B. 1811, Massachusetts ; d. 1884.

Toussaint L'Ouverture (François Dominique Toussaint) was born in St. Domingo in 1743, and died in Paris, France, in 1803

IF I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no lan-

guage rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you of Washington, I should take it from your hearts, you who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his Country. But I am to tell you the story of a negro who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who despised him because he was a negro and a slave, hated him because he had beaten them in battle.

Napoleon at the age of twenty-seven was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty. This man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his army out of what? Out of Englishmen, the best blood in Europe. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen, their equals. This man manufactured his own army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed mass he forged a thunderbolt, and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier. Cromwell was only a soldier, his fame stops there. Not

one line in the statute-book of Britain can be traced to Cromwell; not one step in the social life of England finds its motive-power in his brain. The state he founded went down with him to its grave. But this man no sooner put his hand on the helm of state, than the ship steadied with an upright keel, and he began to evince a statemanship as marvelous as his military genius. In 1800, this negro made a proclamation; it runs thus: "Sons of St. Domingo, come home. We never meant to take your houses or your lands. The negro only asked that liberty that God gave him. Your houses wait for you, your lands are ready, come and cultivate them." And from Madrid and Paris, from Baltimore and New Orleans, the emigrant planters crowded home to enjoy their estates, under the pledged word of a victorious slave.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. "No retaliation," was the great motto and rule of his life. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire, rather than permit the slave trade in the humblest village in his dominions. You think me a fanatic, for you read history not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But when Truth gets a hearing, the muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, and John Brown the ripe fruit of

our noonday ; then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr,—Toussaint L'Ouverture. .

NATIONS AND HUMANITY.

By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, Author, Orator, Lecturer, Editor.
B. 1824. Rhode Island ; lives in New York.

IT was not his olive valleys and orange groves which made the Greece of the Greek ; it was not for his apple orchards or potato fields that the farmer of New England and New York left his plough in the furrow and marched to Bunker Hill, to Bennington, to Saratoga. A man's country is not a certain area of land, but it is a principle ; and patriotism is loyalty to that principle. The secret sanctification of the soil and symbol of a country is the idea which they represent ; and this idea the patriot worships through the name and the symbol.

So with passionate heroism, of which tradition is never weary of tenderly telling, Arnold von Winkelreid gathers into his bosom the sheaf of foreign spears. So, Nathan Hale, disdaining no service that duty demands, perishes untimely with no other friend than God and the satisfied sense of duty. So, through all history from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs has fought fiercely, and fallen bravely, for that unseen mistress, their country.

. History shows us that the association of men in various nations is made subservient to the gradual advance of the whole human race ; and that all na-

tions work together towards one grand result. So, to the philosophic eye, the race is but a vast caravan forever moving, but seeming often to encamp for centuries at some green oasis of ease, where luxury lures away heroism, as soft Capua enervated the hosts of Hannibal.

But still the march proceeds, slowly, slowly, over mountains, through valleys, along plains, marking its course with monumental splendors, with wars, plagues, crime, advancing still, decorated with all the pomp of nature, lit by the constellations, cheered by the future, warned by the past. In that vast march, the van forgets the rear; the individual is lost; and yet the multitude is but many individuals. He faints, and falls, and dies; man is forgotten; but still mankind move on, still worlds revolve, and the will of God is done in earth and heaven.

We of America, with our soil sanctified and our symbol glorified by the great ideas of liberty and religion,—love of freedom and love of God,—are in the foremost vanguard of this great caravan of humanity. To us the nations look, and learn to hope, while they rejoice. Our heritage is all the love and heroism of liberty in the past; and all the great of the “Old World” are our teachers.

And so with our individual hearts strong in love for our principles, shall the nation leave to coming generations a heritage of freedom, and law, and religion, and truth, more glorious than the world has known before; and our American banner be planted first and highest on heights as yet unwon in the great march of humanity.

THE LOST COLORS.

By MARY A. BARR, Author.

'TWAS on the Crimea's dreary plain,
When England fought the Russian power ;
A regiment 'mid fiery rain,
Forgot in some tremendous hour
To keep their honor fair and bright,
But ere the victory was won,
Smitten with pallid coward fright,
The post of duty left, and run.

Next morn they keenly felt their shame ;
With drooping heads upon parade,
They heard the stern, cold words of blame
That robbed each soldier of his grade :
" You have disgraced the flag you bore,
And stain'd what once was fair and bright;
Your hands shall never bear it more—
Without your colors you must fight."

For many weeks they had their shame,
Of freezing watch and fiery strife :
Their punishment was hard to bear ;
A constant shame outwearies life.
With contrite words they asked again
The colors that should o'er them wave.
And vowed " to keep them free from stain.
The colors of the True and Brave."

The General said, " It may be so,
Yon hill with men and cannon black

Must be retaken ;—they who go
To do that work must not turn back,
But"—(pointing to the topmost peak
Where Russian flags were flying fair)
“ This is the hopeful word I speak,
Your colors, soldiers, are up there.”

Each sought his captain’s kindling eye,
Then in a moment turn’d about ;
They meant to take the hill, or die,
As up they went with ringing shout.
And the great army, watching, saw
The victory, not too dearly bought,
When on the very topmost tower,
The humbled colors proudly float.

FREEDOM OR SLAVERY.

PATRICK HENRY, Statesman, Orator. Twice governor of Virginia. B. 1736, Virginia ; d. 1799.

Extract from a speech delivered in the Assembly of Virginia at Richmond, March, 1775. “ The eloquent words of Henry aroused the doubtful and hesitating Assembly to action, and ‘ Give me liberty, or give me death ! ’ became the war-cry of the people against British oppression.”

I HAVE but one lamp by which my feet are guided ; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house ?

Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last argument to which kings resort. I ask, gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain an enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything *new* to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done,

to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned ; we have remonstrated ; we have supplicated ; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted ; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult ; our supplications have been disregarded ; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne ! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight ! I repeat it, sir, we must fight ! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us !

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By EMILIO CASTELAR, Statesman, Orator. B. 1832, Spain.

THE past century has not, the century to come will not have, a figure so grand, as that of Abraham Lincoln, because as evil disappears so disappears heroism also.

I have often contemplated and described his life. Born in a cabin of Kentucky, of parents who could

hardly read; born a new Moses in the solitude of the desert, where are forged all great and obstinate thoughts, monotonous like the desert, and growing up among those primeval forests, which, with their fragrance, send a cloud of incense, and, with their murmurs, a cloud of prayers to heaven; a boatman at eight years in the impetuous current of the Ohio, and at seventeen in the vast and tranquil waters of the Mississippi; later, a woodman, with axe and arm felling the immemorial trees, to open a way to unexplored regions for his tribe of wandering workers; reading no other book than the Bible, the book of great sorrows and great hopes, dictated often by prophets to the sound of fetters they dragged through Nineveh and Babylon; a child of Nature; in a word, by one of those miracles only comprehensible among free peoples, he fought for the country, and was raised by his fellow-citizens to the Congress at Washington, and by the nation to the Presidency of the Republic; and when the evil grew more virulent, when those States were dissolved, when the slave-holders uttered their war-cry and the slaves their groans of despair, humblest of the humble before his conscience, greatest of the great before history, ascends the Capitol, the greatest moral height of our time, and strong and serene with his conscience and his thought; before him a veteran army, hostile Europe behind him, England favoring the South, France encouraging reaction in Mexico, in his hands the riven country; he arms two millions of men, gathers half a million of horses, sends his artillery twelve hundred miles in a week, from

the banks of the Potomac to the shores of the Tennessee ; fights more than six hundred battles ; renews before Richmond the deeds of Alexander, of Cæsar ; and, after having emancipated three million of slaves, that nothing might be wanting, he dies in the very moment of victory—like Christ, like Socrates, like all redeemers, at the foot of his work. His work ! sublime achievement ! over which humanity shall eternally shed its tears, and God his benedictions !

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

By KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD, Poet. B. 1843, Maine.

OUT of the clover and blue-eyed grass,
He turned them into the river-lane ;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace ;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy ! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go ;
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp,—

Across the clover and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bats flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom ;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain ;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm,
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late ;
He went for the cows when the work was done ;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming, one by one,—

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind,
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind ?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue ;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew ;—

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again ;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes ;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb,
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

THE VICTOR OF MARENGO.

ANONYMOUS.

NAPOLEON was sitting in his tent. Before him lay the map of Italy. He took four pins, stuck them up, measured, moved the pins, and measured again. "Now," said he, "that is right. I will capture him there." "Who sire?" said an officer. "Melas, the old fox of Austria. He will return from Genoa, pass through Turin, and fall back on Alexandria. I will cross the Po, meet him on the plains of La Servia, and conquer him there." And the finger of the child of destiny pointed to Marengo. But God thwarted Napoleon's schemes, and the well-planned victory of Napoleon became a terrible defeat.

Just as the day was lost Desaix came sweeping across the field at the head of his cavalry, and halted near the eminence where stood Napoleon. In the corps was a drummer boy, a gamin, whom Desaix had picked up in the streets of Paris, and who had followed the victorious eagles of France in the campaigns of Egypt and Austria.

As the column halted, Napoleon shouted to him : "Beat a retreat!" The boy did not stir. "Gamin,

beat a retreat!" The boy grasped his drumsticks, stepped forward, and said: "O sire, I don't know how. Desaix never taught me that. But I can beat a charge. Oh! I can beat a charge that would make the dead fall in line. I beat that charge at the Pyramids once, and I beat it at Mt. Tabor, and I beat it again at the Bridge of Lodi, and, oh! may I beat it here?"

Napoleon turned to Desaix: "We are beaten; what shall we do?" "Do? Beat them! There is time to win a victory yet. Up! gamin, the charge! Beat the old charge of Mt. Tabor and Lodi!" A moment later the corps, following the sword gleam of Desaix, and keeping step to the furious roll of the gamin's drum, swept down on the host of Austria. They drove the first line back on the second, the second back on the third, and there they died. Desaix fell at the first volley, but the line never faltered. As the smoke cleared away, the gamin was seen in front of the line, still beating the furious charge, as over the dead and wounded, over the breastworks and ditches, over the cannon and rear-guard, he led the way to victory.

To-day men point to Marengo with wonderment. They laud the power and foresight that so skillfully planned the battle; but they forget that Napoleon failed, and that a gamin of Paris put to shame the child of destiny.

THE PURITAN AND THE PILGRIM.

By GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR, Statesman, Jurist, Senator of the United States. B. 1826, Massachusetts.

An extract from an address delivered at Charleston, South Carolina, December 22, 1898.

"THE Pilgrim of Plymouth has a character in history distinct from any other. He was gentle, peaceful, tolerant, gracious. His little State existed for seventy-two years, when it was blended with the Puritan Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He enacted the mildest code of laws on the face of the earth. He treated the Indian with justice and good faith.

"The Pilgrim was a model and an example of a beautiful, simple and stately courtesy. John Robinson, and Bradford, and Brewster, and Carver, and Winslow differ as much from the dark and haughty Endicott or the bigoted Cotton Mather as in the English Church Jeremy Taylor and George Herbert and Donne and Vaughn differ from Laud or Bonner or Bancroft.

"The children of the Puritan are not ashamed of him. The Puritan as a distinct, vital and predominant power lived less than a century in England. He appeared early in the reign of Elizabeth, who came to the throne in 1558, and departed at the restoration of Charles II. in 1660. But in that brief period he was the preserver, aye, he was the creator of English freedom. By the confession of the historians who most dislike him it is due to him that there is an English Constitution.

"He created the modern House of Commons. That House when he took his seat in it was the feeble and timid instrument of despotism. When he left it, it was what it has ever since been — the strongest, freest, most venerable legislative body the world has ever seen.

"In that brief but crowded century, he made the name of Englishman the highest title of honor upon the earth.

"And so, when a son of the Puritans comes to the South, when he visits the home of the Rutledges and the Pinckneys and of John C. Calhoun, if there be any relationship in heroism, or among the lovers of constitutional liberty, he feels that he can 'claim kindred there and have the claim allowed.'

"The Puritan differs from the Pilgrim as the Hebrew prophet from St. John. You will find him wherever men are sacrificing life, or the delights of life, on the altar of duty.

"But the Pilgrim is of a gentler and a lovelier nature. He, too, if Duty or Honor call, is ready for the supreme sacrifice. But his weapon is love and not hate. His spirit is the spirit of John, the beloved Disciple, the spirit of Grace, Mercy and Peace. His memory is as sweet and fragrant as the perfume of the little flower which gave its name to the ship which brought him over."

THE HERO OF THE GUN.

By MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON, Poet. B. 1838, Virginia.

THE Captain galloped to the front,
The foam upon his rein ;
And, as he urged his swerving steed
Across a pile of slain,

He hailed the gunner at his post :
"Ho, Fergus ! pour your shell

Straight in the face of yon stout line
That holds the height so well,

“ And never slack your raking fire—
No, not to cool your gun ;
For if we break those stubborn ranks,
I think the day is won.”

The gunner wiped his smoke-dimmed face—
“ I’ll do the best I can,
And down—brave fellows though they be—
We’ll bring them to a man ! ”

“ I’ll trust you for it ! ”—Like a flash
The Captain turned and wheeled,
And with his sword above his head
Dashed backward to the field.

Fierce belched the cannon’s ceaseless fire,
With deadly crash and din ;
And, though the line still held the height,
Its ranks began to thin.

“ Two rounds—and we will clear the hill ! ”
But, as the gunner spoke,
A sudden overwhelming storm
Of bullets o’er him broke.

And when the smoke had lifted, there
Still straining all his powers,
They heard him shout : “ Two shots, my boys,
And then the day is ours ! ”

“ No matter if one arm be gone,
I keep the other still ;

I promised I would do my best,
And so, you'll see, I will !

“ Let me make trial while my strength
Can do the duty set ;
I tell you that this strong left hand
Is good for service yet ! ”

They primed the piece, and twice he sent,
With all too deadly aim,
The shells that mowed the broken line,
And swept the hill with flame.

“ Where's Fergus ? ”—and the Captain's horse
Came spurring into sight—
“ Where's Fergus ? let him take my thanks,
His fire has won the fight ! ”

The dying gunner raised his head,
His lips were faintly stirred—
“ Captain, I said I'd do my best—
And—I have kept my word ! ”

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

By EDWARD JOHN PHELPS, Jurist, Minister to England. B.
1822, Vermont.

John Marshall was born in Virginia in 1755, and died in Philadelphia, 1835. He was a renowned jurist, and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States from 1801 until his death.

IF Marshall had been only what I suppose all the world admits he was, a great lawyer and a very great judge, his life, after all, might have had no

greater historical significance, in the strict sense of the term, than the lives of many other illustrious Americans, who in their day and generation have served and adorned their country.

But it is not, in my judgment, as a great judge merely, or in comparison with other great judges, that Chief Justice Marshall will have his place in ultimate history. The test of historical greatness—the sort of greatness that becomes important in future history—is not great ability merely. It is great ability combined with great opportunity, greatly employed. The question will be, how much a man did to shape the course of human affairs, or to mould the character of human thought. Did he make history, or did he only accompany and embellish it? Did he shape destiny, or was he carried along by destiny? These are the inquiries that posterity will address to every name that challenges permanent admiration, or seeks a place in final history. Now it is precisely in that point of view, as it appears to me, that adequate justice has not yet been done to Chief Justice Marshall. He has been estimated as the lawyer and the judge, without proper consideration of how much more he accomplished, and how much more is due to him from his country and the world, than can ever be due to any mere lawyer or judge. The assertion may perhaps be regarded as a strong one, but I believe it will bear the test of reflection, and certainly the test of reading in American history, that practically speaking we are indebted to Chief Justice Marshall for the American Constitution. I do not mean the author-

ship of it, or the adoption of it, although in that he had a considerable share, but for that practical construction, that wise and far-seeing administration, which raised it from a doubtful experiment, adopted with great hesitation and likely to be readily abandoned if its practical working had not been successful, raised it, I say, from a doubtful experiment, to a harmonious, a permanent and a beneficent system of government, sustained by the judgment, and established in the affection of the people. He was not the commentator upon American constitutional law ; he was not the expounder of it ; he was the author, the creator of it.

The future Hallam, who shall sit down with patient study to trace and elucidate the constitutional history of this country, to follow it from its origin, through its experimental period and its growth to its perfection, to pursue it from its cradle, not I trust to its grave, but rather to its immortality, will find it all, for its first half century, in those luminous judgments, in which Marshall, with an unanswerable logic, and a pen of light, laid before the world the conclusions of his court.

THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE REVOLUTION.

ANONYMOUS.

The Battle of Lexington was fought April 19, 1775.
A CENTURY ago, on sterile land
That sturdy souls had purchased with their blood,

A little, patient and determined band,
With rusty flint-locks at their shoulders, stood.

No word was spoken of bravado bold ;
No eye betokened reckless scorn of death ;
But fast-set lips and frowning faces told
That each would brave the worst with bated breath

A mother's blessing was on every son ;
A wife's hot tears as yet had hardly dried ;
While there they halted, daily tasks undone,
And British ball and bayonet defied.

Those were our fathers, faithful to the cause
Of continental liberty and right,
Not craven minions of despotic laws,
But farmer-soldiers steadfast for the fight.

The ground was taken by a martial tread ;
The red-coats proudly marched upon the plain ;
“ Disperse, ye rebels ! ” their commander said,
“ Throw down your arms and to your homes
again ! ”

Not a staunch patriot from his duty shrank,
Not a knee trembled at the ringing shot,
As Lexington's green sod the warm blood drank
Of men whose memory ne'er will be forgot.

A gun was fired—the first loved martyr fell—
His comrades' muskets quick a requiem rung,
Whose volleys echoed out a tyrant's knell,
While to the breeze the pine-tree flag was flung.

A nation on that day was newly born,
And England lost her best and brightest gem ;
Her royal robes were trampled on and torn,
And fair Columbia won a diadem.

ABSALOM'S VISION.

By JAMES ABRAHAM HILLHOUSE, Author. B. 1789, Connecticut; d. 1841.

METHOUGHT I stood again, at dead of night,
In that rich sepulcher, viewing alone
The wonders of the place. My wondering eyes
Rested upon the costly sarcophagus
Reared in the midst. I saw therein a form
Like David : not as he appears, but young
And ruddy. In his lovely tinctured cheek,
The vermil blood looked pure and fresh as life
In gentle slumber. On his blooming brow
Was bound the diadem. But while I gazed,
The phantasm vanished, and my father lay there,
As he is now, his head and beard in silver,
Sealed with the pale fixed impress of the tomb,
I knelt and wept. But, when I thought to kiss
My tears from off his reverend cheek, a voice
Cried, "Impious ! hold!" — and suddenly there stood
A dreadful and resplendent form before me,
Bearing the Tables of the Law.
It spake not, moved not, but still sternly pointed
To one command, which shone so fiercely bright,
It seared mine eyeballs. Presently I seemed
Transported to the desolate wild shore

Of Asphaltites, night, and storm, and fire,
Astounding me with horror. All alone
I wandered; but where'er I turned my eyes,
On the bleak rocks, or pitchy clouds, or closed them,
Flamed that command.

Then suddenly I sunk down, down, methought,
Ten thousand cubits, to a wide
And traveled way, walled to the firmament
On either side, and filled with hurrying nations;
Hurrying, or hurried by some spell
Toward a portentous (adamantine) gate,
Towering before us to the empyrean.
Beside it Abraham sat, in reverend years
And gracious majesty, snatching his seed
From its devouring jaws. When I approached,
He groaned forth, "Parricide!" and stretched no aid—
To me alone, of all his children. Then,
What flames, what howling fiery billows caught me
(Like the red ocean of consuming cities),
And shapes most horrid; all, methought, in crowns
Scorching as molten brass, and every eye
Bloodshot with agony, yet none had power
To tear them off. With frantic yells of joy,
They crowned me too, and with the pang, I woke.

ULTIMA VERITAS.

By WASHINGTON GLADDEN, Clergyman, Author. B. 1836,
Pennsylvania.

IN the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about

By the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt,—

When the anchors that faith had cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail :

I know that right is right ;
That it is not good to lie ;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy ;

I know that passion needs
The leash of a sober mind ;
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find ;

That the rulers must obey ;
That the givers shall increase ;
That duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of Peace ;--

In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt ;

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side ;

And that somewhere, beyond the stars,
Is a Love that is better than fate ;
When the night unlocks her bars
I shall see Him, and I will wait.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

By CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW, Lawyer, Orator, R. R.
President. B. 1834, N. Y.

Part of an oration delivered at the Reunion of the "Army of the Potomac" at Saratoga, N. Y., June 22, 1887. The name "Army of the Potomac" was applied to that portion of the Union forces which operated between Washington and Richmond during the Civil War.

To the Army of the Potomac belongs the unique distinction of being its own hero. It fought more battles and lost more in killed and wounded than all the others; it shed its blood like water to teach incompetent officers the art of war, and political tacticians the folly of their plans; but it was always the same invincible and undismayed Army of the Potomac. Loyal ever to its mission and to discipline, the only sound it gave in protest of the murderous folly of cabinets and generals was the crackling of the bones as cannon-balls ploughed through its decimated ranks. It suffered for four years under unparalleled abuse, and was encouraged by little praise, but never murmured.

* * * * *

At last this immortal army of Cromwellian descent, of Viking ancestry, and the blood of Brian Boru, had at its head a great captain who had never lost a battle

and whom President Lincoln had freed from political meddling and the interference of the civil authorities. Every morning for thirty days came the orders to storm the works in front, and every evening for thirty nights the survivors moved to the command, "By the left flank, forward, march," and at the end of that fateful month, with sixty thousand comrades dead or wounded in the Wilderness, the Army of the Potomac once more, after four years, saw the spires of Richmond. Inflexible of purpose, insensible to suffering, inured to fatigue, and reckless of danger, it rained blow on blow upon its heroic but staggering foe, and the world gained a new and better and freer and more enduring Republic than it had ever known, in the surrender at Appomattox.

When Lincoln and Grant and Sherman, firmly holding behind them the vengeful passions of the Civil War, put out their victorious arms to the South and said, "We are brethren," this generous and patriotic army joined in the glad acclaim and welcome with their fervent "Amen." Twenty-two years have come and gone since you marched down Pennsylvania Avenue past the people's representatives, to whom you and your Western comrades there committed the government you had saved and the liberties you had redeemed; past Americans from whose citizenship you had wiped with your blood the only stain, and made it the proudest of earthly titles. Call the roll. The names reverberate from earth to heaven. "All present or accounted for." Here the living answer for the dead, there the spirits of the dead answer for

the living. As God musters them out on earth, he enrolls them above, and as the Republic marches down the ages, accumulating power and splendor with each succeeding century, the van will be led by the Army of the Potomac.

JOHN WYCLIFFE AND THE BIBLE.

By RICHARD SALTER STORRS, Clergyman. B. 1821, Massachusetts ; lives in Brooklyn, New York.

Oration delivered December 2, 1880, in New York city at the Wycliffe Semi-Millennial Celebration, in commemoration of the first translation of the Bible into the English language by John Wycliffe.

THE principal earthly work of John Wycliffe, that which gave him his final and grand renown, was the gift to his country of the first English Bible.

How vast the impression produced by the version which thus burst into use, not on language only, but on life, in the whole sphere of moral, social, spiritual, even political experience, who shall declare ! To the England of his time, confused, darkened, with dim outlook over this world or the next, the Lutterworth Rector brought the superlative educational force. He opened before it, in the Bible, long avenues of history. He made it familiar with the most enchanting and quickening sketches of personal character ever pencilled. He carried it to distant lands and peoples, further than crusaders had gone with Richard, further than Alfred's messengers had wandered. The grandest poetry became its possession ; the sovereign law, on which the blaze of Sinai shone, or which

glowed with serener light of divinity from the Mount of Beatitudes. Inspired minds came out of the past—Moses, David, Isaiah, John, the man of Idumea, the man of Tarsus—to teach by this version the long-desiring English mind. It gave peasants the privilege of those who had heard Elijah's voice in the ivory palaces, of those who had seen the heaven opened by the river of Chebar, of those who had gathered before the “temples made with hands” which crowned the Acropolis. They looked into the faces of apostles and martyrs, of seers and kings, and walked with Abraham in the morning of time.

They stood face to face, amid these pages, with One higher than all ; and the kingliest life that ever lived on the earth became near and supreme to the souls which had known no temper in rank save that of disdain, no touch of power which did not oppress. Not only again, in lucid column, the pillar of fire marshalled God's hosts. Not only again were waters divided, and fountains made to gush from rocks. Angelic songs were heard once more, above the darkened earthly hills. Again, as aforetime, the Lord of Glory walked as a brother from Nazareth and from Bethany, strewing miracles in his path, yet leading the timid to the mount which burned with peaceful splendor, showing the penitent his cross, walking with mourners to the tomb. From the paradise of the past to the paradise above, the vast vision stretched ; and gates of pearl were brightly opened above the near and murky skies. The thoughts of men were carried up on the thoughts of God, then first articulate to them. The

lowly English roof was lifted, to take in heights beyond the stars. Creation, Providence, Redemption, appeared harmonious with each other, and luminous with eternal wisdom; a light streamed forward on the history of the world, a brighter light on the vast and immortal experience of the soul; the bands of darkness broke apart, and the universe was effulgent with the lustre of Christ!

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

By EDWARD ROWLAND SILL, Poet, Professor, Editor. B.
1841, Connecticut; d. 1887, Ohio.

THE royal feast was done ; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried : " Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer ! "

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before ;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool ;
His pleading voice arose : " O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool !

" No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool .
The rod must heal the sin : but Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool !

“ ‘Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
 Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay ;
‘Tis by our follies that so long
 We hold the earth from heaven away.

“ These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
 Go crushing blossoms without end ;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
 Among the heart-strings of a friend.

“ The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
 Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung ?
The word we had not sense to say—
 Who knows how grandly it had rung ?

“ Our faults no tenderness should ask,
 The chastening stripes must cleanse them all :
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
 Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.

“ Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
 Men crown the knave, and scourge the fool
That did his will ; but Thou, O Lord,
 Be merciful to me, a fool ! ”

The room was hushed ; in silence rose
 The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
 “ Be merciful to me, a fool ! ”

PALLADIUM.

By MATTHEW ARNOLD, Poet, Professor, Essayist. Critic. B.
1822, England ; d. 1889, England.

SET where the upper streams of Simois flow
Was the Palladium, high 'mid rock and wood ;
And Hector was in Ilium, far below,
And fought, and saw it not—but there it stood !

It stood, and sun and moonshine rain'd their light
On the pure columns of its glen-built hall.
Backward and forward roll'd the waves of fight
Round Troy—but while this stood, Troy could not fall.

So, in its lovely moonlight, lives the soul.
Mountains surround it, and sweet virgin air ;
Cold plashing, past it, crystal waters roll ;
We visit it by moments, ah, too rare !

We shall renew the battle in the plain
To-morrow ;—red with blood will Xanthus be ;
Hector and Ajax will be there again,
Helen will come upon the wall to see.

Then we shall rust in shade, or shine in strife,
And fluctuate 'twixt blind hopes and blind despairs,
And fancy that we put forth all our life,
And never know how with the soul it fares.

Still doth the soul, from its lone fastness high,
Upon our life a ruling effluence send.
And when it fails, fight as we will, we die ;
And while it lasts, we cannot wholly end.

THE INVISIBLE HEROES.

By HENRY WARD BEECHER, Clergyman, Orator, Author. B.
1813, Connecticut; d. 1887, Brooklyn.

How bright are the honors which await those who, with sacred fortitude and patriotic patience, have endured all things that they might save their nation from division, and from the power of corruption! The honored dead! They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death; their names are gathered and garnered; their memory is precious; each place grows proud for them who were born there. There is in every village, and in every neighborhood, a glowing pride in its martyred heroes; tablets preserve their names; pious love shall renew the inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements efface them. And the national festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips. Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations, whose elder brothers, dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead, that generous host, that army of invisible heroes! Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism? Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears; he was your son, but now he is the nation's; he made your household bright, now his

example inspires a thousand households ; dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother of every generous youth in the land ; before, he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you ; now he is augmented, set free, and given to all ; before, he was yours, now he is ours ; he has died to the family that he might live to the nation. Not one name shall be forgotten or neglected, and it shall by and by be confessed of our modern heroes, as it is of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.

O mother of lost children ! sit not in darkness nor sorrow over those whom a nation honors. O mourners of the early dead ! they shall live again, and live forever ; your sorrows are our gladness ; the nation lives because you gave it men that loved it better than their own lives. And when the nation shall sit in unsullied garments of liberty with justice upon her forehead, love in her eyes, and truth on her lips, she shall not forget those whose blood gave vital currents to her heart, and whose life given to her shall live with her life till time shall be no more. Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name, every river shall keep some solemn title, every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register, and, till the mountains are worn out and the rivers forget to flow, till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors, which are inscribed upon the book of national remembrance.

SCOTLAND.

By EDMUND FLAGG, Lawyer, Novelist. B. 1815, Maine.

SCOTLAND ! There is magic in the sound. Statesmen, scholars, divines, heroes, poets ! Do you want exemplars worthy of study and imitation ? Where will you find them brighter than in Scotland ? Where can you find them purer than in Scotland ? Here, no Solon, indulging imagination, has pictured the perfectibility of man ; no Lycurgus, viewing him through the medium of human frailty alone, has left for his government an iron code, graven on eternal adamant ; no Plato, dreaming in the luxurious gardens of the Academy, has fancied what he should be, and bequeathed a republic of love ; but sages, knowing his weakness, have appealed to his understanding, cherished his virtues, and chastised his vices.

Friends of learning ! would you do homage at the shrine of literature ? would you visit her clearest founts ? Go to Scotland ! Are you philosophers, seeking to explore the hidden mysteries of mind ? Bend to the genius of Stewart. Student, merchant, or mechanic ! do you seek usefulness ? Consult the pages of Black and of Adam Smith. Grave barrister ! would you know the law, the true, sole expression of the people's will ? There stands the mighty Mansfield.

Do we look for high examples of noble daring ? Where shall we find them brighter than in Scotland ? From the "bonny highland heather" of her lofty summits, to the modest lily of the vale, not a flower but has

blushed with patriot blood. From the proud foaming crest of the Solway, to the calm, polished breast of Loch Katrine, not a river, not a lake, but has swelled with the life tide of freedom. Would you witness greatness? Contemplate a Wallace and a Bruce. They fought not for honors, for party, for conquest; 'twas for their country and their country's good, religion, law, and liberty.

"NON OMNIS MORIAR."

By QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS, Satirist, Lyrist. B. 65 B.C.
Venusia; d. 8 B.C.

From the Third Book of Odes.

EXEGI monumentum aere perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius,
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series et fuga temporum.
Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam: usque ego postera
Crescam laude recens, dum Capitolium
Scandet cum tacita virgine pontifex.
Dicar, qua violens obstrepit Aufidus
Et qua pauper aquæ Daunus agrestium
Regnavit populorum, ex humili potens
Princeps Æolium carmen ad Italos
Deduxisse modos. Sume superbiam
Quæsitam meritis, et mihi Delphica
Lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam.

—*Liber III. Carmen XXX.*

CRISPIAN'S DAY.

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Poet. Dramatist, Theatre Manager, Actor. B. 1564, England ; d. 1616, at Stratford-upon-Avon.

The battle of Agincourt was won by Henry V. of England, on St. Crispin's Day, October 25, 1415. This victory was gained in spite of enormous odds in favor of the French.

Crispian, a saint and martyr, was put to death in the year 287. He was distinguished for his zeal in spreading Christianity and for his deeds of charity.

This extract is from "King Henry V."

WHAT'S he that wishes so ? [for one man more]
My cousin Westmoreland ?—No, my fair cousin :
If we are marked to die, we are enough
To do our country loss ; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honor.
God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold ;
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost ;
It yearns me not, if men my garments wear ;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires.
But, if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :
God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honor,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. Oh, do not wish one
more :
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he, who hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :

We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian :
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He, that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say to-morrow is Saint Crispian :
Then he will strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say, these wounds I had on Crispian's day.
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages,
What feats he did that day ! Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered :
This story shall the good man teach his son ;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered ;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers :
For he, to-day, that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition :
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accursed, they were not here :
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
That fought with us upon Saint Crispian's Day.

THE QUEEN OF FRANCE AND THE SPIRIT OF CHIVALRY.

By EDMUND BURKE, Statesman, Orator. B. 1729, Ireland; d. 1797, England.

The following extract is taken from "Reflections on the French Revolution," published in 1790.

Marie Antoinette, wife of Louis XVI., was put to death by order of the Revolutionary Tribunal, October 16, 1793.

IT is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles ; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she had just begun to move in, glittering like a morning star, full of life and splendor and joy.

Oh ! what a revolution ! and what a heart must I have to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation and that fall !

Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom ; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.

But the age of chivalry is gone, that of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded ; and the

glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone. It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

THE NECESSITY OF INDEPENDENCE.

By SAMUEL ADAMS, Statesman, Patriot. B. 1722, Massachusetts; d. 1803.

FROM the day on which an accommodation takes place between England and America, on any other terms than as independent States, I shall date the ruin of this country. A politic minister will study to lull us into security, by granting us the full extent of our petitions. The warm sunshine of influence would melt down the virtue which the violence of the storm rendered more firm and unyielding. In a state of tranquillity, wealth, and luxury, our descendants would forget the arts of war, and the noble activity and zeal which made their ancestors invincible. Every art of corruption would be employed to loosen the bond which renders our resistance formidable. When the spirit of liberty which now animates our hearts and

gives success to our arms becomes extinct, our numbers will accelerate our ruin, and render us easier victims of tyranny. Ye abandoned minions of an infatuated ministry, if peradventure any should yet remain among us!—remember that Warren and Montgomery are numbered among the dead. Contemplate the mangled bodies of your countrymen, and then say what should be the reward of such sacrifices. Bid us and our posterity bow the knee, supplicate the friendship, and plow, and sow, and reap, to glut the avarice of the men who have let loose on us the dogs of war to riot in our blood, and hunt us from the face of the earth. If ye love wealth better than liberty, the tranquillity of servitude than the animating contest of freedom—go from us in peace. We ask not your counsels or arms. Crouch down and lick the hands which feed you. May your chains set lightly upon you, and may posterity forget that ye were our countrymen.

THE TRENTON'S CHEER TO THE CAL- LIOPE.

ANONYMOUS.

On March 16, 1889, in the midst of a hurricane at Apia, a harbor of the Samoan Islands, a number of vessels were destroyed, among which was the United States man-of-war *Trenton*.

CONSIDER the scene and the matchless heroism and generosity of the Yankee crew. Almost sure of instant death themselves, they could see the Queen's ship at her utmost steam-pressure fighting, fathom by

fathom, her way to life and safety, could appreciate the gallantry of the effort, cheer the brave, handsome ship defying the hurricane, and, finally, see her glide past, overcoming the roll of the sea and the savage wind, with the generous pleasure of true mariners.

* * * * *

We do not know in all naval records any sound which makes a finer music upon the ear than that cheer of the *Trenton*'s men. It was distressed manhood greeting triumphant manhood, the doomed saluting the saved ; it was pluckier and more human than any cry ever raised upon the deck of a victorious line-of-battle-ship ; it never can be forgotten, and never must be forgotten by Englishmen speaking of Americans.

Sure we are that the echo of that noble "Huzza" must have made every man on board the *Calliope* long to lay hold of the *Trenton* and give her a "cast-out" at any cost beyond the dreadful reef. It was, however, all she could do to clear her American consort ; to have towed behind even a gig would have certainly lost the battle she was waging foot by foot against the hurricane. Her mighty engines, pressed to their utmost, saved her at last ; little by little she struggled out to the sea-gate, and, once free of the reef, a bit of headsail flung her bow to the wind, which soon aided the panting engines to drive her far away to seaward, out of all danger. But let landsmen realize how that success was won. Let them think of the stokers toiling in the tossing engine-room, urging the fierce furnaces ; of the engineers driving up the steam-

gauge, risking deadly explosion to save life and ship ; of the officers and crew on deck, hardly sure that the vessel stole forward an inch upon the reef, hardly able to see or speak or stand, but doing their duty perfectly to the Queen, and with breath and heart enough to answer that noble "God-speed" of the Yankee flagship.

* * * * *

Yet greater and more majestic than any hurricane, than any death or disaster, is once more proved to be the spirit of man, which, in a scene of such dreadful tumult of nature, where strong vessels were helpless as chips, and the stoutest skill was useless, could raise above the whirlwind that dauntless cheer to the *Calliope*, the expression of an immortal courage—a cry of such indomitable Anglo-Saxon pluck as to ring finer than any which has ever echoed under the flag of victory, or in the happiest hours of security and success.

THE BATTLE.

By JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER, Poet. B.
1759, Würtemberg ; d. 1805.
Translation by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

HEAVY and solemn,
A cloudy column,
Through the green plain they marching came !
Measureless spread, like a table dread,
For the wil' grim dice of the iron game.

Looks are bent on the shaking ground,
Hearts beat loud with a knelling sound ;
Swift by the breasts that must bear the brunt,
Gallops the major along the front ;—
“ Halt ! ”

And fettered they stand at the stark command,
And the warriors, silent, halt !

Proud in the blush of morning glowing,
What on the hill-top shines in flowing ?
“ See you the foeman’s banners waving ? ”
“ We see the foeman’s banners waving ! ”
“ God be with ye, children and wife ! ”
Hark to the music,—the trump and the fife,—
How they ring through the ranks, which they rouse to
the strife !
Thrilling they sound, with their glorious tone,—
Thrilling they go through the marrow and bone !
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o’er,
In the life to come that we meet once more !

See the smoke how the lightning is cleaving asunder !
Hark ! the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their
thunder !

From host to host, with kindling sound,
The shouting signal circles round ;
Ay, shout it forth to life or death,—
Freer already breathes the breath !
The war is waging, slaughter raging,
And heavy through the reeking pall,
The iron death-dice fall !

Nearer they close,—foes upon foes.
“ Ready !”—from square to square it goes.
They kneel as one man, from flank to flank,
And the fire comes sharp from the foremost rank.
Many a soldier to earth is sent,
Many a gap by the balls is rent ;
O'er the corse before springs the hinder man,
That the line may not fail to the fearless van.
To the right, to the left, and around and around,
Death whirls in its dance on the bloody ground.
God's sunlight is quenched in the fiery fight,
Over the host falls a brooding night !
*Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more !*

The dead men lie bathed in the weltering blood,
And the living are blent in the slippery flood,
And the feet as they reeling and sliding go
Stumble still on the corpses that sleep below.
“ What, Francis !”—“ Give Charlotte my last farewell,”
As the dying man murmurs, the thunders swell.
“ I'll give ”—“ Oh God ! Are their guns so near ?”
“ Ho, comrades ! yon volley ! look sharp to the
rear !”—
“ I'll give thy Charlotte thy last farewell ;
Sleep soft ! where death thickest descendeth in rain,—
The friend thou forsakest thy side may regain !”
Hitherward, thitherward reels the fight ;
Dark and more darkly day glooms into night.
*Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more !*

Hark to the hoofs that galloping go !
 The adjutants flying,—
 The horsemen press hard on the panting foe ;
 Their thunder booms in dying—
 Victory !

Terror has seized on the dastards all,
 And their colors fall !

Victory !

Closed is the brunt of the glorious fight,
 And the day like a conqueror bursts on the night.
 Trumpet and fife swelling choral along,
 The triumph already sweeps marching in song.
Farewell, fallen brothers; though this life be o'er,
There's another, in which we shall meet you once more!

THE FIRST PREDICTED ECLIPSE.

By ORMSBY MACKNIGHT MITCHEL, Astronomer, Author, Lawyer, Lecturer and Major-General United States Army. B. 1809, Kentucky ; d. 1862, South Carolina.
 From his volume of Lectures, published in 1863.

To predict an eclipse of the sun, the astronomer must sweep forward, from new moon to new moon, until he finds some new moon which should occur, while the moon was in the act of crossing from one side to the other of the sun's track. This certainly was possible. He knew the exact period from moon to new moon, and from one crossing of the ecliptic to another. He finds the new moon occurring far from the sun's track ; he runs another revolution ; the place of the new moon falls closer to the sun's path,

and the next yet closer, until, reaching forward with piercing intellectual vigor, he at last finds a new moon which occurs precisely at the computed time of her passage across the sun's track. Here he makes his stand, and on the day of the occurrence of that new moon, he announces to the startled inhabitants of the world that the sun shall expire in dark eclipse. Bold prediction ! Mysterious prophet ! with what scorn must the unthinking world have received this solemn declaration ! How slowly do the moons roll away, and with what intense anxiety does the stern philosopher await the coming of that day which should crown him with victory, or dash him to the ground in ruin and disgrace ! Time to him moves on leaden wings ; day after day, and at last hour after hour, roll heavily away. The last night is gone, the moon has disappeared from his eagle gaze in her approach to the sun, and the dawn of the eventful day breaks in beauty on a slumbering world.

This daring man, stern in his faith, climbs alone to his rocky home, and greets the sun as he rises and mounts the heavens, scattering brightness and glory in his path. Beneath him is spread out the populous city, already teeming with life and activity. The sun slowly climbs the heavens, round and bright and full-orbed. The lone tenant of the mountain top almost begins to waver in the sternness of his faith as the morning hours roll away. But the time of his triumph, long delayed, at length begins to dawn ; a pale and sickly hue creeps over the face of nature. The sun has reached its highest point, but his splendor is

dimmed, his light is feeble. At last it comes ! Blackness is eating away his round disc, onward with slow but steady pace the dark veil moves, blacker than a thousand nights, the gloom deepens, the ghastly hue of death covers the universe, the last ray is gone, and horror reigns. A wail of terror fills the murky air, the clangor of brazen trumpets resounds, an agony of despair dashes the stricken millions to the ground, while that lone man, erect on his rocky summit, with arms outstretched to heaven, pours forth grateful gushings of his heart to God who had crowned his efforts with triumphant victory. Search the records of our race, and point me, if you can, to a scene more grand, more beautiful. It is to me the proudest victory that genius ever won. It was the conquering of nature, of ignorance, of superstition, of terror, all at a single blow, and that blow struck by a single arm. He who had raised himself immeasurably above his race, who must have been regarded by his fellows as little less than a god, who had inscribed his fame on the very heavens, and had written it in the sun, with a "pen of iron, and the point of a diamond," even this one has perished from the earth—name, age, country, are all swept into oblivion, but his proud achievement stands. The monument reared to his honor stands, and although the touch of time has effaced the lettering of his name, it is powerless, and cannot destroy the fruits of his victory.

THE KITTEN OF THE REGIMENT.

By JAMES BUCKHAM, Poet. B. 1858, Vermont.

THIS kitten, sir, of the Colonel's? I'll tell the story.
We were at Roanoke, a month ago
Waiting the fleet, and camped on the hill-side white.
One night, when the sentinels were all at post,
We lay around the fires and talked of home.
The smoke wreathed up into the still blue sky,
The wind was whist, and all the stars shone clear—
Just such a night as sleeps above the hills
Of old New England when the frosts are hoar—
Talking not loud, but soft, as soldiers talk
After some months o' the rolling drum and sight
Of blood. The sentinel's sudden challenge came:
“Halt! Who goes there?”

We all leaped up and harked.

“Only Doll Brewster, sir; I've brought my kitty.”
What! a child's voice? — a child at bayonet's point?
Shame! Let her pass.

Into the fire-light then,
Led gently by two brave, kind soldier-boys,
Blushing, with downcast eyes, and pretty lip
Half curled to cry, hair loose and all like gold,
A kitten on her breast, walked sweet Doll Brewster.

Well, sir, the regiment came on the run;
And such a wall of 'em, all of 'em looking down
At a ten-year girl, hair loose, lip curled to cry,
And a kitten, white as snow, curled under her chin.

“Just like my sister!” cried one, “And mine!”
cried another,

Till the fire began to look dim to all of us.

Then, sir, the Colonel came, with his sword a-clanking.

“What’s this?” he cried, but stopped, and his face
grew soft.

“Please, sir,” said Doll, “I’ve brought you my little
kit.

It’s all I had, and Papa is sick and poor.

(Mamma, you know, is dead.) We’re Northerners, sir,
And brother died for the flag. I loved him so!

Please take my kitty; I want to give something, sir.”

The Colonel? He stooped and caught her in his
arms—

Caught kitten and Doll, and kissed ’em both. He did!
And every man of us would have done the same,
And mighty glad of the chance.

There wasn’t an eye
Could hold its tears, nor cheek that had kept dry,
And if it hadn’t been for the Colonel there,
A hundred of us would have kissed the child.

* * * * *

Have you a sister?

You know how a man can feel for a bit of a child
With golden hair and eyes like the heaven’s blue;
And she’d a brother who died for the old flag, too!

* * * * *

HERVÉ RIEL.

By ROBERT BROWNING, Poet. B. 1812, England; d. 1889,
Venice.

* * * * *

“WHAT mockery or malice have we here?” cries
Hervé Riel;

“Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards,
fools, or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the
soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
‘Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river
disembogues?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the
lying’s for?

Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Soli-
dor.

Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse
than fifty Hogues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth? Sirs, believe me,
there’s a way !”

“Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this *Formidable* clear,
Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them most and least by a passage I know
well,

Right to Solidor, past Grève,
 And there lay them safe and sound ;
 And if one ship misbehave,—
 Keel so much as grate the ground,—
 Why, I've nothing but my life ; here's my head ! ”
 cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait !
 “ Steer us in, then, small and great !
 Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron ! ”
 cried its chief.
 “ Captains, give the sailor place !
 He is admiral, in brief.”
 Still the north wind, by God's grace !
 See the noble fellow's face,
 As the big ship with a bound
 Clears the entry like a hound,
 Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide
 sea's profound !

See, safe through shoal and rock,
 How they follow in a flock !
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
 ground,
 Not a spar that comes to grief !
 The peril, see, is past,
 All are harbored to the last,
 And just as Hervé Riel hollas “ Anchor ! ”—sure as
 fate,
 Up the English come, too late.



Outburst all with one accord,
 “This is Paradise for Hell !
 Let France, let France’s King,
 Thank the man that did the thing !”
 What a shout, and all one word,
 “Hervé Riel !”
 As he stepped in front once more,
 Not a symptom of surprise
 In the frank blue Breton eyes—
 Just the same man as before.—

Then said Damfreville, “ My friend,
 I must speak out at the end,
 Though I find the speaking hard ;
 Praise is deeper than the lips ;
 You have saved the king his ships,
 You must name your own reward.
 Faith, our sun was near eclipse !
 Demand whate’er you will,
 France remains your debtor still.

Ask to heart’s content and have ; or my name’s not
 Damfreville.”

Then a beam of fun outbroke
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,
 As the honest heart laughed through
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue :
 “ Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty’s done,

And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but
 a run ?—
 Since ’tis ask and have I may,—

Since the others go ashore,—

Come! A good whole holiday!

Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"

That he asked, and that he got,—nothing more.

* * * * *

Go to Paris; rank on rank

Search the heroes flung pell-mell

On the Louvre, face and flank!

You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.

So, for better and for worse,

Hervé Riel, accept my verse!

In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more

Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle Aurore!

THE DOME OF THE REPUBLIC.

By ANDREW DICKSON WHITE, Educator, formerly President of Cornell University. B. 1832, New York.

Filippo Brunelleschi, a great Italian architect, was born at Florence in 1377. "The dome of Santa Maria del Fiore, completed by him, is the largest in the world in diameter, and served as a model to Michael Angelo for that of St. Peter's in Rome."

IT is recorded, in the annals of the most democratic republic of medieval Italy, that, in her pride of institutions and arts, she decreed the building of a cathedral dome far greater and more beautiful than any the world had ever seen.

The architect, Arnolfo, having laid the foundations,

died ; and no one was deemed worthy to finish his work. For a century the Republic sought far and near, but an architect able thus to give glory to Florence and Italy could not be found.

Meanwhile absurd projects were multiplied. Some proposed a dome supported by a central pillar ; but it was voted that a dome which must forever be artificially supported, is but a poor, sickly no-dome. Others proposed a dome of pumice-stone ; but it was voted, that when a great Republic rears a mighty monument for the ages, it may not be of pumice-stone.

Others still proposed to heap a mountain of earth, to scatter coins therein, to round off its summit, to build the dome upon this as a support, and then to admit swarms of beggars, who should carry away the mountain of earth to sift it for its money. This was voted impracticable.

At last a plain workman, strong only in sturdy sense and a knowledge of his art, proposed to rear the great fabric of marble, and by appliances simple and natural. He was set at the work.

Then began the rage of rival architects. They derided his plan, seduced his workmen, stole his tools, undermined the confidence of his people. But still that plain, strong man wrought on, ever steadily, ever earnestly.

Day by day the glorious creation rose ; day by day some stone was added to give it height or mass ; day by day some shrewd plan was struck to give it strength or symmetry, until it towered complete, a wondrous monument to Brunelleschi, to Florence, and to Italy.

So in this glorious fabric of a restored Union. The work is mighty ; the chief architect is but a plain man. The envious cavil, and the malignant howl. But, day by day, the structure rises ; its foundations great truths, far more lasting than mere granite ; its pillars great rights, far more beautiful than mere porphyry ; its roof great hopes, swelling higher than any dome of bronze and gold. And from its summit shall come light, beaming brighter, flashing farther, than any ever flung into serf's eyes from crown diamonds ; for it shall reflect that light of liberty and justice which cometh from the very throne of the Almighty.

ST. MARTIN AND THE BEGGAR.

By MARGARET ELIZABETH SANGSTER, Poet, Author. B. 1838,
New York.

IN the freezing cold and the blinding snow
Of a wintry eve in the long ago,
Folding his cloak o'er clanking mail,
A soldier is fighting the angry gale
Inch by inch to the camp-fire's light,
Star of his longing this wintry night.

All in a moment his path is barred ;
He draws his sword as he stands on guard.
But who is this with a white, wan face,
And piteous hands upheld for grace ?
Tenderly bending, the soldier bold
Raises a beggar faint and cold.

Famished he seems, and almost spent ;
The rags that cover him worn and rent.
Crust nor coin can the soldier find ;
Never his wallet with gold is lined ;
But his soul is sad at the sight of pain ;
The sufferer's pleading is not in vain.

His mantle of fur is broad and warm,
Armor of proof against the storm ;
He snatches it off without a word ;
One downward pass of the gleaming sword,
And cleft in twain at his feet it lies,
And the storm wind howls 'neath the frowning skies.

" Half for thee "—and with tender art
He gathers the cloak round the beggar's heart—
" And half for me " ; and with jocund song
In the teeth of the tempest he strides along,
Daring the worst of the sleet and snow,
That brave young spirit so long ago.

Lo ! as he slept at midnight's prime,
His tent had the glory of summer time ;
Shining out of a wondrous light,
The Lord Christ beamed on his dazzled sight.
" I was the beggar," the Lord Christ said,
As he stood by the soldier's lowly bed :
" Half of thy garment thou gavest Me ;
With the blessing of heaven I dower thee."
And Martin rose from the hallowed tryst
Soldier and servant and knight of Christ.

THE GREATNESS OF THE POET.

By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, Author, Orator, Lecturer, Editor.
B. 1824, Rhode Island; lives in New York.

Part of an address delivered October 2, 1880, at the unveiling
of the statue erected to Robert Burns, Central Park, New York.

UNTIL we know why the rose is sweet, or the dew-drop pure, or the rainbow beautiful, we cannot know why the poet is the best benefactor of humanity. Whether because he reveals us to ourselves or because he touches the soul with the fervor of divine aspiration, whether because in a world of sordid and restless anxiety he fills us with serene joy, or puts into rhythmic and permanent form the best thoughts and hopes of man—who shall say? How the faith of Christendom has been staid for centuries upon the mighty words of the old Hebrew bards and prophets, and how the vast and inexpressible mystery of divine love and power and purpose has been best breathed in parable and poem!

The poet's genius is an unconscious but sweet and elevating influence in our national life. It is not a power dramatic, obvious, imposing, immediate like that of the statesman, the warrior, and the inventor, but it is as deep and strong and abiding. The soldier fights for his native land but the poet touches that land with the charm that makes it worth fighting for, and fires the warrior's heart with the fierce energy that makes his blow invincible. The statesman enlarges and orders liberty in the states, but the poet fosters the love of liberty in the heart of the citizen.

The inventor multiplies the facilities of life, but the poet makes life better worth living.

Robert Burns transfigured the country of his birth and love. Every bird and flower, every hill and dale and river whisper and repeat his name. When he died there was not a Scotchman who was not proud of being a Scotchman. But he as all great poets, as they turn to music the emotions common to humanity, pass from the exclusive love of their own country into the reverence of the world.

THE HIGHLAND STRANGER.

By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Poet, Novelist. B. 1771, Scotland ;
d. 1832.

Extract from Canto IV., "Lady of the Lake."

THE shades of eve come slowly down,
The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell ;
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright.

* * * * *

Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
A watch-fire close before him burned.

Beside its embers, red and clear,
Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer ;
And up he sprung with sword in hand :
" Thy name and purpose ! Saxon, stand ! "—
" A stranger."—" What dost thou require ? "—

“ Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost.”—
“ Art thou a friend to Roderick ? ”—“ No.”—
“ Thou darest not call thyself a foe ? ”
“ I dare ! to him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand.”—

* * * * *

“ Enough, enough ; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare.”

He gave him of his Highland cheer,
The hardened flesh of mountain deer;
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his farther speech addressed :
“ Stranger, I am to Roderic Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true ;
Each word against his honor spoke
Demands of me avenging stroke ;

* * * * *

But not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honor's laws.
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name.
Guidance and rest, food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day ;
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,

Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
As far as Coilantogle's ford.
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."—
" I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given ! "—
" Well, rest thee ; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."
With that he shook the gathered heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath ;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

THE BLACK HORSE AND HIS RIDER.*

By GEORGE LIPPARD, Author, Novelist. B. 1822, Pennsylvania; d. 1854.

IT was the 7th of October, 1777. Horatio Gates stood before his tent, gazing steadfastly upon the two armies now arrayed in order of battle. The tread of legions shook the ground ; from every bush shot the glimmer of the rifle barrel ; on every hillside blazed the sharpened bayonet. All at once a smoke arose, a thunder shook the ground. The play of death had begun. The two flags—this of the stars, that of the red cross—tossed amid the smoke of battle, and the earth throbbed with the pulsations of a mighty heart. Suddenly Gates and his officers were startled.

* This piece has been condensed by many omissions to bring it within the time limit.

Along the height on which they stood came rushing a rider, upon a black horse. Look ! he draws his sword ; the sharp blade quivers through the air ; he points to the distant battle, and lo ! he is gone ; gone through those clouds, while his shout echoes over the plains. Wherever the fight is thickest, there, through intervals of cannon-smoke, you may see riding madly forward that strange soldier, mounted on his steed black as death. Now you may see him fighting in the cannon's glare, the next moment he is away off yonder, leading the forlorn hope up that steep cliff, or dashing like a meteor down the long columns of battle. Thus it was all the day long. Wherever that black horse and his rider went, there followed victory. At last toward the setting of the sun, the crisis of the conflict came. That fortress yonder, on Bremer's Heights, must be taken, or the American cause is lost. The cliff is too steep—death is too certain. The officers cannot persuade the men to advance. The Americans have lost the field. Even Morgan, that iron man among iron men, leans on his rifle and despairs of the field. But look yonder ! In this moment, when all is dismay, comes the black horse. His rider lays his hand upon that bold rifleman's shoulders, seizes his rifle and starts-toward the rock. And now look ! as the black steed crashes up the steep cliff, he quivers ! he totters ! he falls ! No ! No ! still up the cliff, still on toward the fortress. The rider turns. Come on, men of Quebec ! come on ! Already the bold riflemen are on the rock. Now, red-coat hirelings, about your battlecry if you

can ! For look ! there in the gate of the fortress, as the smoke clears away, stands the black horse and his rider. The steed falls dead, pierced by a hundred balls ; but his rider, as the British cry for quarter, lifts up and shouts afar to Horatio Gates waiting yonder in his tent, " Saratoga is won ! " As that cry goes up to heaven, he falls with his leg shattered by a cannon-ball.

Who was the rider of the black horse ? Do you not guess his name ? Then bend down and gaze on that shattered limb, and you will see that it bears the mark of a former wound. That wound was received in the storming of Quebec. The rider of the black horse was—*Benedict Arnold.*

THE SHELL.

By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, Poet. B. 1809, England.

SEE what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairly well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design !

What is it ? a learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is forlorn,
 Void of the little living will
 That made it stir on the shore.
 Did he stand at the diamond door
 Of his house in a rainbow frill ?
 Did he push, when he was uncurl'd,
 A golden foot or a fairy horn
 Thro' his dim water-world ?

Slight, to be crush'd with a tap
 Of my finger-nail on the sand,
 Small, but a work divine,
 Frail, but of force to withstand,
 Year upon year, the shock
 Of cataract seas that snap
 The three-decker's oaken spine
 Athwart the ledges of rock,
 Here on the Breton strand !

YOUTHFUL VALOR.

By TYRTÆUS, Poet, Musician. B. about 685 B. C., Miletus : time of death uncertain.

During the early wars of the Spartans they were inspired to valor and often to victory by the martial songs of Tyrtæus.

Translated by Thomas Campbell.

How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand,
 In front of battle for their native land !
 But oh ! what ills await the wretch that yields,
 A recreant outcast from his country's fields !
 The mother whom he loves shall quit her home,
 An aged father at his side shall roam ;

His little ones shall weeping with him go,
And a young wife participate his woe ;
While scorned and scowled upon by every face,
They pine for food, and beg from place to place.

Stain of his breed ! dishonoring manhood's form,
All ills shall cleave to him : affliction's storm
Shall blind him wandering in the vale of years,
Till, lost to all but ignominious fears,
He shall not blush to leave a recreant's name,
And children, like himself, inured to shame.

But we will combat for our fathers' land,
And we will drain the life-blood where we stand,
To save our children :—fight ye side by side,
And serried close, ye men of youthful pride,
Disdaining fear and deeming light the cost
Of life itself in glorious battle lost !

Leave not our sires to stem the unequal fight,
Whose limbs are nerved no more with buoyant might ;
Nor, lagging backward, let the younger breast
Permit the man of age (a sight unblest)
To welter in the combat's foremost thrust,
His hoary head dishevell'd in the dust,
And venerable bosom bleeding bare.
But youth's fair form, though fallen, is ever fair,
And beautiful in death the boy appears,
The hero boy, that dies in blooming years :
In man's regret, and woman's tears ;
More sacred than in life, and lovelier far,
For having perished in the front of war.

THE PERMANENCY OF EMPIRE.

By WENDELL PHILLIPS, Orator. B. 1811, Massachusetts; d. 1884.

I APPEAL to History! Tell me, thou reverend chronicler of the grave, can all the wealth of a universal commerce, can all the achievements of successful heroisms, or all the establishments of this world's wisdom, secure to empire the permanency of its possessions? Alas! Troy thought so once; yet the land of Priam lives only in song! Thebes thought so once; yet her hundred gates have crumbled, and her very tombs are but as the dust they were vainly intended to commemorate. So thought Palmyra—where is she? So thought the countries of Demosthenes and the Spartan; yet Leonidas is trampled by the timid slave, and Athens insulted by the servile, mindless and enervate Ottoman. In his hurried march, Time has but looked at their imagined immortality; and all its vanities, from the palace to the tomb, have, with their ruins, erased the very impression of his footsteps. The days of their glory are as if they had never been; and the island that was then a speck, rude and neglected in the barren ocean, now rivals the ubiquity of their commerce, the glory of their arms, the fame of their philosophy, the eloquence of their senate, and the inspiration of their bards. Who shall say, then, contemplating the past, that England, proud and potent as she appears, may not, one day, be what Athens is, and the young America yet soar to be what Athens was! Who shall say, that, when the European

column shall have moldered, and the night of barbarism obscured its very ruins, that mighty continent may not emerge from the horizon to rule, for its time, sovereign of the descendant !

A MORNING LANDSCAPE.

By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Poet, Novelist. B. 1771, Scotland ; d. 1832.

From the "Lady of the Lake," Canto III. Loch Katrine, Perthshire, Scotland, with its several isles was the center of action of this poem.

THE summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue ;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake ; just stirred the trees ;
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled, but dimpled not, for joy ;
The mountain-shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest ;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.
The water-lily to the light
Her chalice reared of silver bright ;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begemmed with dew-drops, led her fawn ;
The gray mist left the mountain side ;
The torrent showed its glistening pride ;
Invisible in flecked sky,
The lark sent down her revelry ;
The blackbird and the speckled thrush

Good-morrow gave from brake and bush ;
In answer cooed the cushat dove
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

COURAGE.

By HORACE PORTER, Author, formerly General United States Army, Superintendent Pullman Palace Car Company. B. 1837, Pennsylvania; lives in New York.

COURAGE is universally recognized as the manliest of all human attributes ; it nerves its possessor for resolute attempts and equips him for putting forth his supreme efforts. Powerful aristocracies have been founded with courage as the sole patent of nobility ; kings have maintained their dynasties with no other virtue to commend them to their subjects.

* * * * *

Napoleon taught Frenchmen that the sum of worldly glory was the reward gained by courage on the field. When La Tour d'Auvergne, accounted the bravest grenadier in the ranks of the grand army, finally fell, pierced by the bullets of the enemies of France, a general order was issued directing that his name should be kept on the active list of his regiment, that it should be called at every roll-call, and each time a comrade should answer from the ranks, "Dead on the field of honor."

* * * * *

Perhaps the most striking case of desperate and deliberate courage which the history of modern war-

fare has furnished was witnessed at Cold Harbor. The men had been repeatedly repulsed in assaulting earthworks, had each time lost heavily, and had become impressed with the conviction that such attacks meant certain death. One evening, after a dangerous assault had been ordered for daylight the next morning, I noticed in passing along the line that many of the men had taken off their coats and seemed engaged in mending rents on the back. Upon close examination I found that they were calmly writing their names and home addresses on slips of paper and pinning these slips upon the backs of their coats, so that their dead bodies might be recognized upon the field and their fate made known to their friends at home. Never was there a more gallant assault than that made by those men the next day, though their act of the night before bore painful proof that they had entered upon their work without a hope of surviving. Such courage is more than heroic ; it is sublime.

JERUSALEM BY MOONLIGHT.

BY BENJAMIN DISRAELI, LORD BEACONSFIELD, Statesman, Orator, Novelist. B. 1805, England ; d. 1881.

This description is contained in the novel "Tancred," published in 1847.

THE broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olivet, but its beam has long left the garden of Gethsemane and the tomb of Absalom, the waters of Kedron and the dark abyss of Jehoshaphat. Full falls its splendor, however, on the opposite city, vivid and

defined in its silver blaze. A lofty wall, with turrets and towers and frequent gates, undulates with the unequal ground which it covers as it encircles the lost capital of Jehovah. The evening hour softens the austerity of a mountain landscape magnificent in outline, however harsh and severe in detail : and, while it retains all its sublimity, removes much of the savage sternness of the strange and unrivaled scene. A fortified city, almost surrounded by ravines, and rising in the center of chains of far-spreading hills, occasionally offering, through their rocky glens, the gleams of a distant and richer land. The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all-pervading stillness is broken by a breeze that seems to have traveled over the plain of Sharon from the sea. It wails among the tombs, and sighs among the cypress groves. Who can but believe that at the midnight hour, from the summit of the Ascension, the great departed of Israel assemble to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city? There might be counted heroes and sages, who need shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and the wisest of other lands ; the lawgiver of the time of the Pharaohs, whose laws are still obeyed ; the monarch, whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth : the teacher, whose doctrines have modeled civilized Europe, the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators and the greatest of reformers.

The last light is extinguished in the village of

Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind ; a white film spreads over the purple sky ; the stars are veiled. The tower of David merges into obscurity : no longer glitter the minarets of the Mosque of Omar : Bethesda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the street of sacred sorrow, the hill of Salem, and the heights of Scopas can no longer be discerned. Alone in the increasing darkness, while the very line of the walls gradually eludes the eye, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a beacon light.

ODE TO DUTY.

By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, Poet. B. 1770, England ; d. 1850, at Rydal Mount, England.
This ode was written in 1805.

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God !
O Duty ! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove ;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe ;
From vain temptations dost set free ;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them ; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth :
Glad Hearts ! without reproach or blot ;
Who do thy work, and know it not :

Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around
them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed ;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

* * * *

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face ;
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh
and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
I call thee : I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
Oh, let my weakness have an end !
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give ;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live !

CÆSAR RODNEY'S RIDE.*

By ELBRIDGE STREETER BROOKS, Author, Editor, Literary Adviser D. Lothrop Company. B. 1846, Massachusetts; lives in Somerville, Massachusetts.

In that soft mid-land where the breezes bear
The north and south on the genial air,
Through the country of Kent, on affairs of state,
Rode Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Burly and big, and bold and bluff,
In his three-cornered hat and his suit of snuff,
A foe to King George and the English state
Was Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Into Dover village he rode apace,
And his kinsfolk knew, from his anxious face,
It was matter grave that had brought him there,
To the counties three upon Delaware.

"Money and men we must have," he said,
"Or the Congress fails and our cause is dead.
Give us both and the king shall not work his will--
We are men, since the blood of Bunker Hill!"

Comes a rider swift on a panting bay :
"Hollo Rodney, ho ! you must save the day,
For the Congress halts at a deed so great,
And your vote alone may decide its fate!"

Answered Rodney then : "I will ride with speed ;
It is Liberty's stress ; it is Freedom's need.

* From *St. Nicholas*, Century Company.

When stands it?" "To-night. Not a moment spare
But ride like the wind, from the Delaware."

"Ho, saddle the black! I've but half a day,
And the Congress sits eighty miles away,—
But I'll be in time, if God grants me grace,
To shake my fist in King George's face."

He is up; he is off! and the black horse flies
On the northward road ere the "God-speed!" dies
It is gallop and spur, as the leagues they clear,
And the clustering mile-stones move a-rear.

It is two of the clock; and the fleet hoofs fling
The Fieldsboro' dust with a clang and cling.
It is three; and he gallops with slack rein where
The road winds down to the Delaware.

Four; and he spurs into Newcastle town.
From his panting steed he gets him down—
"A fresh one, quick; not a moment's wait!"
And off speeds Rodney the delegate.

It is five; and the beams of the western sun
Tinge the spires of Wilmington, gold and dun;
Six; and the dust of the Chester street
Flies back in a cloud from his courser's feet.

It is seven; the horse-boat, broad of beam,
At the Schuylkill ferry crawls over the stream—
And at seven-fifteen by the Rittenhouse clock
He flings his rein to the tavern Jock.

The Congress is met; the debate's begun,
And Liberty lags for the vote of one—

When into the Hall, not a moment late,
Walks Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Not a moment late ! and that half-day's ride
Forwards the world with a mighty stride :—
For the Act was passed, ere the midnight stroke
O'er the Quaker City its echoes woke.

At Tyranny's feet was the gauntlet flung ;
“We are free !” all the bells through the colonies rung.
And the sons of the free may recall with pride
The day of Delegate Rodney's ride.

THE LAST NIGHT OF POMPEII.

By SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Novelist, Statesman. B.
1803, England; d. 1873.

“ My poor father! I am thy only son!—if I were to fall—”

As the thought crossed him, the gladiator strode on with a more rapid and restless pace, when suddenly in an opposite street, he beheld the very object of his thoughts. Leaning on his stick, his form bent by care and age, his eyes downcast, and his steps trembling, the gray-haired Medon slowly approached towards the gladiator. Lydon paused a moment. . . . “ I must shun him—I cannot brook his prayers—his tears ! ” . . . He turned abruptly and fled swiftly in an opposite direction. He paused not till, almost spent and breathless, he found himself on the summit of a small acclivity, which overlooked the

most gay and splendid part of that miniature city ; and as he there paused, and gazed along the tranquil streets glittering in the rays of the moon (which had just arisen, and brought partially and picturesquely into light the crowd around the amphitheatre at a distance, murmuring, and swaying to and fro) the influence of the scene affected him, rude and unimaginative though his nature. . . .

Near at hand, the lights gleamed from a palace, in which the master now held his revels. The doors were open for coolness, and the gladiator beheld the numerous and festive group gathered round the tables in the atrium ; while behind them, closing the long vista of the illumined rooms beyond, the spray of the distant fountain sparkled in the moonbeams. There, the garlands wreathed round the columns of the hall—there, gleamed still and frequent the marble statue—there, amidst peals of jocund laughter, rose the music and the lay. . . .

Before him, how serenely slept the starlight on that lovely city ! how breathlessly its pillared streets reposed in their security !—how softly rippled the dark-green waves beyond !—how cloudless spread, aloft and blue, the dreaming Campanian skies ! Yet this was the last night for the gay Pompeii !—the colony of the hoar Chaldean !—the fabled city of Hercules !—the delight of the voluptuous Roman ! Age after age had rolled, indestructive, unheeded, over its head; and now the last ray quivered on the dial-plate of its doom ! The gladiator heard some light steps behind—a group of females were wending homeward

from their visit to the amphitheatre. As he turned, his eye was arrested by a strange and sudden apparition. From the summit of Vesuvius, darkly visible at the distance, there shot a pale, meteoric, livid light—it trembled an instant and was gone. And at the same moment that his eye caught it, the voice of one of the youngest of the women broke out hilariously and shrill :

“Tramp, tramp! how gaily they go;
Ho, ho! for the morrow's merry show !”

THE PALMETTO AND THE PINE.

By MANLEY H. PIKE.

THERE grows a fair palmetto in the sunny Southern lands ;

Upon the stern New England hills a somber pine tree stands ;

And each towers like a monument above the perished brave ;

A grave 'neath the palmetto—beneath the pine a grave.

The Carolina widow comes this bright May day to spread

Magnolia and jessamine above her soldier dead.

And the Northern mother violets strews upon her son below,—

Her only son, who fell so many weary years ago.

Tears for the gallant Yankee boy—one of Grant's heroes he ;

Tears for the stalwart Southern man—the man who
marched with Lee.

But love, and only love, between the lonely ones who
twine

Their wreaths 'neath the palmetto—their chaplets
'neath the pine.

Oh, tried tree of the Southland ! from out whose
trunks were wrought

The ramparts of that glorious fort where Sergeant
Jasper fought ;

Oh, true tree of the Northland ! whose pictured form
supplied

The emblem for our earliest flag, that waved where
Warren died—

Still watch the dead you've watched so long, the dead
who died so well ;

And matrons mourn, as mourn you must, your lost
dear ones who fell ;

But joy and peace and hope to all, now North and
South combine

In one grand whole, as one soil bears the palmetto
and the pine !

THE TWO STREAMS OF HISTORY.

By CHARLES LEMUEL THOMPSON, Clergyman. B. 1839, Pennsylvania ; lives in New York.

From an address delivered at a meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in Philadelphia, 1888.

NEARLY four thousand years ago history parted into two streams on the plains of Asia. One of these

moving eastward sank to a stolid level in China, and stagnated there. From this stagnant life a narrow arm projected probably across the Sea of Kamtchatka and peopled the American Continent. The other stream moved westward across Asia, curved down the Mediterranean, then swept upward across Germany and the British Isles, representing all along the world's higher civilization, and when the stream of the new life from Judean hills mingled with it, expressing and moving on with the power of the religion of Christ. Finally this stream crossed the Atlantic. On these shores are met again those old-time races. The conflict between lower and higher witnessed by Asia in the dim twilight of earliest times has been renewed along our westward moving frontier. That conflict is nearly over. The American Indian, like his kindred in northern Asia, disappears from the world's theater, leaving scarce a footprint behind. But another contest is at our door. American Christianity on our western coast faces the eastern front of Asia. Once more it is the grapple of Aryan and Turanian, this time not a struggle between Christian nationality and wandering tribes, but between two races, one having traveled the circuit of the globe and the other standing where it stood when they parted, entrenched in immovable idolatries, customs, and laws. This is our western front. We are at the gateway of a century. Behind us are the years of our fathers—around us is the heritage they have given us ; before us is the land yet to be possessed. . . . When the aggressive heroism of Roman legions yielded to splen-

did encampments in Asia and Italy, the day of their glory went down ; when the Church fails to seek her ideal of universal occupation by the distribution of consecrated enthusiasm, her standards will trail in the dust. Under a law of dispersion the sun from his throne illuminates the world, and brings on every harvest, as far and wide he flings his golden showers. Under that law also the kingdom of grace must light up our land,

“ Lie like a shaft of light across the land
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea.”

FREDERICKSBURG.

By WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, Statesman, Orator. B. 1860, Ohio ; resides in Nebraska.

FREDERICKSBURG is not a large city and yet it is rich in incidents of great historic value. Here the women of America have reared a monument to Mary, the mother of Washington. Sometimes abuse is spoken against the candidates for public office, but, my friends, there is one character, the mother—a candidate for the affections of all mankind—against whom no true man ever uttered a word of abuse. There is one name, mother, which is never found upon the tongue of the slanderer—in her presence all criticism is silenced. The painter has, with his brush, transferred the landscape to the canvas with such fidelity that the trees and grasses seem almost real; he has even made the face of a maiden seem in-

stinct with life, but there is one picture so beautiful that no painter has ever been able to perfectly reproduce it, and that is the picture of the mother holding in her arms her babe. Within the shadow of this monument, reared to the memory of her, who in her love and loyalty represents the mother of each one of us, I bow in humble reverence to motherhood.

I am told that in this county were fought more battles than in any county of like size in the world, and that upon the earth within the limits of this county there fell more dead and wounded than ever fell on a similar space in all the history of the world. Here opposing lines were drawn up face to face; here opposing armies met and stared at each other and then sought to take each other's lives. But all these scenes have passed away, and those who once met in deadly array now meet and commingle here as friends. Here the swords have been turned into plowshares; here the spears have been converted into pruning hooks, and people learn war no more. Here the bands on either side once stirred up the flagging zeal with notes that thrilled the hearts of men. These two bands are now component parts of one great band, and as that band marches on in the lead, playing "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie." too, the war-scarred veterans who wore the blue and the war-scarred veterans who wore the gray, follow, side by side, each vying with the other in the effort to make this the greatest and the best of all the nations on God's footstool.

THE PURITANS.

By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, Statesman, Orator, Historian, Poet, Essayist. B. 1800, England ; d. 1859, London.

This extract is from an essay on Milton, published in the *Edinburgh Review*, August, 1825.

THE Puritans were the most remarkable body of men which the world has ever produced. For many years after the Restoration they were the theme of unmeasured invective and derision.

The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their long graces, their contempt of human learning were indeed fair game for the laughers. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learned. Those who roused the people to resistance, who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years, who formed, out of the most unpromising materials, the finest army Europe had ever seen, who trampled down King, Church, and Aristocracy, and made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth, were no vulgar fanatics. The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests.

They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through a veil, they aspired to gaze full on His intolerable brightness and to commune with Him face to face. They recognized no

title to superiority but His favor ; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the dignities of the world.

If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the register of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their places were houses not made with hands ; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. They prostrated themselves in the dust before their Maker ; but they set their feet on the neck of their King.

They were half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. But when they took their seats in the council, or girt on their swords for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul left no perceptible trace behind. People who heard only their groans and whining hymns might laugh, but those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or on the field of battle.

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

By MARY LYDIA BOLLES BRANCH, Author. B. 1840, Connecticut.

IN a green valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
Veinings delicate, and fibers tender ;
Waving when the wind crept down so low ;
Rushes tall, and moss and grass grew round it,

Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way.
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain :
Nature reveled in grand mysteries ;
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees,
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way,
No one came to note it, day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean ;
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
Covered it, and hid it safe away.
Oh, the long, long centuries since that day !
Oh, the agony, oh, life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost !

Useless ! Lost ! There came a thoughtful man
Searching Nature's secrets far and deep ;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran,
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibers clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line !

THE WONDERS OF THE DAWN.

By EDWARD EVERETT, Statesman, Orator, Author. B. 1794.
Massachusetts ; d. 1865, Boston.

MUCH as we are indebted to our observatories for elevating our conceptions of the heavenly bodies, they present even to the unaided sight scenes of glory which words are too feeble to describe. I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston ; and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene, midsummer's night,—the sky was without a cloud,—the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day ; the Pleiades just above the horizon shed their sweet influence in the east ; Lyra sparkled near the zenith ; Andromeda veiled her newly-discovered glories from the naked eye in the south ; the steady pointers far beneath the pole looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible ; the intense blue of the sky began to soften ; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest ; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together ; but the bright con-

stellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels hidden from mortal eyes shifted the scenery of the heavens : the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray ; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes ; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky ; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance ; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

A RETROSPECT.

By RICHARD DUDLEY HUBBARD, Statesman, Orator. B. 1818,
Connecticut ; d. 1884.

Address delivered in Hartford, Connecticut, May 30, 1881.

AND so, as I fling back to my mind the pictures of the war, its events take in retrospect the grandest proportions, imports, and dignities. When we were on the eve of the struggle, it was difficult to resolve the problem, and to forecast the end from the beginning,—still more so when we were in the hurricane of its shifting forces, tragedies, and events. Little by little we discerned its approach and heard the

hurtle of its coming, and not without a shudder at its awful possibilities. We held our breath, praying it might pass from us, but standing in our lot, if come it must. And when at last it came, it came dark, thick, and confused. In the clouds and thunderings and lightnings of the storm we could only see, by gleams, our own directions and driftings. God's balances, wherein we were being weighed, seemed at times trembling to our eyes. We saw at first our armies hurrying to the field in confident, perhaps over-confident valor ; we saw them afterward in rout and dismay at Bull Run ; victorious at New Orleans ; falling back from the Peninsula ; rooted in their places at Antietam ; wavering at Shiloh ; recoiling at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville ; triumphant at Gettysburg ; wading in slaughter through the Wilderness ; staggering back in dreadful carnage at Cold Harbor ; then gathering themselves in a deadly coil on Richmond ; next hanging on the flank of Lee's retreating columns and encompassing him in his flight ; and finally crowned with victory at Appomatox, the Union saved, and peace restored.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE PEOPLE.

By EDWARD JOHN PHELPS, Jurist, Minister to England. B.
1822, Vermont ; lives in New Haven.

Address delivered February 4, 1890, in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, during the Literary Exercises of the Centenary of the Federal Judiciary.

THE world has seen empires and dynasties without number based upon arbitrary power. But for the

most part it has seen them perish. They have illuminated the page of history, but with the light of the comet and the meteor, not of the stars. The civilization they have brought forth has been as transient as themselves. Neither government nor civilization contained any element of permanence until they came to be founded upon the principles of civil and religious liberty.

Magna Charta was, therefore, the starting point not merely of free institutions but of the only civilization that ever did or ever could survive political systems and pass on unimpaired from the ruins of one to the construction of another. Its striking and memorable language no rhetoric has been able to improve, no casuistry to obscure. When it broke upon the world it proclaimed a new era, the dawning of a better day for humanity, in which the rights of man became superior to government and their protection the condition of allegiance. The great thought matured with a slow but certain growth. Battles enough were fought for it, but never in vain, until at last it came to be established forever upon English soil and among the English race on every soil. And the highest eulogy upon the British Constitution was spoken when Chatham said :

“The poorest man may, in his cottage, bid defiance to all the force of the Crown ; it may be frail, its roof may shake, the wind may blow through it, the storm may enter, the rain may enter, but the King of England cannot enter. All his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement.”

But the great orator could go no further. He could not say that the British Parliament might not enter the home of the subject, for all the judges of England are powerless in the face of an act of Parliament, whatever it may be. It was reserved for the American Constitution to extend the judicial protection of personal rights, not only against the rulers of the people, but against the representatives of the people.

THE LIGHTS OF LAWRENCE.

By ERNEST WARBURTON SHURTLEFF, Poet. B. 1862, Massachusetts.

THE night's dark curtain trails the East
With stars upon each somber fold.
The comedy of day has ceased,
The smiles are done, the tales are told.
A moment in the dusk I stand
And look out from my window heights,
Where, shining o'er the shadowed land,
I see a line of golden lights—
The lights of Lawrence burning clear
That star the night with peace and cheer
How beautiful ! How still they are !
Like jewels set in ebon shade—
Each holding vigils like a star,
Each doing duty, beauty-paid.
For there *is* duty in their light ;
No dream they hold of being fair ;
They burn to keep the city bright
And show their glory unaware—

* * * *

They shine to lead the weary feet
That through the city come and go ;
Some shine on faces young and sweet,
And some on faces touched with woe.
From lonely haunts of want and pain,
As well as highways rich and wide,
They pour their beauty o'er the plain
At dusk of closing eventide—

* * * * *

I cannot see the walls of stone
That through the city's darkness rise,
The spires that tower to heaven alone
To ring Time's knell amid the skies.
All these are buried in the shade,
With all the riches they may hold.
They lend no hope, no friendly aid
To lift the Autumn darkness cold—
But Lawrence lights are burning clear
And star the night with peace and cheer.

The noblest lives that bless the earth
Are those that thus reveal their light,
While lives that tower in worldly worth
Are hidden in the cold of night.
The lives that lead the weary feet
That through Life's city come and go,
That shine on faces young and sweet
And faces touched with want and woe—
God bless the lives that give us cheer,
Like lights of Lawrence burning clear !

DECORATION DAY ADDRESS AT
ARLINGTON.

(*May 30, 1868.*)

By JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD, Statesman, President of the United States. B. 1831, Ohio; d. 1881, New Jersey.

If silence is ever golden, it must be here, beside the graves of fifteen thousand men, whose lives were more significant than speech, and whose death was a poem, the music of which can never be sung. With words we make promises, plight faith, praise virtue. Promises may not be kept, plighted faith may be broken, and vaunted virtue be only the cunning mask of vice.

We do not know one promise these men made, one pledge they gave, one word they spoke: but we do know they summed up and perfected by one supreme act the highest virtue of men and citizens. For love of country they accepted death, and thus resolved all doubts, and made immortal their patriotism and their virtue. For the noblest man that lives there still remains a conflict. He must still withstand the assaults of time and fortune; must still be assailed with temptations before which lofty natures have fallen. But with these, the conflict ended, the victory was won when death stamped on them the great seal of heroic character, and closed a record which years can never blot.

At the beginning of the Christian era an imperial circus stood on the summit of what is now known as the Vatican Mount, in Rome. There gladiator slaves

died for the sport of Rome, and wild beasts fought with wilder men. In that arena a Galilean fisherman gave up his life, a sacrifice for his faith. No human life was ever so nobly avenged. On that spot was reared the proudest Christian temple ever built by human hands. As the traveler descends the Apennines he sees the dome of St. Peter's rising above the desolate Campagna and the dead city, long before the seven hills and ruined palaces appear to his view. The fame of the dead fisherman has outlived the glory of the Eternal City.

Seen from the western slope of our Capitol, this spot is not unlike the Vatican Mount. A few years ago the soil beneath our feet was watered with the tears of slaves. Yonder proud Capitol awakened no pride and inspired no hope. The face of the goddess was turned toward the sea and not toward them. But thanks be to God, this arena of slavery is a scene of violence no longer! This will be forever the sacred mountain of our Capitol. Here is our temple. Its pavement is the sepulchre of heroic hearts ; its dome, the bending heaven ; its altar candles, the watching stars.

CHARACTER OF JUSTICE.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY BUTLER SHERIDAN, Orator, Dramatist.
B. 1751, Ireland; d. 1816, London.

Warren Hastings, Governor-General of India, was brought before the House of Lords on a motion for impeachment on account of misrule in India. The trial began February 13, 1788, and lasted until 1795, resulting in the acquittal of Hastings. Sheridan, one of the managers of the impeachment, closed his famous speech with the following peroration.

MR. HASTINGS, in the magnificent paragraph which concludes this communication, says, "I hope it will not be a departure from official language to say, that the majesty of justice ought not to be approached without solicitation. She ought not to descend to inflame or provoke, but to withhold her judgment, until she is called on to determine." But, my lords, do you, the judges of this land, and the expounders of its rightful laws, do you approve of this mockery, and call it the character of justice, which takes the form of right to excite wrong? No, my lords, justice is not this halt and miserable object; it is not the ineffective bauble of an Indian pagod; it is not the portentous phantom of despair; it is not like any fabled monster, formed in the eclipse of reason, and found in some unhallowed grove of superstitious darkness, and political dismay! No, my lords. In the happy reverse of all this, I turn from the disgusting caricature to the real image! Justice I have now before me, august and pure! the abstract idea of all that would be perfect in the spirits and the aspirings of men! where the mind rises, where the heart expands; where the countenance is ever placid and

benign; where her favorite attitude is to stoop to the unfortunate; to hear their cry and to help them; to rescue and relieve, to succor and save; majestic from its mercy; venerable from its utility; uplifted, without pride; firm, without obduracy; beneficent in each preference; lovely, though in her frown!

SOUTH CAROLINA AND THE UNION.

By ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE, Statesman, Orator. B. 1791, South Carolina; d. 1839. Selected from a speech delivered in the Senate of the United States Jan. 21, 1830. Hayne and Webster represented respectively the "States Rights" and the "Consolidation" view of the Constitution of the United States.

The great constitutional debate, of which this and the selection on page 51 are a part, was occasioned by the introduction into the Senate Dec. 29, 1829, of a resolution, by Mr. Foote of Connecticut, relative to "the sales of the public lands." Hayne opposed the policy of the government in respect to the sales of public lands as "fatal to the sovereignty of the States." Webster replied on the 20th, attacking Hayne's views. Hayne made a reply on the next day, from which this extract is taken.

THE Senator from Massachusetts has thought proper to cast the first stone; and if he shall find, according to a homely adage, that "he lives in a glass house," on his head be the consequences. The gentleman has made a great flourish about his fidelity to Massachusetts. I shall make no professions of zeal for the interests and honor of South Carolina. If there be one State in the Union, that may challenge comparison with any other, for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina. From the very commencement of the Revolution up to this hour, there is no sacrifice,

however great, she has not cheerfully made, no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity ; but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded with difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound ; every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

What was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren with a generous zeal, which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create a commercial rivalship, they might have found in their situation a guaranty that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But, trampling on all considerations either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and, fighting for principle, periled all in the sacred cause of freedom. Never were there exhibited in the history of the world higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance than by the Whigs of Carolina during the Revolution. The whole State, from the mountains to the

sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The “plains of Carolina” drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children. Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina (sustained by the example of her Sumters and her Marions) proved, by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

HEROIC COURAGE.

By PHILLIPS BROOKS, Clergyman, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church. B. 1835, Massachusetts ; d. 1893, Boston.

COURAGE is one and the same thing everywhere. The firmness with which one stands upon the hopeless deck before the doomed ship goes down, the persistency with which a man claims that the right is best whatever voices clamor for the wrong, the intelligence with which you think your own thought straight through the confusion of other thinking men, the independence of the conscientious politician, the delight of the writer in doing his own work, of the reader in forming his own judgments,—they are all at their root one and the same thing. One gracious and another stern, they are all made up, like the black coal and the sparkling diamond, of the same constituents.

Recklessness is no part of courage. When Cromwell and his men gave the sublime picture of heroic courage which illuminates English history, it was not that they undervalued the enormous strength of what they fought against; it was that they saw righteousness and freedom shining out beyond, and moved toward their fascinating presence irresistibly. Courage, like every other good thing, must be positive, not negative.

Self-consciousness is at the root of every cowardice. To think about one's self is death to real thought about any noble thing. Let me quote you a famous old story which seems a parable: "The beautiful Lady Diana Rich, daughter of the Earl of Holland, as she was walking in the garden at Kensington before dinner, met with her own apparition, habit, and everything, as in a looking-glass. About a month after, she died of the smallpox. And 'tis said that her sister, the Lady Isabella, saw the like of herself also before she died. A third sister, Mary, was married to the first Earl of Breadalbane, and it is recorded that she also, not long after her marriage, had some such warning of her approaching dissolution." Such is the old tradition of the house of Holland. Is it not a parable? Does not he who sees himself die? Does not the mind that dwells upon itself lose just that fine and lofty power of being mastered by a principle? The most courageous men I ever knew, if they were marked by any one thing, were marked by this; that they forgot themselves, that they were free from self-consciousness. So no clinging garments of their selfhood hindered them in running to the goal.

And there is one thing more, which is simplicity. The elaborateness of life makes cowards of us. It is not the bigness of the sea, but the many mouths with which it mocks his feebleness, that makes the strong swimmer grow afraid and sink. We want to find some one thing which we are sure of, and tie our lives to that, and stand strong on it to buffet off our fears. When Hannibal was besieging Rome, some man in the besieged city gave courage to the rest by purchasing for a large sum the plot of ground outside the walls on which the tent of the invading general was pitched. It was a brave deed. He believed in Rome. That one thing he was sure of. With dogged obstinacy he believed that Rome would conquer. Some one sure thing made sure of early in our life, kept clear through all obscurity—that is what keeps life simple; that is what keeps it fresh and never lets its bravery go out.

THE PRESENT AGE.

By VICTOR HUGO, Poet, Novelist. B. 1802, France; d. 1885.
From "Napoleon Le Petit," a political pamphlet aimed at
Napoleon III.

LET us proclaim it firmly, proclaim it even in fall and in defeat, this age is the grandest of all ages; and do you know wherefore? Because it is the most benignant. This age enfranchises the slave in America, extinguishes in Europe the last brands of the stake, civilizes Turkey, penetrates the Koran

with the Gospel, dignifies woman, and subordinates the right of the strongest to the right of the most just.

This age proclaims the sovereignty of the citizen, and the inviolability of life ; it crowns the people and consecrates man.

In art it possesses every kind of genius ; majesty, grace, power, figure, splendor, depth, color, form and style. In science it works all miracles ; it makes a horse out of steam, a laborer out of the voltaic pile, a courier out of the electric fluid, and a painter of the sun ; it opens upon the two infinites those two windows, the telescope on the infinitely great, the microscope on the infinitely little, and it finds in the first abyss the stars of heaven, and in the second abyss the insects which prove the existence of a God.

Man no longer crawls upon the earth, he escapes from it ; civilization takes to itself the wings of birds, and flies and whirls and alights joyously on all parts of the globe at once ; the brotherhood of nations crosses the bounds of space and mingles in the eternal blue.

THE TEMPER AND AIM OF THE SCHOLAR.

By WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, Statesman, Orator, Author.
B. 1809, England.

This extract forms a part of an “Inaugural Address on the Work of Universities,” delivered in the presence of the Principal, Professors and Students of the University of Edinburgh, April 16, 1860.

BUT more important than the quest of professional knowledge, more vital than the most effective intellectual training, is the remaining question of the temper and aim with which the youth prosecutes his work.

Let me remind you how Sir Robert Peel, choosing from his quiver with a congenial forethought that shaft which was most likely to strike home, averred before the same academic audience what may as safely be declared to you, that “there is a presumption amounting almost to certainty, that if any one of you will determine to be eminent in whatever profession you may choose, and will act with unvarying steadiness in pursuance of that determination, you will, if health and strength be given to you, infallibly succeed.”

The mountain tops of Scotland behold on every side of them the witness, and many a one of what were once her morasses and her moorlands, now blossoming as the rose, carries on its face the proof, how truly it is in man and not in his circumstances that the secret of his destiny resides. For most of

you that destiny will take its final bent toward evil or toward good, not from the information you imbibe, but from the habits of mind, thought, and life that you shall acquire, during your academical career. Could you with the bodily eye watch the moments of it as they fly, you would see them all pass by you, as the bee that has rifled the heather bears its honey through the air, charged with the promise, or it may be with the menace, of the future. In many things it is wise to believe before experience ; to believe, until you may know ; and believe me when I tell you that the thrift of time will repay you in after life with an usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and that the waste of it will make you dwindle, alike in intellectual and in moral stature, beneath your darkest reckonings.

I am Scotchman enough to know that among you there are always many who are already, even in their tender years, fighting with a mature and manful courage the battle of life. When these feel themselves lonely amidst the crowd ; when they are for a moment disheartened by that Difficulty which is the rude and rocking cradle of every kind of excellence ; when they are conscious of the pinch of poverty and self-denial ; let them be conscious, too, that a sleepless Eye is watching them from above, that their honest efforts are assisted, their humble prayers are heard, and all things are working together for their good. Is not this the life of faith, which walks by your side from your rising in the morning to your lying down at night ; which lights up for you the cheerless world,

and transfigures and glorifies all that you encounter,
whatever be its outward form, with hues brought
down from heaven ?

OPPORTUNITY.

By EDWARD ROWLAND SILL, Poet, Professor, Editor. B.
1841, Connecticut ; d. 1887, Ohio.

THIS I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream :—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain ;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, “ Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the King's son bears,—but this
Blunt thing ! ”—he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

THE SUPREME COURT AND THE CONSTITUTION.

By HENRY HITCHCOCK, Lawyer, Professor. B. 1829, Alabama; lives in St. Louis, Missouri.

Extract from an address delivered at the Centennial of the United States Supreme Court, held at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, February 4, 1890.

THE true power of the court has resided, and must ever dwell, in the sincere respect and unbought confidence of the people of the United States; a people conscious that with themselves still rest the form and destiny of their free institutions, and that upon their reverence for the sanctions of law the safety and endurance of those institutions depend.

Reviewing, at the century's close, the exercise of those powers, with what patriotic pride, with what reverent thankfulness to the Supreme Ruler of nations, may we not justly regard, in either view of its jurisdiction, this most august of human tribunals! In one aspect, we contemplate the vast conflicting interests, of private and public concern, whose adjustment has been demanded by the unparalleled growth and development of a great people, and the still graver controversies among powerful States, such as elsewhere drain the life-blood and make desolate the homes of nations; alike peacefully determined by those judgments, pronounced by illustrious men, the records of which are more glorious than the blazonry of battle-flags, since upon them are inscribed the bloodless victories of peace, nobler than all the triumphs of war.

In the other, the imagination pictures that impressive spectacle, the unbroken procession, through all those years, of the suitors who have come before its bar,—suitors, not suppliants, of every class and race and rank, the citizen, the friendless alien and the representative of the proudest State, for whose equal protection that sublime purpose, “to establish justice,” is declared.

Such are the judicial powers in whose pure and faithful exercise is reflected and fulfilled,—so far as mortal man may fulfill the perfect ordinances of Heaven,—that divine and eternal law, “whose seat is the bosom of God, whose voice is the harmony of the world.”

THE PRIDE OF BATTERY "B."

By FRANK H. GASSAWAY, Poet. Lives in San Francisco, California.

SOUTH MOUNTAIN towered upon our right,
Far off the river lay,
And over on the wooded height
We held our lines at bay.

At last the muttering guns were still,
The day died slow and wan.
At last the gunners' pipes did fill,
The sergeant's. yarns began.

When, as the wind a moment blew
Aside the fragrant flood,

Our brier-woods raised, within our view
A little maiden stood.

A tiny tot of six or seven,
From fireside fresh she seemed,
(Of such a little one in heaven
One soldier often dreamed).

And, as we stared, her little hand
Went to her curly head
In grave salute : " And who are you ? "
At length the sergeant said.

" And where's your home ? " he growled again.
She lisped out, " Who is me ?
Why, don't you know ? I'm little Jane,
The pride of Battery 'B.'

" My home ? Why, that was burned away,
And pa and ma are dead,
And so I ride the guns all day
Along with Sergeant Ned.

" And I've a drum that's not a toy,
A cap with feathers, too,
And I march beside the drummer boy
On Sundays at review ;

" But now our 'bacca's all give out,
The men can't have their smoke,
And so they're cross—why, even Ned
Wont play with me and joke,

"And the big Colonel said, to-day—
I hate to hear him swear—
He'd give a leg for a good pipe
Like the Yank had over there.

"And so I thought when beat the drum,
And the big guns were still,
I'd creep beneath the tent and come
Out here across the hill,

"And beg, good Mister Yankee men,
You give me some Lone Jack,
Please do,—when we get some again
I'll surely bring it back."

* * * * *

We brimmed her tiny apron o'er,
You should have heard her laugh
As each man from his scanty store
Shook out a generous half.

To kiss the little mouth stooped down
A score of grimy men,
Until the sergeant's husky voice
Said "Tention, squad!"—and then

We gave her escort, till good-night
The pretty waif we bid,
And watched her toddle out of sight—
Or else 'twas tears that hid

Her tiny form—nor turned about
A man, nor spoke a word,

Till after awhile a far, hoarse shout
Upon the wind we heard.

We sent it back, then cast sad eyes
Upon the scene around.

A baby's hand had touched the ties
That brothers once had bound.

That's all,—save when the dawn awoke
Again the work of hell,
And through the sullen clouds of smoke
The screaming missiles fell,

Our General often rubbed his glass,
And marveled much to see
Not a single shell that whole day fell
In the camp of Battery "B."

THE MARBLE QUEEN.

By SARAH CHAUNCEY WOOLSEY (Susan Coolidge), Poet. B.
1835, Ohio; lives in New Haven, Connecticut.

NEAR the stately German palace,
Amid the deep park-green,
In a hushed and guarded silence
There sleeps the marble queen.

More beautiful than life can be
She lies in deepest rest,
The fair hands folded quietly
Upon her moveless breast.

There is a smile upon her lips,
The cheeks are snowy fair,
Half-shows the happy dimple
That one time nestled there.

They made her young and lovely ;
The sculptor would not trace
A single line of pain or tears
Upon the sweet, sweet face.

But those who loved her dearest,
Knew that she died of grief,
With a broken-hearted prayer to Heaven
For her dear land's relief ;

They knew how long and vainly
She strove against the tide
Which swept and ruined Europe
To swell one despot's pride—

And remembered her appeal to God,
To justice soon or late
As every inch a queen she stood,
Shorn of her lands and state.

Her husband, gentler than herself,
Soon tired of earth and died ;
And they carved his image like her own
And laid it by her side.

But her young son, of sterner stuff,
Had his mother's heart and brow,
And he stood beside the marble form
And thus he made his vow :

“ Mother beloved, they killed thee,
And I swear this unto thee,
If I ever live to be a man
Your wrong shall righted be.”

He made the vow in boyhood,
His locks were long and fair,
And he kept the vow an aged King
With frost upon his hair.

He kept it on the awful day
When Paris, pale with hate,
Watched the helmet-spikes of Germany
Pour through her hard-won gate.

When the gray-bearded King rode in,
His hand upon his sword,
He rose up in his stirrups
And he uttered one stern word.

“ My mother is avenged,” he cried ;
And his generals caught the cry,
And the vision of the fair dead queen
Flashed before every eye.

Now while the cannon thundered
And the bells made answer fine,
“ Louisa for the Fatherland ! ”
Rang through the German line.

Rest sweetly, Genius of thy Land !
Full sixty years have past,
But thy boy, thy gray-haired Emperor,
Has kept his word at last.

THE REPUBLIC'S DUTY.

By WILLIAM MCKINLEY, Statesman, President of the United States. B. 1843, Niles, Ohio.

Selected from a speech delivered at the Atlanta Peace Jubilee, December 16, 1898, the second day of the celebration. During the President's seven-days' trip in the South, of which his visit to the Peace Jubilee at Atlanta, Georgia, was a feature, he aroused great enthusiasm by his patriotic addresses. The address from which the following selection is made was delivered to an audience of ten thousand people in the Auditorium at Atlanta.

"UNDER hostile fire, on a foreign soil, fighting in a common cause, the memory of old disagreements has faded into history. From camp and campaign there comes the magic healing which has closed ancient wounds and effaced their scars. For this result every American patriot will forever rejoice. It is no small indemnity for the cost of the war."

"This government has proved itself invincible in the recent war, and out of it has come a nation which will remain indivisible forevermore. No worthier contributions have been made in patriotism and in men than by the people of these Southern States. When at last the opportunity came, they were eager to meet it, and with promptness responded to the call of country. Intrusted with the able leadership of men dear to them, who had marched with their fathers under another flag, now fighting under the old flag again, they have gloriously helped to defend its spotless folds and added new luster to its shining stars.

"That flag has been planted in two hemispheres, and there it remains, the symbol of liberty and law, of peace and progress. Who will withdraw it from the

people over whom it floats in protecting folds? Who will haul it down?

"The victory we celebrate is not that of a ruler, a president, or a congress, but of the people. An army whose valor we admire and a navy whose achievements we applaud were not assembled by draft or conscription, but from voluntary enlistment. The heroes came from civil as well as military life. Trained and untrained soldiers wrought our triumphs.

"The peace we have won is not a selfish truce of arms, but one whose conditions presage good to humanity.

"We will have our difficulties and our embarrassments. They follow all victories and accompany all great responsibilities. They are inseparable from every great movement or reform. But American capacity has triumphed over all in the past.

"The republic is to-day larger, stronger, and better prepared than ever before for wise and profitable development in new directions and along new lines, and if the minds of our own people are still disturbed by perplexed and anxious doubts, in which all of us have shared, and still share, the genius of American civilization will, I believe, be found both original and creative and capable of subserving all the great interests which shall be confided to our keeping. Forever in the right, following the best impulses and clinging to high purposes, using properly and within right limits our power and opportunities, honorable reward must inevitably follow. The outcome cannot be in doubt. We could have avoided all the difficulties that lie

across the pathway of the nation if a few months ago we had coldly ignored the piteous appeals of the starving and oppressed inhabitants of Cuba. If we had blinded ourselves to the conditions so near our shores, and turned a deaf ear to our suffering neighbors, the issue of territorial expansion in the Antilles and the East Indies would not have been raised. But could we have justified such a course? Is there any one who would now declare another to have been the better course? With less humanity and less courage on our part, the Spanish flag, instead of the Stars and Stripes, would still be floating at Cavite, at Ponce, and at Santiago, and a chance in the race of life would be wanting to millions of human beings who to-day call this nation noble, and who I trust will live to call it blessed.

"Thus far we have done our supreme duty. Shall we now, when the victory won in war is written in the treaty of peace, and the civilized world applauds and waits in expectations, turn timidly away from the duties imposed upon the country by its own great deeds? And when the mists fade away, and we see with clearer vision, may we not go forth rejoicing in a strength which has been employed solely for humanity, and always been tempered with justice and mercy, confident of our ability to meet the exigencies which await us, because confident that our course is one of duty and our cause that of right?"

LIBERTY.

By HENRY GEORGE, Political Economist, Author, Lecturer.
B. 1839, Philadelphia; d. 1897, New York.

WE honor Liberty in name and in form,
We set up her statues and sound her praises,
But we have not fully trusted her.
And with our growth so grow her demands.
She will have no half service.

Liberty! It is a word to conjure with,
Not to vex the ear in empty boastings, [law —
For Liberty means Justice, and Justice is the natural
The law of health and symmetry and strength and
fraternity.

As the sun is the lord of life, as well as of light;
As his beams support all growth, supply all motion,
And call forth all the infinite diversities of being and
beauty,
So is liberty to mankind.

[tion.
Liberty is the source, the mother, the necessary condi-
She is to virtue what light is to color,
To wealth what sunshine is to grain,
To knowledge what eyes are to sight. [strength.
She is the genius of invention, the brawn of natural

Where Liberty rises, there virtue grows, wealth in-
creases, knowledge expands,
And the freer nation rises among her neighbors —
taller and fairer.

Where Liberty sinks, there virtue fades, wealth dimin-
ishes, knowledge is forgotten, [freer barbarians.
And empires once mighty become a helpless prey to

INDEPENDENCE BELL.

ANONYMOUS.

THERE was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quakers' town,

And the streets were rife with people,
Pacing restless up and down ;—
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door ;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

“ Will they do it ? ” “ Dare they do it ? ”
“ Who is speaking ? ” “ What’s the news ? ”
“ What of Adams ? ” “ What of Sherman ? ”
“ Oh, God grant they wont refuse ! ”
“ Make some way there ! ” “ Let me nearer ! ”
“ I am stifling ! ” “ Stifle then !
When a nation’s life’s at hazard,
We’ve no time to think of men ! ”

* * * * *

See ! See ! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign !
With his small hands upward listed,
Breezes dallying with his hair,

Hark ! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hush'd the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's strong joyous cry !
“ Ring ! ” he shouts, “ Ring ! Grandpa,
Ring ! Oh, Ring for Liberty ! ”
And straightway, at the signal,
The old bellman lifts his hand,
And sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted ! What rejoicing !
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calm, gliding Delaware !
How the bonfires and the torches
Illumed the night's repose,
And from the flames, like Phoenix,
Fair Liberty arose !

* * * * *

IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, Poet. B. 1807, Massachusetts.

STILL sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning ;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official ;

The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial ;

The charcoal frescos on its wall ;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing !

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting ;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled ;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered ;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes ; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing :

“ I'm sorry that I spelt the word :
I hate to go above you,

Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—

" Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man

That sweet child-face is showing,

Dear girl ! the grasses on her grave

Have forty years been growing !

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,

How few who pass above him

Lament their triumph and his loss,

Like her,—because they love him.

A STORY OF THE BAREFOOT BOY.

By JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE, Poet. B. 1827, New York

ON Haverhill's pleasant hills there played,

Some sixty years ago,

In turned-up trowsers, tattered hat,

The " Barefoot Boy " we know.

He roamed his berry-fields content ;

But while from bush and brier

The nimble feet got many a scratch,

His wit, beneath its homely thatch,

Aspired to something higher.

Over his dog-eared spelling-book,

Or school-boy's composition,

Puzzling his head with some hard sum,

Going for nuts, or gathering gum,

He cherished his ambition.

He found the turtles' eggs, and watched
 To see the warm sun hatch 'em ;
Hunting with sling, or bow and arrow,
Or salt to trap the unwary sparrow,
 Caught fish, or *tried* to catch 'em.

But more and more to rise, to soar—
 This hope his bosom fired,—
He shot his arrow, sailed his kite,
Let out the string and watched its flight,
 And smiled while he aspired.

“ Now I've a plan—I know we can ! ”
 He said to Matt—another
Small shaver of the barefoot sort ;
His name was Matthew—Matt, for short ;
 Our barefoot's younger brother.

“ What ! fly ? ” says Matt. “ Well, not just that,”
 John thought ; “ for we can't fly ;
But we can go right up,” says he ;
“ Oh, higher than the highest tree :
 Away up in the sky ! ”

“ Oh, do,” says Matt ; “ I'll hold thy hat,
 And watch while thee is gone.”
For these were Quaker lads, lisped
Each in his pretty Quaker speech.
 “ No, that wont do,” says John,

“ For thee must help ; then we can float
 As light as any feather.
We both can lift ; now don't thee see ?

If thee lift me while I lift thee,
We shall go up together!"

An autumn evening, early dusk,
A few stars faintly twinkled ;
The crickets chirped ; the chores were done :
'Twas just the time to have some fun
Before the tea-bell tinkled.

They spat upon their hands and clinched,
Firm under hold and upper ;
"Don't lift too hard or lift too far,"
Says Matt ; "or we may hit a star,
And not get back to supper!"

"Oh, no," says John ; "we'll only lift
A few rods up, that's all,
To see the river and the town.
Now don't let go till we come down,
Or we shall catch a fall !

Hold fast to me, now, one, two, three !
And up we go." They jerk,
They pull and strain, but all in vain !
A bright idea, and yet, 'twas plain,
It somehow wouldn't work.

John gave it up ; Ah, many a John
Has tried and failed as he did.
'Twas a shrewd notion, none the less,
And still, in spite of ill success,
It somewhat has succeeded.

Kind Nature smiled on that wise child,
 Nor could her love deny him
 The large fulfillment of his plan,
 Since he who lifts his brother man
 . . . In turn is lifted by him.

He reached the starry heights of peace
 Before his head was hoary ;
 And now, at threescore years and ten,
 The blessings of his fellow-men
 Waft him a crown of glory.

THE DRUMMER-BOY.

ANONYMOUS.

“ CAPTAIN GRAY, the men were sayin’
 Ye would want a drummer lad,
 So I’ve brought my boy Sandie,
 Tho’ my heart is woful sad ;
 But nae bread is left to feed us,
 And nae siller to buy more,
 For the gudeman sleeps forever
 Where the heather blossoms o’er.

Sandie, make your manners quickly,
 Play your blithest measure true—
 Gie us ‘ Flowers of Edinboro’,
 While yon fifer plays it too.
 Captain, heard ye e'er a player
 Strike in truer time than he ? ”

“ Nay, in truth, brave Sandie Murray
 Drummer of our corps shall be.”

“ I give ye thanks—but, Captain, maybe
 Ye will hae a kindly care
 For the friendless, lonely laddie,
 When the battle’s wark is sair ;
 For Sandie’s aye been good and gentle,
 And I’ve nothing else to love,
 Nothing—but the grave off yonder,
 And the father up above.”

Then, her rough hand gently laying
 On the curl-encircled head,
 She blessed her boy. The tent was silent,
 And not another word was said ;
 For Captain Gray was sadly dreaming
 Of a benison, long ago,
 Breathed above his head, then golden,
 Bending now and touched with snow.

“ Good-by, Sandie.” “ Good-by, mother,
 I’ll come back some Summer day ;
 Don’t you fear—they don’t shoot drummers
 Ever. Do they, Captain Gray ?
 One more kiss—watch for me, mother,
 You will know ‘tis surely me
 Coming home—for you will hear me
 Playing soft the reveille.”

* * * * *

After battle. Moonbeams ghastly
 Seemed to link in strange affright,

As the scudding clouds before them
 Shadowed faces dead and white ;
And the night wind softly whispered,
 When low moans its light wing bore—
Moans that ferried spirits over
 Death's dark wave to yonder shore.

Wandering where a footstep careless
 Might go splashing down in blood,
Or a helpless hand lie grasping
 Death and daisies from the sod—
Captain Gray walked swiftly onward,
 While a faintly beating drum
Quickened heart and step together :
 “ Sandie Murray ! See, I come !

Is it thus I find you, laddie ?
 Wounded, lonely, lying here,
Playing thus the reveille ?
 See—the morning is not near.”
A moment paused the drummer-boy,
 And lifted up his drooping head :
“ Oh, Captain Gray, the light is coming,
 ‘Tis morning, and my prayers are said.

Morning ! See, the plains grow brighter—
 Morning—and I'm going home ;
That is why I play the measure ;
 Mother will not see me come ;
But you'll tell her, wont you, Captain—?”
 Hush, the boy has spoken true ;
To him the day has dawned forever,
 Unbroken by the night's tattoo.

OUR COUNTRYMEN IN CHAINS.

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, Poet. B. 1807, Massachusetts; d. 1892, New Hampshire.

OUR fellow-countrymen in chains !

Slaves — in a land of light and law !

Slaves — crouching on the very plains

Where rolled the storm of Freedom's war !

A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood, —

A wail where Camden's martyrs fell, —

By every shrine of patriot blood,

From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well !

By storied hill and hallowed grot,

By mossy wood and marshy glen,

Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,

And hurrying shout of Marion's men !

The groan of breaking hearts is there, —

The falling lash, — the fetters clank !

Slaves, — slaves are breathing in that air,

Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank !

What, ho ! — our countrymen in chains !

The whip on WOMAN's shrinking flesh !

Our soil yet reddening with the stains

Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh !

What ! mothers from their children riven !

What ! God's own image bought and sold !

AMERICANS to market driven,

And bartered as the brute for gold !

Speak ! shall their agony of prayer

Come thrilling to our hearts in vain ?

To us whose fathers scorned to bear
 The paltry menace of a chain ;
To us, whose boast is loud and long
 Of holy Liberty and Light, —
Say, shall these writhing slaves of Wrong,
 Plead vainly for their plundered Right ?

What ! shall we send, with lavish breath,
 Our sympathies across the wave,
Where Manhood, on the field of death,
 Strikes for his freedom or a grave ?

Shall prayers go up, and hymns be sung
 For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning,
And millions hail with pen and tongue
 Our light on all her altars burning ?

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,
 By Vendome's pile and Schoenbrun's wall,
And Poland, gasping on her lance,
 The impulse of our cheering call ?

And shall the SLAVE beneath our eye,
 Clank o'er *our* fields his hateful chain ?
And toss his fettered arms on high,
 And groan for Freedom's gift, in vain ?

Oh, say ! shall Prussia's banner be
 A refuge for the stricken slave ?
And shall the Russian serf go free
 By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave ?

And shall the wintry-bosomed Dane
 Relax the iron hand of pride,
And bid her bondmen cast the chain
 From fettered soul and limb aside ?

* * * * *

Go — let us ask of Constantine
To loose his grasp on Poland's throat;
And beg the Lord of Mahmoud's line
To spare the struggling Sulioite.
Will not the scorching answer come
From turbaned Turk, and scornful Russ:
“ Go, loose your fettered slaves at home,
Then turn and ask the like of us ! ”

Just God ! and shall we calmly rest,
The Christian's scorn, — the heathen's mirth, —
Content to live the lingering jest
And by-word of a mocking Earth ?
Shall our own glorious land retain
That curse which Europe scorns to bear ?
Shall our own brethren drag the chain
Which not even Russia's menials wear ?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,
From graybeard old to fiery youth,
And on the Nation's naked heart
Scatter the living coals of Truth !
Up, — while ye slumber, deeper yet
The shadow of our fame is growing !
Up, — while ye pause, our sun may set
In blood, around our altars flowing !

Oh ! rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth, —
The gathered wrath of God and man, —
Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,
When hail and fire above it ran.
Hear ye no warnings in the air ?
Feel ye no earthquake underneath ?

Up, — up ! why will ye slumber where
The sleeper only wakes in death ?

Up *now* for Freedom ! — not in strife
Like that your sterner fathers saw, —
The awful waste of human life, —
The glory and the guilt of war :
But break the chain, — the yoke remove,
And smite to earth Oppression's rod,
With those mild arms of Truth and Love,
Made mighty through the living God !

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,
And leave no traces where it stood ;
Nor longer let its idol drink
His daily cup of human blood ;
But rear another altar there,
To Truth and Love and Mercy given,
And Freedom's gift and Freedom's prayer,
Shall call an answer down from Heaven !

THE PHILOSOPHER'S ESCAPE.

By EVA LOVETT, Poet, Editor. Editor of the Young Folks' Page of the *Brooklyn Sunday Eagle*.

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ONCE there lived a wise philosopher (so runs an ancient rhyme),
Who was imprisoned in a dungeon, although guilty of no crime ;
And he bore it with a patience that might well be called sublime.

For the cruel king who put him there had made a stern decree :

"Imprisoned in this dungeon the philosopher shall be,
Till he find out by his own wise brains the means to make him free."

This king despised philosophers ; he smiled a cunning smile,

When his people said : "Your Majesty, the sage is free from guile ;

And consider, sir, the poor old soul has been there such a while !"

"Then let him find the way to leave," sternly the king replied.

Full seven weary weeks had passed ; the sage still sat and sighed,

And pondered how to break his bonds, but long and vainly tried.

He had no money and no tools ; he racked his learned brain

To solve the dreary problem — how his liberty to gain.

He wept, and wrung his useless hands : but groaned and wept in vain.

One morn, as he sat scheming for the freedom that he sought,

A plow-boy passed the window, with a cheery whistle, caught

From happy heart. The lively sound disturbed the wise man's thought.

The peasant stopped his merry tune, and peered within
to see

Who the creature that inhabited that gloomy place
might be.

"Easy 'tis," quote the philosopher, "to sing when one
is free."

"But why do you sit moaning there?" the merry peasant
cried.

"My prison door is locked and barred," the mournful
sage replied;

"Who has no money, tools, nor friends forever here
may bide!"

"But if the door is locked and barred," the stupid
boy still cried,

"The window opens outward, and the window opens
wide!"

The wise man started,—paused,—and then with dignity
he eyed

The foolish clown. "My boy," said he, "a notion so
absurd,

So plain and simple, could not to me have e'er occurred;
But"—(Here he leaped the window without another
word).

The plow-boy stared amazed, then slowly shook his
head in doubt.

"If that's your wise philosophy," said he, "I'll do
without."

And the monarch heard the story with many a merry
shout.

THE SCHOLAR AND THE STATE.

By FRANK S. BLACK, Statesman, Lawyer, Governor of New York. B. 1853; Maine; resides in Troy, N.Y.

"I SOMETIMES doubt whether the obligation of the State to the scholar is as great as it used to be. In the earlier days of the Republic the statesman, the politician and the scholar were the same. What any man possessed of education or enlightenment was devoted freely to his country. His individual attainment was his country's gain and at his country's service. It seems sometimes as though the scholar's path is narrowing as he advances. If that be true it is not a promise, but a danger. As the world enlarges the scholar should broaden with the rest. He should grow to the size of a statesman, and not shrink to the crippled stature of a critic. Scholarship is degraded unless joined with charity and sense. Her domain should be the whole world, her subject the whole race, and she should be ashamed to let her voice be always prophetic of misfortune.

"Evils exist in the world, but men are very rare who have not heard of that. The need is for correction and for aid to those who are willing to attempt it. If a fire rages the call is not for one to tell how it could be prevented or to chide those who fight it, but for help to put it out. It should be quenched first and discussed afterward. One fighter on the spot is worth a thousand critics at home. Scholars are going deeper and deeper every year, but the world would forgive

them for not going so deep if they would only have more breadth. If they dig wisely they may accomplish much, but little good is done by those who only burrow. The latter come to the surface only often enough to be astonished without comprehending. A partial comprehension makes many critics but no masters.

"Scholars should stay up in the light, even though the sun be warm. They are confined too much in the study and are not enough out in the sun. They learn too much from books and not enough from experience. They rely too much upon what a thing is said to be instead of what it is. We have reached a period when not everything reported is certain to be true. If the scholar would sometimes mingle in the current of affairs, would step down from the shades of the bank and let that current touch him, he would know after that that not every man who enters that current goes over the dam. If he enters resolutely and works well he may bring some rubbish ashore, and even if the stream appears not to have been improved much where he stands it will be clearer below."

THE PRAYER OF AGASSIZ.

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, Poet. B. 1807, Massachusetts.

Louis Jean Rodolph Agassiz, Naturalist. B. 1807, Switzerland ; d. 1873, Massachusetts.

The island of Penikese, one of a group of islands sixteen miles southwest of Cape Cod, was given by John Anderson of New York in 1873 as a place for a summer school of natural history. The first session was presided over by Agassiz, who died the following autumn.

ON the isle of Penikese,
Ringed about by sapphire seas,
Fanned by breezes salt and cool,
Stood the master with his school.
Over sails that not in vain
Wooed the west-wind's steady strain
Line of coast that low and far
Stretched its undulating bar,
Wings aslant along the rim
Of the waves that stooped to skim,
Rock and isle and glistening bay
Fell the beautiful white day.

Said the Master to the youth :
“ We have come in search of truth.
Trying with uncertain key
Door by door of mystery ;
We are reaching, through His laws,
To the garment-hem of Cause,

* * * * *

We are groping here to find
What the hieroglyphics mean

Of the unseen in the seen,
What the Thought which underlies
Nature's masking and disguise,
What it is that hides beneath
Blight and bloom and birth and death.

* * * * *

On the threshold of our task
Let us light and guidance ask,
Let us pause in silent prayer!"

Then the Master in his place
Bowed his head a little space,
And the leaves by soft airs stirred,
Lapse of wave and cry of bird,
Left the solemn hush unbroken
Of that wordless prayer unspoken,
While its wish, on earth unsaid,
Rose to heaven interpreted.

* * * * *

As thin mists are glorified
By the light they cannot hide,
All who gazed upon him saw,
Through its veil of tender awe,
How his face was still uplit
By the old sweet look of it,
Hopeful, trustful, full of cheer,
And the love that casts out fear.
Who the secret may declare
Of that brief, unuttered prayer ?
Did the shade before him come
Of the inevitable doom,
Of the end of earth so near,
And Eternity's new year ?

In the lap of sheltering seas
Rests the isle of Penikese ;
But the lord of the domain
Comes not to his own again :
Where the eyes that follow fail,
On a vaster sea his sail
Drifts beyond our beck and hail !
Other lips within its bound
Shall the laws of life expound ;
Other eyes from rock and shell
Read the world's old riddles well ;
But when breezes light and bland
Blow from summer's blossomed land,
When the air is glad with wings,
And the blithe song-sparrow sings,
Many an eye with his still face
Shall the living ones displace,
Many an ear the word shall seek
He alone could fitly speak.
And one name forevermore
Shall be uttered o'er and o'er
By the waves that kiss the shore,
By the curlew's whistle, sent
Down the cool, sea-scented air ;
In all voices known to her
Nature owns her worshiper,
Half in triumph, half lament.

WASHINGTON AND THE NATION.

By JOHN WARWICK DANIEL, Statesman, Orator. B. 1842,
Virginia. Senator of the United States and resides at Washington.

From an oration delivered at the dedication of the Washington
Monument February 21, 1885.

"FASCINATED by the perfection of the man, we are loath to break the mirror of admiration into the fragments of analysis. But, lo! as we attempt it, every fragment becomes the miniature of such sublimity and beauty, that the destructive hand can only multiply the forms of immortality.

"Grand and manifold as were its phases, there is yet no difficulty in understanding the character of Washington. He was no Veiled Prophet. He never acted a part. Simple, natural and unaffected, his life lies before us—a fair and open manuscript. He disdained the arts which wrap power and mystery, in order to magnify it. He practiced the profound diplomacy of truthful speech—the consummate tact of direct attention. Looking ever to the All-Wise Disposer of events, he relied on that Providence which helps men, by giving them high hearts and hopes, to help themselves with the means which their Creator has put at their service. There was no infirmity in his conduct over which Charity must fling its veil; no taint of selfishness from which Purity averts her gaze; no dark recess of intrigue that must be lit up with colored panegyric; no subterranean passage to be trod in trembling lest there be stirred the ghost of a buried crime.

"It was as a statesman that Washington was greatest.

Not in the sense that Hamilton and Jefferson, Adams and Madison were statesmen ; but in a larger sense. Men may marshal armies who cannot drill divisions. Men may marshal nations in storm and travail who have not the accomplishments of their Cabinet Ministers. Not so versed as they was he in the details of political science. And yet as he studied tactics when he anticipated war, so he studied politics when he fore-saw his civil rôle approaching, reading the history and examining the principles of ancient and modern confederacies, and making notes of their virtues, defects, and methods of operation. His pen did not possess the facile play and classic grace of their pens, but his vigorous eloquence had the clear ring of our mother tongue. I will not say that he was so astute, so quick, so inventive as the one or other of them,— that his mind was characterized by the vivacity of wit, the rich colorings of fancy, or daring flights of imagination. But with him thought and action like well trained coursers kept abreast in the chariot race, guided by an eye that never quailed, reined by a hand that never trembled. He had a more infallible discrimination of circumstances and men than any of his cotemporaries. He weighed facts in a juster scale, with larger equity, and firmer equanimity. He best applied to them the lessons of experience. With greater ascendency of character he held men to their appointed tasks ; with more inspiring virtue he commanded more implicit confidence. He bore a truer divining rod, and through a wilderness of contention he alone was the unerring Pathfinder of the People. Encompassed

by the inviolate seas stands to-day the American Republic which he founded—a free Greater Britain—uplifted above the powers and principalities of the earth, even as his monument is uplifted over roof and dome and spire of the multitudinous city.

“Long live the Republic of Washington! Respected by mankind, beloved of all its sons, long may it be the asylum of the poor and oppressed of all lands and religions—long may it be the citadel of that Liberty which writes beneath the Eagle’s folded wings: “We will sell to no man, we will deny to no man, Right and Justice.”

“Long live the United States of America! Filled with the free, magnanimous spirit, crowned by the wisdom, blessed by the moderation, hovered over by the guardian angel of Washington’s example, may they be ever worthy in all things to be defended by the blood of the brave who know the rights of man, and shrink not from their assertion;—may they be each a column, and all together, under the Constitution, a perpetual Temple of Peace, unshadowed by a Cæsar’s palace;—at whose altar may freely commune all who seek the union of Liberty and Brotherhood.

“Long live our Country! Oh, long through the undying ages may it stand, far removed in fact as in space from the Old World’s feuds and follies—solitary and alone in its grandeur and its glory, itself the immortal monument of Him whom Providence commissioned to teach man the power of Truth, and to prove to the nations that their Redeemer liveth.”

IMMORTAL WASHINGTON.

By RICHARD CASPER DILLMORE, Author. B. Camden, N.J.,
1870. Written to commemorate the unveiling of the Washington
Monument, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, 1897.

THE dear Old Bell is silent now that rang the anthem
grand,
Proclaiming with its iron tongue Sweet Freedom in
this land.
The cadence of that brazen chime, attuned with
Liberty,
Inspired brave men to carve sublime this nation's
destiny.

In midnight hours of bloody strife that gave the Union
birth,
It pealed a Declaration that was heard throughout the
earth.
The nations saw our patriots march boldly forth to
war,
And then beheld them write their fame in proud old
England's gore.

Untutored in the battle art they did not fear the foe ;
They knew that they were sore oppressed, that was
enough to know.
They followed brave George Washington, who gave
his service free,
And fired them with the loyal zeal to crush their
enemy.

Amid the snow at Valley Forge he counselled with his God,

To find a way to free this land on which the tyrant trod.

Did God respond to this true man who prayed with tear-dimmed eyes?

From out the ashes of the past behold his triumph rise.

Those starving men whose bare, torn feet left blood stains in the snow

This man inspired with fortitude that godlike martyrs know.

That was the time when souls of men were tried beyond belief,

With only death, that boon alone, to give their souls relief.

And yet they fought like men of steel, like gallant knights of old;

Nor did they heed the leaden rain, nor heat, nor winter's cold.

They did not even hesitate for lack of clothes and food;

A man of God was leading them; 'twas for their country's good.

They did not question how or when the dreadful strife would cease,

But Liberty alone could change war songs to hymns of peace.

Embalm their mem'ries in your hearts, ye sons of Washington;
Give thanks to God for all the deeds that these brave men have done.

When carnage reigned their battle-cry was, "Death or Liberty!"

And as they fought their only aim was death to tyranny.
It was a war, a righteous war, against despotic might,
And Heaven smiled its sweetest smile on Freedom and the Right.

Those loyal sons, who hailed with joy the dawn of Liberty,

Now wear the brightest laurel crown of immortality.
The vigils of that bloody past no more they wake to keep;
This nation's love and gratitude rocks them in slumber deep.

Like that old cracked and silent Bell, whose fame will never die,

Our martyred dead the flight of time will even glorify.
If you but listen with your hearts you'll hear that Old Bell's voice

Sing in your soul the melody that made this land rejoice.

In fancy you will hear the notes that rang across the sea,

And bade the universe behold our grand supremacy.

From age to age all loyal sons who love this mighty
clime

Will hear and bless the echo of that dear Old Bell's
sweet chime.

Our Independence still it sings with an immortal tongue ;
Sweet symphony of Liberty, the grandest ever sung.

From Freedom's rock of ages those defiant tones were
hurled

When our oppressed, but fearless sires astounded all
the world.

Now first among the nations stands this Mecca of the
West,

The haven of vast multitudes with tyranny oppressed.
And when our flag of Stripes and Stars floats on each
gentle breeze,

It thrills the Union's loyal sons with Freedom's ec-
stasies.

Republic of republics, that has stood the test of years,
With heroes' blood baptized full oft, and tender
women's tears ;

A heritage of Liberty our stoic father won

When he avenged the martyred dead who fell at
Lexington.

In civil strife, like that which rent the nations in the
past,

The Union braved the hurricane of each terrific blast ;
For God had blessed the nation that was built by
Washington ;

To-day it stands united as a brotherhood in one.

He built our grand foundation to defy old Father Time,
And carved our perfect destiny, immortally sublime,
In this, the freemen's empire of the Western Hemisphere,
Whose people truly grateful hold his mem'ry ever dear.

Well may the hosts pay tribute, then, to this great nation's sire ;
The mention of his magic name will evermore inspire His sons and daughters with the truth of perfect loyalty ; Beneath the dear old Stars and Stripes they pledge their fealty.

No despot ruler's iron hand doth here oppress mankind ; We're equal born, our noblemen are men of noble mind.
Each one is master of himself, no subject bound in chains ; His fortune is his daily toil, that which his labor gains.

To heights sublime the low may rise, and then both near and far
They shine with all the brilliancy of some bright evening star.
The rich and poor alike are blessed with chances just the same,
And they can either make or mar the lustre of their fame.



Our Ship of State sails on and on, triumphant through
the years ;
Our captain is our servant, and the people are his peers ;
He is our choice by right to choose—the Union's
first-made plan ;
Begin by him we honor now, a God-made perfect man.

The new world's uncrowned king was he, for he refused
a crown ;
Not like great Cæsar, thrice refused and sighed to
put it down,
Who did not dare accept the gift and wear that diadem ;
For well he knew, were he a king, his life Rome would
condemn.

Our sire refused of his own choice, for this great
country's good ;
The evils of a monarchy he clearly understood.
Firm as a giant rock he stood ; drove back the foreign
horde ;
Established our republic with the musket and the
sword.

He did not sigh for other worlds to conquer with his
strife,
He merely fought to give on earth a noble nation life.
He did not let ambition turn his tender heart to steel,
For it was filled with that true love which all true heroes
feel.

As we unveil the sculptured bronze of our immortal sire,
A more fraternal brotherhood in us it doth inspire.

The North and South join loving hands, one kindred
as of old ;

The dear old flag floats o'er us all — God bless each
brilliant fold !

There is no North, there is no South ; our brave sire
willed it so :

The two are one, and we are his, as 'twas in years ago ;
And for his sake throughout the land fraternal love
shall reign,

And never shall its peaceful sway become usurped
again.

The noble dead shall never die as long as time shall
last,

And down the vista of the years of ages that are past
The greatest of that mighty host, who once on earth
held sway,

Is our immortal Washington who leads them all to-day.

A UNITED COUNTRY.

By GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR, Statesman, Jurist, Senator of the
United States. B. 1826, Massachusetts.

Delivered at the banquet of the New England Society at Charles-
ton, S. C., December, 1898.

IF cordial friendship can ever exist between two
communities they should exist between Massachusetts
and South Carolina. They were alike in the circum-
stances of their origin. The English Pilgrims and
Puritans founded Massachusetts. Scotch Presbyter-
ianism founded Carolina, to be followed soon after by
the French exiles fleeing from the same oppression.

If there be a single lesson which the people of this country have learned from their wonderful and crowded history, it is that the North and South are indispensable to each other. They are the blades of mighty shears, worthless apart, but, when bound by an indissoluble Union, powerful, irresistible, and terrible as the shears of Fate.

The boys and girls of South Carolina and the boys and girls of Massachusetts went to the same school in the old days. Their schoolmasters were tyranny and poverty and exile and starvation. They learned in that school little of the grace or the luxury of life. But they learned how to build States and how to fight tyrants.

Whatever estrangements may have existed in the past, or may linger among us now, are born of ignorance and will be dispelled by knowledge.

The American people have learned to know, as never before, the quality of the Southern stock, and to value its noble contribution to the American character; its courage in war, its attachment to home and State, its love of rural life, its capacity for great affection and generous emotion, its aptness for command; above all, its constancy, that virtue above all virtues, without which no people can long be either great or free.

The best evidence of our complete reconciliation is that there is no subject that we need to hurry by with our fingers on our lips. The time has come when Americans, North, South, East, and West, may discuss any question of public interest in a friendly and

quiet spirit, without recrimination and without heat, each understanding the other, each striving to help the other as men who are bearing a common burden and looking forward with a common hope.

We have not yet solved the problem how men of different races can dwell together in the same land in accordance with our principles of republican rule and republican liberty. I am not one of those who despair of the solution of that problem in justice and in freedom. I do not look upon the dark side when I think of the future of our beloved land. I count it the one chief good fortune of my own life, that I look out on the world with hope and not despair. We have made wonderful advances within the lifetime of the youngest of us.

On the whole, we are advancing quite as rapidly as could be expected to the time when these races will live together on American soil in freedom, in honor, and in peace, every man enjoying his just right wherever the American Constitution reigns, and wherever the American flag floats, when the influence of intelligence, of courage, of energy, inspired by a lofty patriotism, and by a Christian love, will have its full and legitimate effect, not through disorder, or force, or lawlessness, but under the silent and sure law by which always the superior leads and the inferior follows.

By WILLIAM MCKINLEY, Statesman, President of the United States. B. 1843, Niles, Ohio.

At a banquet closing the festivities of the Atlanta Peace Jubilee, December, 1898, President McKinley made an address in response to the toast "Our Country."

"THE nation has been at war, not within its own shores, but with a foreign power—a war waged not for revenge or aggrandizement, but for our oppressed neighbors, for their freedom and amelioration.

"It was short but decisive. It recorded a succession of significant victories on land and on sea. It gave new honors to American arms. It has brought new problems to the republic, whose solution will tax the genius of our people. United we will meet and solve them with honor to ourselves and to the lasting benefit of all concerned. The war brought us together. Its settlement will keep us together.

"Reunited—glorious realization. It expresses the thought of my mind and the long deferred consummation of my heart's desire as I stand in this presence. It interprets the hearty demonstration here witnessed, and is the patriotic refrain of all sections and all lovers of the republic.

"Reunited—one country again and one country forever. Proclaim it from the press and pulpit; teach it in the schools; write it across the skies. The world sees and feels it. It cheers every heart north and south, and brightens the life of every American home. Let nothing ever strain it again. At peace with all the world and with each other, what can stand in the pathway of our progress and prosperity?"

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PROS AND CONS

BOTH SIDES OF
LIVE QUESTIONS
FULLY DISCUSSED

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